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THE
NEW REVIEW.

EDITED BY
W. E. HENLEY.

VOL. XII.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1895.

LONDON:
WILLIAM HEINEMANN,
21 BEDFORD STREET, W.C.

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The New Review.

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THE NEXT HOUSE.

IT was one of the very last dinners of the season; a postscript, an afterthought, a caprice. But it was the afterthought of a colonial millionaire—an impromptu little repast of some fifteen courses and twice that number of guests. “You’re such a hermit, Mr.—Mr.—er—ah! I declare I believe you have never dined here before!” the millionaire’s wife observed to her right-hand neighbour. She sent a practised glance up and down the long, shining flower-decked table, and sank into her seat with a prodigious rustle of silken petticoats, and that quick, involuntary sigh of a fat woman who retains the shape of her waist on a hot July evening. “This is a scratch affair; one of Sydney’s own little dinners. I don’t know who he has asked to meet you. I don’t know who is here. You must take it all as it comes; higgledy piggledy, *I* call it!” She laughed easily, good-naturedly, with an almost childlike air of amusement which made her suddenly look young.

The candles under their red shades flickered in the soft little wind from the river, which brought with it the smell of the mignonette growing in the window-boxes outside, and all Mrs. Moncrieff’s big diamond and sapphire stars sparkled and shone in the shifting light like things alive and stirring. “I only hope you may have something fit to eat, Mr.—ah!—Sherman. But if you hav’n’t, or you hav’n’t enough, you just speak to Sydney about it; don’t blame *me*!” She laughed again, pleased with herself for having remembered his name at last, and Vyner Sherman laughed too, but more dubiously.

After a moment, “Someone informs me—our hostess, in fact—that we are decidedly a scratch lot to-night,” he remarked, addressing the girl on the other side of him, and sinking his voice to a confidential murmur. “She tells me we—you and I, and all of us—are *higgledy*

piggledy. Do you think that is meant to enjoin us to be natural? Or is it only a Chinese variety of welcome?"

The young lady with the purple shoulder-knots put out her hand and changed the position of the wine-glasses by the side of her plate.

"Oh. Why Chinese?" she asked after just a perceptible pause.

She did not look at him. She had done that before—on the stairs as they were coming down to dinner—and Sherman felt a distinct small pang of discomfiture over this failure of his well-intentioned little attempt at friendliness.

"Oh, well, didn't you know that all their money comes from there? All the fat bags of gold and haystacks of banknotes that have gone to pay for this house and for all the other houses; for the pictures; for that beautiful Burne Jones opposite us; and for this dinner that we're eating; and for the flowers; and the menservants and the maidservants; for the oxen and the asses—it all came out of China, out of a Chinaman's pipe more or less directly." He laughed. "Hundreds and thousands of little, yellow, three-cornered men in pigtails have paid for that *suprême de volaille* that you have just refused to eat. Why did you refuse it? It's very good."

"Oh, they are awfully rich," said the girl.

"And they've got beautiful things," he insisted, a trifle more eagerly. "Those fourteenth century cloisonné plaques, for instance? I saw you looking at them upstairs."

"Yes. Oh, they have very pretty things. Her diamonds are famous, you know. She has not half of them on to-night. But I thought the furniture and—things came from Liberty's? Most of it?" the young lady murmured doubtfully, looking down at the champagne a servant was pouring into her glass. "Thanks; no more, thanks. It is too hot even to think of drinking wine to-night. Don't *you* think it is too hot? I saw you—I believe we have met before. At the Egerton's, the Piers Egerton's, polo match, wasn't it?" she asked, turning with a sweep of fluttering laces and a gracious bend of her small, smartly-braided head to the Guardsman seated on the other side of her.

Her diamonds were mere trinkets and brooches; shining little pins used to fasten the big drooping bunches of velvet violets upon her shoulders. But the shoulders themselves were young, and round, and white. And—and—hang it all! it *was* a fairly promising conversational opening. China? Why, there was all the Chino-Japanese war

at her service if she liked that sort of thing, if—which Heaven forbid!—she turned out to be political. And was there not all the world of Chinese and Japanese art? all that sealed and vivid world of artifice, where a new Law of Beauty rules over combinations of colour and form that the Western mind can neither comprehend nor forget. All those priceless, significant, rare little old porcelain and enamel gods in the drawing-room upstairs, for instance. There was a long row of them—monkey-gods, dragon-gods, tiger-gods; gods with the faces of women and the scales of serpents—standing in a niche in the wall, cunningly contrived, just below the line of the old oak mantel-shelf. Before dinner, Sherman had taken several of the rarer specimens out of their places. He had the sensation of them, the collector's sensitive appreciative feeling of their cold, smooth, priceless shapes, still lingering in his fingers. He remembered their little eyes; their little, narrow, bright, cruel, human eyes. It amused him to think of them—inflexibly looking out at this important, sad-coloured, London world, and at Mrs. Moncrieff's drawing-room in Chelsea, and at Mrs. Moncrieff's friends, exactly as they had looked in the crowded, smoky, tinkling, braying Chinese Joss-house before old Moncrieff's money-bags had swept them across the Black Water. Some lines of verse kept on beating and repeating somewhere in the back of his head. *La nature est un temple*—how was it the words ran?

*La nature est un temple où de vivants piliers
Laisser parfois sortir de confuses paroles
L'homme y passe —*

Y passe?—Yes! he was getting it now. He frowned unconsciously, fixing his eyes, which saw nothing, upon the mass of late summer roses in front of his plate, and turning and twisting between his fingers the stem of an empty wineglass.

*L'homme y passe à travers des forêts de symboles
Qui l'observent avec des regards familiers.*

“Des regards familiers!” he repeated half aloud, and then dropped his hand and raised his eyes with a sudden guilty start to find that he was addressing himself to the impassible Moncrieff butler, who, for the third time, was patiently offering him his choice of Beaune or Chambertin.

And at that he sat up, straightening his shoulders and turning once more to his neighbour with eyes full of secret internal laughter. After all it was he, and no other man, who had brought her down to

dinner; and if he was not to talk to her—to try at least and amuse her—what the devil was he doing in this particular galley? in this Chinese junk? he reminded himself reproachfully.

But after dinner—a long time after, since this was a house where the men sat late and the claret had a reputation—it was she who in her turn came up to speak to him; who made the advances. Most of the women were sitting about, fanning themselves languidly, in resigned little groups of twos and threes, all about the big, dimly-lighted drawing-room; but she had retained her privilege of youth, moving capriciously from one to the other. When the men came in she was standing alone in the very centre of the great room, and, after scarcely an instant's hesitation, she walked straight up to Sherman and invited him to follow her out where it was cooler; out upon the wide, carpeted balcony, under the striped linen awnings.

“The moon is shining on the river exactly like something in a picture. What a time you men have stayed downstairs! I always think these balconies are the one redeeming fact about a house on the Chelsea Embankment,” she remarked affably, as he followed her rustling white silk train out of the long French window.

He carefully placed a chair for her—one with a great many silken cushions; and she sank down among them, nestling into their frills and softness with a pretty, practised grace. She threw one bare arm straight out before her against the dark crimson background of the chair, and she seemed to contemplate it for a moment thoughtfully. Then she tipped back her head an inch or so, looking up into his face with her pretty, ready smile. “And I know now that you like pictures,” she added softly.

In the interval before the men came up she had learned several particulars of some interest about this quiet-looking man with the dark, oddly-smiling face. Lady Arbuthnot, for instance, had said that to her it was absolutely exciting to be dining at the same table with *the* Vyner Sherman. Lady Arbuthnot was a queer old frump herself, who wore two-button black kid gloves in the evening and made famous collections of letters and relics of distinguished persons who were dead. People who knew what was what were always careful how they mentioned Napoleon the First, or Shelley, or Lord Byron, or even one of the Lake Poets in her hearing. There was some funny story about a Prime Minister (not the present one) who had made a terrible, an unpardonable mistake in speaking before her

about Johnny Keats. In her set it was an understood thing that her cult for departed genius made any familiar reference sound like an impertinence; like taking a liberty. But they had a beautiful old place down in the country. They entertained a great deal: her house was a distinguished house to be seen in. And the Guardsman, since dinner, had discovered an old friend. People were always discovering somebody at these Moncrieff dinners: one never knew in the least whom one might not run across there; that was their speciality.

"I—I suppose you like the Embankment now?" she said. "Artists do, don't they? Artists and—and clever people who write books, and do things, and don't mind being out of the way of everything."

"They have built this place up since my time," Vyner Sherman answered absently. "People had not begun to live here then," he said, turning and looking out across the river. "Not, *near where the chartered Thames does flow* —"

"Yes!" said the girl politely. She did not know in the least what he meant, unless it had something to do with the County Council.

From where they sat the river was like a streak of metal in the shadow. The July moonlight had turned into whitest marble all the hewn stone on both banks of the great motionless stream; resting, here, on the solid walls of the Embankment, and there, across the water, making mystery of the tumbled pillars and columns lying scattered about the Battersea shore. A very sweet smell of cut roses dying in water came in puffs from out of the lighted windows of the drawing-room they had just left, and with the smell of the flowers came the murmur of laughter and of many voices talking.

Vyner Sherman looked down smiling at the smiling girl beside him. "Confess," he said, "that someone has been maligning me? When you snubbed me so unmercifully just now at dinner, confess that you had taken me for a University Extension Lecturer? For that, at the very least!"

The girl laughed. "Oh!—well—Lady Arbuthnot says you are one of the most important men in London; in your own line, don't you know! What is your line, Mr. Sherman? I think important people with lines of their own ought to wear labels; don't you?"

"They might issue tickets—like the railways. First, second, and third class interviews, with special compartments for smoking-room stories, and —"

"Oh, and a reserved carriage for ladies only!" the girl interrupted in her light, gay, incisive voice. She opened and shut her big feather fan several times in succession. When it was opened wide it made a soft, fluffy, perfumed screen between their two faces; and each time that she closed it in her hand her little round head appeared resting against a big cushion, pretty with a new, accidental, factitious sort of prettiness seen in that tempered light.

"And what sort of an excursion would you call this, then? I mean our being out here. Is it first? second? third class? At dinner—oh, well—yes! That part may have counted for a slight, a very slight, collision. But this—this is different; isn't it?" She turned her face away, letting the big shadowy fan fall open across her knee. She looked away from him—across the river. "I wonder what sort of things you really *do* care about beside stupid Chinese dollies?" she asked, a little wistfully and abruptly. Her voice sounded tired.

It might have been a mere accident; it might have been a trick of manner learned and practised through many London seasons. If it was a trick, it was singularly effective. The changed tone in which she spoke ran across Sherman's nerves and left them tingling. It arrested his wandering attention; it concentrated his interest upon herself. All the perfunctoriness of the situation disappeared. For a moment the two strangers out there on that balcony—those two idle Londoners in their correct evening dress, faced each other like human beings—a Man and a Woman—for whom most things are possible. "What I care about," the man repeated unsteadily.

Almost without knowing it he stood up. He came a step or two nearer, trying to see her face better through the clear transparent shadows. His hand as it hung down beside him just brushed against the extreme edge of her fan. The touch of the soft dense feathers was very pleasant. He wanted to take hold of them—to pick them up and stroke them.

The girl sat perfectly still in her big chair. Then suddenly she broke out into a little low, caressing laugh. "I don't suppose we shall see each other again!"

"Ah, why not?" Sherman demanded quickly.

"Oh, one doesn't—in London. And then this is the end of everything. We are going away ourselves on Wednesday. Everybody has gone away."

"Everybody will come back again."

"Will they? I'm not so sure of that. At any rate, that is no reason for my meeting you again; is it? People don't in London, unless ——"

"Unless what?"

"Not unless one wants it a good deal. Not unless one wants it enough," the girl said, speaking very softly and deliberately.

And he answered with equal deliberation. He did not speak at once. He glanced down, with a curious expression of half-suppressed amusement in his eyes, at the sleek little head lying back on its pillows. Then he looked away to where the lights of the bridge hung in a shining yellow string across the river. Finally, he leaned over and picked up the fan lying on her knee. The big bunch of feathers smelt of something very sweet. He drew them slowly through his fingers. "And exactly how much would be *enough*?" he asked very distinctly.

He was smiling. He was amused; there wasn't a doubt of it; and possibly a little incredulous. But he was immensely flattered. It was years since anything which had come his way had made him feel so absurdly pleased, and excited, and—young! But before she could answer, someone in the next house, shut off by the screen of striped linen awning, began to play on a piano. The music came from so near and so suddenly that they both started. "That's Wagner—The *Sternenlied*," the girl murmured under her breath. She lifted her head, listening. "It is really astonishing how well that woman plays!"

"Very well," said Sherman, approvingly. He leaned back in his chair. "Who is she?"

"Lady Lascelles. She was Lady Mary Le Mesurier, the heiress. People say she built that house herself ever so many years ago before anybody but artists and that sort of people lived here. Queer idea, wasn't it? And ——" she sat up in her chair. "Oh!" she said quickly, "what is it; what is the matter?"

He had dropped her fan. He had turned his face sharply away and was staring past her, blankly, fixedly, as though he saw something she could not see out there across the water. But the note of alarm in her voice reached him.

"I beg your pardon," he said automatically, and stooped and picked up the fan and a fallen glove that was lying on the carpet at her feet.

“I—I almost think you must be mistaken. Lady Mary’s—Lady Lascelles’ house is number seventeen. It must be quite at the other end of the Embankment. I am perfectly certain of the number. I heard a good deal about it at the time it was building,” he explained stiffly.

“Oh, they changed all the numbers about a year ago. I know, because Mrs. Moncrieff was always talking about the mess it made with their invitations. Your number seventeen is miles away now, at the other end of the terrace; and Lady Lascelles’ is there—just *there*.” She touched the striped canvas with the end of her finger. “If she is not too busy playing—if you are not afraid to make a little hole in Mrs. Moncrieff’s best awning—I dare say you could see her and speak to her without even the trouble of moving.” She laughed. “I don’t know her myself. But people say she is so awfully fascinating,” she added curiously.

And just then the music broke off as abruptly as it had begun. From the other side of the awning came the sound of a light laugh, a confused murmur of voices, a rustle, and the moving about of chairs, as though several persons had come out of the next house on to the neighbouring balcony. Sherman half turned round. He put his hand out as if to grasp the awning—to lift it up, or to hold it fast—the gesture might have meant either thing. Then, as the voices sounded nearer, a change came over his face. He stood up, straightening his shoulders; he let both hands drop. “I—I am not a young man any more,” he began saying in a harsh, dry, altered voice; but the girl made a pretty motion of pretended alarm and told him to “hush!” Then she listened dramatically.

“Ah,” she murmured, “if We cannot hear what They are saying, they cannot hear us! That’s logic, isn’t it?” She sank back into her nest of silken cushions with eyes that were very big and round, and an exaggerated sigh of relief. She was a girl with a beautiful figure.

Sherman was looking the other way. “I am getting to be an old man,” he said again. “Seven years in Egypt and Persia; those two winters in Paris; then Berlin; the rest of the time grubbing among the libraries at Cambridge. D’you know it’s eleven years—more than that—nearly eleven and a half since I spent a consecutive week in London?” He looked up and down the moonlit Embankment. “They have built this since my time, you know. I never saw this

before to-night. They have altered a good many things since my time," he said slowly. He was talking to himself now; he was not thinking of her any more, and the girl did not like this at all. She felt the difference in his manner and what it signified precisely as you may feel the sudden shock, the lightness in the hand, of a line from which the fish has parted. The captured bit of life with its separate will was drawing towards you at the end of that piece of gut only a moment ago. It was there, and it is gone, and there is no more to be done about it. She knew there was no more to be done about it; and the knowledge made her feel sharply resentful for a moment and disgusted with everything. She felt herself a person of no power—a failure for the time being.

So she smiled pleasantly, smoothing down and buttoning her long, wrinkled glove. "Isn't it getting rather late?" she asked in a perfectly flat and very amiable voice. She rose from her chair without waiting for his answer; but as he stooped to pick up her flowers, the other glove, all her scattered properties, she glanced down at him once more rather quickly. Decidedly his face did look serious, and old, and—and—unpromising when one saw it carefully in the full light. She swept back into the big, luxurious drawing-room, where most of the women were still seated in the same places, for it was so late in the season and so hot there were not many really smart functions left to go on to. But the Guardsman was missing. He had let himself be carried off by the re-discovered friend. Oh, it was a stupid thing—*stupid* to waste a whole evening like that. She sank carelessly, gracefully, into the nearest armchair. It was made clear to her that she detested old people, and clever people, and—and—all literary people and artists?

But in the smoking-room downstairs, where Sherman lingered with some of the other men for at least an hour, no one thought of considering him old. Among all the guests at that dinner there were at least five or six, and this included old Chinese Moncrieff himself, who knew the taste of lives lived out in difficult places; of things done for the pure joy of doing them; of unnoted battles fought for the simple love of fighting, with no reference to possible consequences or rewards. And these men listened to that other quiet, dark-faced little man, with the serious unassuming manner, as to an equal,—but an equal who has had magnificent luck and come in for stupendous opportunities. While he talked—which he did standing up, with one shoulder propped

against the corner of the mantel-piece, and one lean, brown hand pressed flat against the partition wall of the next house—they listened gravely, sympathetically, every now and then exchanging appreciative glances with each other behind the big cigars.

“Monstrous interestin’ feller, that Vyner Sherman, my dear. Began life as a journalist, he tells me. Been everywhere since then; kept his eyes open. Orchid-huntin’, man-huntin’, diggin’ in Persia for inscriptions and in Java after buried temples. He’s doin’ his other big book now; but it was Moncrieff told us that; *he* doesn’t talk about his books. Invite him down to Clairmont for September. Moncrieff says he’s a first-class gun. Sherman, eh? Vy-ner Sher-man? Don’t know the name. Moncrieff thinks he’s of no particular family, but I don’t know when I’ve met a pleasanter young man,” said old Sir John Arbuthnot, getting into the shabby, stuffy little brougham which had carried him for the last twenty years to so many, many other dinners.

And “Genius *has* no family, my dear John. I am always telling you so. And it is after twelve o’clock. I have been left with that Moncrieff woman for hours. She makes me think of a Palais Royal jeweller’s window—one of the windows labelled *bijoux véritables*. As for you, you will be ill to-morrow, my dear John. I hope you will remember *then*—when you are having one of your Worst Turns—it was *yourself* who *insisted* upon omitting your dinner pill,” old Lady Arbuthnot retorted sharply. She pulled up the loose, rattling window with a bang, and the old carriage and the old horses began jogging slowly homeward through the transparent summer moonlight.

Sherman was walking. “Keb or kerridge, sir? Thank *you*, sir. Yissir; be-youtiful night. Don’t know when I’ve seen a finer.” The respectful, wakeful, grey-faced footman helped him carefully into his light evening top-coat. “Good-night, sir!” The door closed behind him; he was alone.

At last. He stood still on the moonlit pavement for nearly a minute, looking about him slowly, methodically, drawing in a long full, deep breath, like a man preparing to face something difficult. Then he crossed over, under the trees, to the opposite side.

At that hour the Embankment was entirely silent and deserted. The lights were out in almost all the houses. Only in the next house, in Lady Lascelles’, the drawing-room windows were still shining. The curtains were drawn back on account of the heat. From the

opposite side of the way he could see lamps burning on a table—two yellow spots of light like two eyes in the white moonlit façade of the house. He took a few more steps to the left. A sleeping tramp on a bench under one of the walled-in civic trees stirred in his sleep as Sherman brushed against him. “*You* move on, matey. There ain’t no bloomin’ room for *you* ’ere!” he muttered huskily down in his throat without troubling to disturb the old felt hat that shaded his eyes from the moon. And Sherman laughed a bit grimly and moved on.

He crossed to the parapet and stood there, leaning his elbows on the stones and staring down into the river as it passed. It was one of those perfectly serene and splendid moonlights which you see now and again in the country, and which recur perhaps once in every four or five years in town. Yet over the stream there floated a pale, very transparent haze, dulling it like the breath on a mirror, so that it was only where the current broke about the steps and the dark piers of the bridges that the water sparkled and glistened and seemed to move along. In the Apothecaries’ Garden the big cedar made a flat blot of darkness against the sky. All down the Embankment each round motionless tree, every lamp-post, each projecting piece of timber on the bridge cast its own sharp, clearly-defined shadow, seemingly as solid as itself, across the road. The full moon, very lustrous, looking like a plate of metal—very round, very high up in the sky—hardly seemed large enough to account for all that vast pale radiance in the air. The power of the darkness was broken; it was as if the summer night itself had turned into pure light. And the sweet smell of the mignonette in the opposite window-boxes blew all across the street.

Sherman stood there for a long time without moving, his tired eyes following the steady, inevitable drift of the tide. He had come away from the Moncrieff’s house with his heart full of a confused anger and bitterness. It had all surged up in a moment. It had come back to him suddenly, at the moment when he was farthest from thinking of that old aching grief. It had come back from very far.

If he had really torn a hole through that damned foolish awning, as that girl suggested, and She had come nearer and put Her hand through it from the other side; if he had felt again the touch of Her fingers on his own—that touch he would have known again at any time, anywhere, sick or well, alive or dead—the sense of Her presence could not have remained more strongly with him. She could not

have taken possession of him again more triumphantly. After all these years, as he reminded himself bitterly, even She could not easily have hurt him more.

And then, again, it was as if all the beautiful, harmonious, reconciling things about him—the enchantment of the night, and the perfume, and the silence—had entered into a conspiracy with Her to keep him from thinking and seeing clearly; to distract him, to remind him, to enable him to forgive. Such sweetness and peace made half the old story seem impossible. Her shortcomings, Her forgetfulness of him; the way She had broken his life; the betrayal—the cruel, incredible betrayal! Little by little the thought of Her, of Her as he had known her to be in another world and another life than this, seemed to rise above everything else; to dominate everything else; to shine for him alone,—afar and apart and beautiful,—raining down old influences of comfort upon his aching heart in the same way that the July moon was pouring floods of light upon the darkest, secret places of the city.

He had loved her. He had trusted in her love for him, and he had never learned to hate her. That was the whole story in a word. If he had ever for one moment been able to separate himself from his remembrance of her—to step aside, as it were, and judge her—with the judgment he meted out to all the rest of his world, no doubt he would have freed himself. He would have stood clear from her for ever after. Only that was just the one thing he had never done.

Years ago, when the crash came, Mary Le Mesurier's own friends had been the first to assure him that they were not the very least surprised; it was only surprising that any man could have been found *naïf* enough to build the whole fabric of his life upon the promises of such an eccentric personage as Lady Mary. And to each other they added that, after all, no doubt it *would* be better if poor, dear Mary would only give up making experiments and marry sensibly, settle down in a position befitting her really very handsome fortune. As for that unfortunate Mr. Sherman, well, really, don't you know, when a man has no family connection to boast of, no money, no prospects in particular except his profession, not even looks——! Oh, he was clever enough, of course. Was it likely Mary would have engaged herself to him if he had not been clever? And, of course, he was very much of a gentleman. He was *very* much in love; everyone knew that.

What they did not know was exactly what had made, or spoiled, Sherman's life. For there are the two ways of looking at it. As a rule, he minded his own business and did his day's work every day, exactly like any other man; except that he occasionally did it very much better. He was not considered a man with a History, or a Past, or even that cheaper thing—a Disappointment. He had never made confidences to anybody; or wished to make them. When his nearest friend, the man who was to have been best man at his wedding, volunteered some extremely awkward and very affectionate condolences on the subject of the—the postponed engagement, "Postponed be very especially blowed! call things by their names, old fellow. It looks so much neater on the page," said Vyner Sherman, promptly, looking up from the letter he was writing. He smoothed out the blank sheet of paper before him on the table, and stared at it hard. "Lady Mary," he said slowly, "tried me;—it's a woman's right; and—and abandoned me when she found I was wanting. People of intelligence do not keep what they do not want. She abandoned me. That's all." His dearest friend walked out of the room, feeling vaguely that people in trouble are by way of using uncommon superior language to describe themselves! "His best girl chucked him over, poor old Vyner! and it's a blasted shame—that's what it is," was the way *he* would have expressed it. And how was anyone else to know how a little thing like the sound of that word "abandoned"—a word he never spoke in an ordinary way, and which had risen to his lips spontaneously to his own surprise when he heard himself saying it—who was to understand how a trifle like that was to outlive everything, to retain its power to make him wince quietly with the sheer pain of it, after all these years and years?

Of the actual life of his *ex-fiancée* he knew nearly nothing. She had married very satisfactorily, brilliantly even, within the year of her throwing him over. He had left England before then. He had never heard, never asked, what had become of her. Once or twice he had even avoided meeting with people who might have told him. It was by the merest accident he had learned she still occupied that house by the river she had chosen and had built for herself, just before he first knew her. The house they had intended to live in together. It had been one of her many plans that this place should become his own. They were to live there; but he was to accept it from her as a wedding present. "*Remember! I shall be only your guest—if ever you should get*

tired of me," she had said to him one day, half in earnest. And now she lived there herself when she was not staying in one of her husband's other places.

Sherman turned his back upon the river and faced the moonlit balconies; the closed door; the empty steps,—and the long open window where the two lamps were still shining steadily, like eyes. He knew nothing of her daily life; he had no part in it; he was nothing to her now. Less than nothing. "If I were even a beggar, standing here under her windows, she might send down to me to ask what it was I wanted!" he told himself bitterly. And then it seemed to him that he *was* that beggar; only what he wanted from this woman was what she had killed in him, what she had taken away from him for ever—the joy of living of his lost youth.

He looked up at her lighted windows. There she lived: just beyond that loosely waving curtain. An immense irrational longing possessed him to see and speak to her. To stand with her, there, inside that silent room—with all the facts of life blown out. It was only to cross the street and ring the bell,—only a door to open,—and there she would be before him, the same woman he had loved, with the same hands he remembered, the same voice, the same dear, dear eyes. And what he wanted of her now was that she should know what this thing was that she had done to him. She had passed on in her life, never looking back, never understanding, never taking into account what had become of that other life of his,—which yet had to continue, to go on every day, just as when she had been there to bless it, to transfigure it by her presence. And she had ignored everything. All those wild old dead despairs of other days, those endless feverish nights of pain and longing, those sick awakenings in the blank alien dawns, with half a world between them,—he had endured them all without complaint, because he was a man. And because she was a woman, and very, very fair in his eyes, he had forgiven her the pain.

But it was the injustice of it—the injustice that he could never accept. It was the unpardonable injustice of her never knowing. His mind went back to the time before she had placed him at this disadvantage, when they had been equals. Equals?—in a hundred ways he had been her superior, and she clung to him and looked up to him; and they both knew it.

For in all the old intercourse there had always been a nobleness about this girl's nature, a chivalric sensitiveness to every claim and

appeal, which had taught him to count upon her sense of honour as upon his own. No doubt there had been something else as well; something behind; some radical flaw of loyalty which had made it possible for her in the end to be bribed or cajoled into their undoing. But they had been very happy together before that. And she was not like other women. Suppose he went up to her, there, and now? Eleven years had passed since they had spoken. Well, what of that? If he were to say to her, "I have lived without you because you chose that it should be so, and I have not made a bad thing out of my life. At any rate, I did my best with it: other men may tell you how I have succeeded. But I have been alone. But, because of you, I have always been alone." If he were to say to her, "A hundred and a thousand times the thought of you has crossed my life and cut the secret heart out of my ambitions. There are other women in the world, and, because of you, it has been impossible for me to love one of them. Because I meant what I said, and because I gave you what I promised, you made me a bankrupt. I put the power into your hands and you used it: you made me bankrupt ——"

Or why explain anything? Would it not be enough and mean everything just for them to meet, to be in the same place together? If he said, "My dear, I have found life difficult since then, and I have suffered," would she not answer in the old tender voice, "And I am sorry"? There was no love, no friendship, no companionship possible between them any more. Then why could he not forget? And if she *knew*, she, she alone out of all the world, would it not put an end once and forever to all that weary legacy of remembrance? He was sure of it as a sick man is sure of his suffering. Her own voice, speaking to him, was the only thing in the universe that could put an end to that barren exhausting expectation of something yet to come from Her which had never wholly left him since the moment when he had opened her last letter. And he wanted the End. When he had once seen her, looking as she used to look, and had realised in her own presence that she had ceased to need him, *then* he could believe in their real separation. After that he would remember her only as we think of the dead. So much would be finished!—but there would be peace.

And what was a night like this made for if nothing was to come of it? What was the use of all this sweetness and rest, this reconciliation of perfect beauty, if there was never to be a definite limit to

suffering,—if human beings were not included in the general amnesty of Nature at the last ?

He moved his arms off the parapet very slowly and deliberately, and stood up and crossed the road. As he came near the house the sweet smell of the mignonette was stronger. A hansom, driven rapidly, rattled along the neighbouring street. The door of her house faced full to the moonlight. The knocker was a piece of old Spanish wrought-ironwork, a device of heart-shaped shields and pomegranates, which Sherman had bought and given her. He recognised it, hanging there in the place he had meant it for, with the most extraordinary pang of recollection. He had sent it to her architect only a couple of days before she had broken their engagement. The workmen had hung it in its place in due course, and she had used it ever since—never remembering. And it seemed only yesterday since she had thanked him for his gift !

He stood there looking at it, and the hansom, twisting sharply round the corner, came to a stop before the wide moonlit steps. A man in evening dress got out of the cab. He stepped out deliberately: he was tall, fair, rather heavy built. He might have been a year or two older than Sherman. “Good-night, m’lord. Thank you, m’lord,” said the driver bending down from his seat to take his money. The new-comer nodded pleasantly enough in answer, glanced indifferently at Sherman, drew a latchkey out of his pocket, and went slowly up the flight of spotless steps. The door opened and shut to smartly behind him. It was like a blow in Sherman’s face.

“Cab, sir ?” said the man insinuatingly, raising his whip.

The cushions were still warm where Her husband had been sitting.

GEORGE FLEMING.

TWO POEMS.

I.—THE WOODMAN.

IN all the grove, nor stream nor bird
Nor aught beside my blows was heard
And the woods wore their noonday dress—
The glory of their silentness.
From the island summit to the seas,
Trees mounted, and trees drooped, and trees
Groped upward in the gaps. The green
Inarbour'd talus and ravine
By fathoms. By the multitude,
The rugged columns of the wood
And bunches of the branches stood,
Thick as a mob, deep as a sea,
And silent as eternity.

With lowered axe, with backward head,
Late from this scene my labourer fled,
And with a ravelled tale to tell,
Returned. Some denizen of hell,
Dead man or disinvested god,
Had close behind him peered and trod,
And triumphed when he turned to flee:
How different fell the lines with me!
Whose eye explored the dim arcade,
Impatient of the uncoming shade—
Shy elf, or dryad pale and cold,
Or mystic lingerer from of old:
Vainly. The fair and stately things,
Impassive as departed kings,

All still in the wood's stillness stood,
 And dumb. The rooted multitude
 Nodded and brooded, bloomed and dreamed,
 Unmeaning, undivined. It seemed
 No other art, no hope they knew,
 Than clutch the earth and seek the blue.

Mid vegetable king and priest
 And stripling, I (the only beast)
 Was at the beast's work, killing ; hewed
 The stubborn roots across, bestrewed
 The glebe with the dislusted leaves,
 And bid the saplings fall in sheaves ;
 Bursting across the tangled math—
 A ruin that I called a path :
 A Golgotha, that, later on,
 When rains had watered, and suns shone,
 And seeds enriched the place, should bear
 And be called garden. Here and there
 I spied and plucked by the green hair
 A foe more resolute to live—
 The toothed and killing sensitive.
 He, semi-conscious, fled the attack ;
 He shrank and tucked his branches back,
 And, straining by his anchor strand,
 Captured and scratched the rooting hand.
 I saw him crouch, I felt him bite,
 And straight my eyes were touched with sight.
 I saw the wood for what it was—
 The lost and the victorious cause ;
 The deadly battle pitched in line,
 Saw silent weapons cross and shine ;
 Silent defeat, silent assault—
 A battle and a burial vault.

Thick round me, in the teeming mud,
 Briar and fern strove to the blood.
 The hooked liana in his gin
 Noosed his reluctant neighbours in ;

There the green murderer throve and spread,
 Upon his smothering victims fed,
 And wantoned on his climbing coil.
 Contending roots fought for the soil
 Like frightened demons ; with despair
 Competing branches pushed for air.
 Green conquerors from overhead
 Bestrode the bodies of their dead ;
 The Cæsars of the sylvan field,
 Unused to fail, foredoomed to yield ;
 For in the groins of branches, lo !
 The cancers of the orchid grow.

Silent as in the listed ring,
 Two chartered wrestlers strain and cling ;
 Dumb as by yellow Hooghly's side
 The suffocating captives died :
 So hushed the woodland warfare goes
 Unceasing ; and the silent foes
 Grapple and smother, strain and clasp
 Without a cry, without a gasp.
 Here also sound thy fans, O God,
 Here, too, thy banners move abroad :
 Forest and city, sea and shore,
 And the whole earth thy threshing floor !
 The drums of war, the drums of peace,
 Roll through our cities without cease,
 And all the iron halls of life
 Ring with the unremitting strife.

The common lot we scarce perceive.
 Crowds perish,—we nor mark nor grieve :
 The bugle calls—we mourn a few !
 What corporal's guard at Waterloo ?
 What scanty hundreds more or less
 In the man-devouring wilderness ?
 What handful bled on Delhi ridge?—
 See, rather, London, on thy bridge
 The pale battalions trample by,
 Resolved to slay, resigned to die.

Count, rather, all the maimed and dead
 In the unbrotherly war of bread.
 See, rather, under sultrier skies
 What vegetable Londons rise,
 And teem, and suffer without sound ;
 Or in your tranquil garden ground,
 Contented, in the falling gloom,
 Saunter and see the roses bloom.
 That these might live, what thousands died !
 All day the cruel hoe was plied ;
 The ambulance barrow rolled all day ;
 Your wife—the tender, kind and gay—
 Donned her long gauntlets, caught the spud
 And bathed in vegetable blood ;
 And the long massacre now at end,
 See ! where the lazy coils ascend,
 See ! where the bonfire sputters red
 At even, for the innocent dead.

Why prate of peace ? when, warriors all,
 We clank in harness into hall,
 And ever bare upon the board
 Lies the necessary sword.
 In the green field or quiet street,
 Besieged we sleep, beleaguered eat ;
 Labour by day and wake o' nights,
 In war with rival appetites.
 The rose on roses feeds ; the lark
 On larks. The sedentary clerk
 All morning with a diligent pen
 Murders the babes of other men ;
 And like the beasts of wood and park,
 Protects his whelps, defends his den.

Unshamed the narrow aim I hold ;
 I feed my sheep, patrol my fold ;
 Breathe war on wolves and rival flocks,
 A pious outlaw on the rocks

Of God and morning ; and when time
Shall bow, or rivals break me, climb
Where no undubbed civilian dares,
In my war harness, the loud stairs
Of honour ; and my conqueror
Hail me a warrior fallen in war !

Vailima.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

II.—MATER TRIUMPHANS.

SON of my woman's body, you go to the drum and fife,
To taste the colour of love and the other side of life.
From out of the dainty the rude, the strong from out of the frail,
Eternally through the ages from the female comes the male.

The ten fingers and toes and the shell-like nail on each,
The eyes blind as germs and the tongue attempting speech ;
Impotent hands in my bosom, and yet they shall wield the sword !
Drugged with slumber and milk, you wait the day of the Lord.

Infant Bridegroom, uncrowned King, unanointed priest,
Soldier, lover, explorer, I see you nuzzle the breast.
You that grope in my bosom shall load the ladies with rings,
You that came forth through the doors shall burst the doors of kings.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE NAVY.

I HAVE been asked by the Editor of the NEW REVIEW to contribute a short article on the Navy for the New Year's number. It may be very short, while a few years ago, to have been of use, it must have been long indeed. All who are entitled to an opinion are now agreed on most of the many considerations which govern the question of what should be our maritime force. Admiral P. Colomb, Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, and others, have made even the general public understand how vital to our national existence is the command of the sea against our enemies in any future war, whoever those enemies may be. The politicians have, however, as a rule, yet to be made to learn that the test of a sufficiency of the British Navy which has been agreed on by "the two Front Benches" is far from scientific. That test is equality to or superiority to—for the things are treated as meaning virtually the same—the fleets of the two Powers next in strength, or, as it is sometimes put, France and Russia. It is, of course, the case that there is always before us the possibility of conflict, over the Afghan or some other difficulty, between ourselves and Russia, and the chance that public opinion in France may force the French Government of the day to take sides with Russia against ourselves. But such considerations as to what Powers may be our enemies are considerations for Cabinets rather than for those who attempt to treat the question from the defence point of view. Taking the superiority to a combination of the second and third fleets as the immediate object of our naval policy, as we are told to take it, I am concerned to show that this superiority, to be effective, must mean something very different from bare superiority—all but the same as mere equality of force.

Battleships capable of keeping our enemy in port, or defeating him should he venture to put forth, are the backbone of our position. The command of the sea by us must depend upon this power to search out and beat our enemy, or to shut him up at home. Cruisers we need, and we possess; whether in sufficient or in insufficient numbers is an important but a secondary question. We need them for the protection of our trade and for the information of our fleets; but battleships are

the ships which must be counted on to smash the foe or to keep the enemy at home ; and if our enemy, whoever he be, is not to be at once defeated or kept at home in our next war, we shall have panic which will destroy all those naval arrangements upon which the safety of the empire must depend. The force needed for keeping our enemy at home has been stated to us upon scientific authority, which has never been disputed, as a force possessing a superiority of five to three. Some think that it would be possible to hold the seas with a smaller superiority of force by abandoning the Mediterranean. But it has been shown that whether we might or might not be compelled, during a portion of the war, rather to mask the Mediterranean fleets of our enemies at a greater, than actually to blockade them at a lesser, distance, there is no ground for the belief that this policy would require a smaller force than a policy of actually keeping them in port. On the contrary, we should be exposed to alarms of attack through the Suez Canal in the Indian Seas, which would only increase our anxieties and the calls upon our strength. Five to three is the superiority required, and in the three we must include the coast-defence ships of our opponents, which can venture forth from time to time to attack those who may be trying to keep them in port ; whereas, on the other hand, in the five we cannot include our own ships of the same class, which would only form a reserve at home against a possible "*coup de main* invasion," even if we could spare the men to man them.

When I had written as far as this I had the opportunity of reading an admirable leader upon the subject which appeared in *The Times* of Friday, the 14th December. In that article it was rightly pointed out that those who are thinking of the national safety would do well to insist upon the main points of ships and men rather than to fritter away their influence in discussions of technical detail. In that article, while the test adopted by the leaders of the great political parties, of bare superiority to two fleets, was of course, subjected to gentle ridicule, the writer, nevertheless, expressed the view that it might form a fairly useful working test, because it would at least give us complete superiority over one fleet. There is some reason to doubt whether, as matters stand, we possess, as against one fleet, that superiority which would prevent the enemy from putting forth to try conclusions with us under circumstances such as those which were brought about in the late manœuvres. There is too much risk about this policy to make it one with which we should rest content.

A command of the seas even for a time disputed means incalculable loss of trade. When we remember the manœuvring skill admittedly possessed by the admirals and captains of at least one foreign fleet, and the perfection of its guns and of its crews, and when we bear in mind that our possible enemies have the advantage of a monopoly of the use of high explosives at sea, it may be doubted whether the country will be inclined to put up with such a superiority, even as against one fleet, as we now possess. I venture to think that it is unsafe and unwise to do so.

What are the facts? An admirable official return which was laid before Parliament a few months ago must be pronounced to be most disquieting; since it appeared the only serious contribution which has been made towards accuracy in "the differentiation of naval force," to use the odd title adopted at the Royal United Service Institution, is that by Mr. Swinburne, which was debated on the 13th June and published on the 15th November. Mr. Swinburne takes the test of superiority to two fleets, and he carefully examines the question of what ships are obsolete in all the navies, and gives these facts in a manner somewhat favourable to ourselves. He puts, for example, into his Class II. B ships which are at present carrying admirals' flags in the French Mediterranean squadron. The conclusion which Mr. Swinburne draws is that if we take into consideration only totals it might appear as if we held a slight superiority over two fleets. As, however, superiority in one group does not necessarily counterbalance inferiority in another, and as we are in an inferiority in battleships, and especially in those of a modern type, he pronounces our force inferior to the requirements admitted to be necessary by "the two Front Benches," and declares that we are especially "inferior in that class of warship most absolutely essential to the Power to whom it is vital to retain the supremacy of the sea." Mr. Swinburne includes in his list of I. A (British first-class battleships) seven ships which, I believe, cannot be said to have been begun; and he includes in his list of French ships of the same class nine which are not finished, and which the *Journal Officiel* of the 4th December shows to be in very various stages of construction. For example, the first French ship he names, the "Charlemagne," is shown by the report of the Budget Commission to be intended to be completed in 1898. The second ship, although there is a doubt about the name, is probably one which will only be completed in 1899-1900. The third ship, the "St.-Louis," is to be

completed in 1899; the fourth, the "Masséna," in 1897; and the other five sooner. Some of these latter are launched. These facts on both sides, and the further and satisfactory fact that we can finish ships much more rapidly than can the French, throw a good deal of doubt upon Mr. Swinburne's tables, although none upon his admirable general method. We are driven back, therefore, upon the official return, and that is unfavourable enough, in all conscience. The latest foreign report on the same subject is that "Au nom de la Commission de la Marine, annexe au procès-verbal de la séance du 27 Octobre, 1894," but published by the printer to the French Chamber of Deputies more than a month later. It is not accurate, for it declares that I am "Nauticus," and contains more blunders in English names than were ever, perhaps, before collected in one public document. It has some valuable passages on the superiority of attack over defence (p. 252), but its tables (pp. 357-369) give every British ship without exception, while of French ships they give only those in commission, or in first-class reserve.

In the useful discussion which occurred on Mr. Swinburne's paper at the Royal United Service Institution, Admiral P. Colomb proved that our battleships cannot be looked upon as an outlying line of defence which may be broken, with the possibility of sufficient defence by some line further in. "If the battleships are defeated, there will be an end of it; if that line is driven in, no other line can hold its place." This is a fact which we have, before all things, to keep in view. Counting the coast-defence ships of France as good for some purposes for the first line, and our own as useless until too late, we are shown by our own official return not to possess the requisite superiority for the command of the sea even against a single Power.

There are some who think that the whole matter is less pressing than it was a short time ago. Russia, we are told, is friendly. All must be grateful that the tact of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales should have helped to bring about a friendliness which cannot fail to have some good results. But navies cannot be seriously reinforced with great rapidity, and we ought perhaps rather to thank ourselves that we have breathing time in which we may bring our fleets up to the point at which they will give us certainty of peace, than to relax our endeavours to place the British realm in a condition of security as regards its Imperial Defence.

There are many also who ask us what is the limit of expenditure

to which we are prepared to go. Surely there can be but one patriotic reply—one sensible or reasonable reply—to such a question. A rich country with world-wide trade, with, it may be said, almost the whole of the carrying trade of the world, dependent more than any country has ever been, upon its foreign communications; with an empire scattered over the whole globe, cannot afford to count cost in maintaining that command of the sea which is a necessity of her existence. It would take me outside my immediate topic were I to attempt to examine here a subject on which I have written and spoken in the past, namely whether it would be possible to save something on land forces in order to increase, with greater ease, our expenditure upon the navy? This point was one of those which Sir George Chesney, Mr. Arnold Forster, and Mr. Spenser Wilkinson had in view when I joined with them in writing a letter to the leaders of both parties, which, with the detailed answers of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain, appeared in all the newspapers last spring. We asked for some security that the Cabinet and future Cabinets—in considering the naval and the military estimates—were acting and would act upon the best and the most responsible advice. To myself it has always seemed that only the Prime Minister, in consultation with his naval and military colleagues, with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and with responsible and known military and naval advisers, can decide between the two services and settle the general scheme of our defence. In the Parliamentary debate which followed after the publication of our letter, we were promised a committee of the Cabinet upon defence. But we do not know whether that committee is acting on competent advice as regards each service from some one responsible head.

Mr. Wilkinson, in his most valuable little volume, *The Command of the Sea* (London: Constable), has reminded us that since 1891 the French Navy has been provided with a Chief of the Staff, who is a war director, known to the public as permanently responsible for the preparation of the navy for war; and Mr. Wilkinson says that “in this all-important matter the French have three years’ start of us.” The main object of an association which has lately come into existence is “to secure the appointment of a single professional adviser, responsible to the Cabinet, upon the maritime defence of the empire, whose opinion as to the sufficiency of the preparations covered by the estimates shall be communicated to Parliament.” I am not a member of the Navy League, but have no doubt as to the wisdom of this, its principal,

recommendation. The House of Commons, after the statement of the Secretary of the Admiralty, votes money for the navy in the dark. The First sea-Lord is, in a sense, responsible, but he is only a member of a Board. The Director of Naval Intelligence is, in a sense, responsible, but he is not known to the House of Commons, and his conclusions may be over-ruled by the First sea-Lord, who in turn may be over-ruled by the First Lord, who in turn may be over-ruled by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, backed by a majority of the Cabinet. The resignation of Lord Charles Beresford at one period, and the discussion which followed the resignation of Lord Randolph Churchill at another, threw a good deal of light upon the subject, and that light revealed a state of things wholly unsatisfactory. The First Lord of the Admiralty and the Cabinet of which he is a member are nominally responsible, but they are politicians here to-day and gone to-morrow, and the disaster which one Government has prepared may come in the time of its successor. Fleets take years to build, and every Cabinet has to put up with the fleet of its predecessor. What the House of Commons ought to require is that after the highest responsible naval "authority" has specified the force we need, his report, signed by him and not altered by a Board, must be seen by the Cabinet, with the naval estimates, and that the House of Commons shall be informed of the nature of that report. Perhaps, as may be said to be now the case in France, Parliament should see the report itself. The Director of Naval Intelligence, I believe, now reports annually as to the sufficiency and the readiness of the fleet. But his report is eaten up by the Board of Admiralty, and there disappears, and does not, it is believed, even reach the Cabinet, far less the House of Commons.

Sufficiency and readiness are the points to be held in view; in other words, battleships and men. Figures of men on paper are of no use for our purpose; what will be needed will be men ready for the first day of war, probably the day before the declaration of war. Reserves which may be called up with time are of little value for our purpose. Whatever Power or Powers we may have to fight will have their forces ready when they begin the war. We shall begin it with our ships and men that are ready, and those which are not ready will come too late. These seem obvious facts. They are obvious facts. But, incredible though it may be, we have not the trained men, we have not the lieutenants, we have not the blue-jackets, we have not the engineers, we have not the firemen and stokers who are necessary

to take out even the whole of our existing fleets, and still less to take out the fleets which we ought to have, and it is to be hoped will have in two or three years' time. It is for the naval authorities, and not for laymen and civilians, to find the means of meeting our demand for trained men to man our ironclad fleet of battleships.

If, besides the main points of battleships, men, and competent, single responsibility, I mention any others, it is not to go counter to the sensible advice of *The Times* leader, which I have named above, but only because there are some points which illustrate our deficiencies. The public hardly realise what the commencement of our next war will be like. It is assumed, for example, in almost everything that is written, that we shall be well provided with news from all parts of the world by means of the electric telegraph. Given the fact that the great cables touch shore in territory which will not be in the hands of very friendly Powers—in Portugal, for example—or else pass through Persia, Turkey in Asia, and other uncivilised lands, it is probable that the lines will be interfered with upon land. Foreign fleets possess telegraph ships, the crews of which are trained in the duty of picking up cables at sea, and there is some reason to expect that before the beginning of war all our cables will be cut. Our Government are committed to the policy of sending out garrisons to coaling stations which are necessary for the efficiency of the fleet and for the protection of our trade. These, as matters stands, will have to be sent at the moment when the navy will have the most to do to hold its own. A question which I asked in Parliament last year brought out the fact that Sierra Leone, for example, has a harbour which the navy and the Commission on coaling stations consider necessary as a coaling station for the fleet, and which has been fortified; but that, on account of the unhealthiness of the climate, the gun detachment which bears the name of Sierra Leone is stationed at Devonport in time of peace!

The Navy League, which has taken in hand the representation of the public upon these questions, stands aloof from party. The letter of last year to which I have alluded was signed by men of all parties, and addressed to the leaders of the three principal English parties in the State. The replies have shown that, while our statesmen are alive to the danger of the existing situation, they have not yet prepared a remedy. May I express the hope that next Session will not pass over before some advance in the direction of true responsibility has been made?

CHARLES W. DILKE.

INDIA : IMPRESSIONS.

I.

AS you emerge from the endless Indian Sea and climb up the round of earth, to your left a wooded hill rises into sight ; and on the right the bay runs up and is lost among a succession of islands and headlands, bare chiefly and of a reddish brown, not in themselves beautiful in colour, but, as it were, caught up from earth and etherealised in the magic sunlight. Between the hill and the harbour is a white patch, which is the City of Bombay. And now on the hill and in the thick wood at its base you think you can through your glasses detect palm trees, at which sight your breath comes short, for palm trees mean the immemorial East. Specimens, I know, are to be found along certain of the Southern coasts of Europe ; but all the same palm trees and flat-roofed houses mean Asia or Africa, just as cypresses and shiny fluted tiles mean that you have passed the inexpressible boundary line which separates the North of Europe from the South ; neither the one sign nor the other can you mark, if you deserve the name of traveller, without a quickening pulse and a tightening of the breath.

All about the bay are craft with lateen sails resting like gulls upon the water. The larger kind, with straight bulwarks and broad raised poops, like the poops of the "Royal Harry"—or what vessel you please of the Armada days—are Arab dhows, which trade from Zanzibar to Bombay. These make another symbol, along with the palm trees, that you have passed into a new life.

It seems now but a day since you dropped down the Thames, leaving the smoke and the tall chimneys between you and the sunset ; since you steamed by night through the Channel, with French and English lights on either side. On the second day you found the vessel's head turned southward to go down the Atlantic (for who, making his way for the first time to the East, would face the vulgarity of the Dover-Calais crossing and the *train de luxe*, as a preparation for adventure into a new and unknown world ?). You have

seen the Bear (which to Homer was never wet in the bath of ocean) sink lower and lower till it disappeared ; you have seen the Southern Cross stand for a space in the sky ; you have plunged through foam which in shadow was blue-green with phosphorescent light, and yellow under the tropical moon. These are the pleasures of the voyage, but these fade out of memory now that all India lies before you.

There rises and confronts you a huge lighthouse tower painted black, white, and red. To the literal man this pillar is the well-known Prong Light, and nothing more. But in the spiritual sense it is a sort of note of interrogation, bringing before you more vivaciously than anything else does the great *Question* which you have to solve upon the very threshold of your Indian travel. Behind the lighthouse come momentarily clearer and clearer into sight blocks of great buildings ; a high clock tower here, a cupola there. These great buildings repeat the same question. And later on the same query comes again and again before you till you must find an answer.

The question is that of the text : What are you come out for to see ? It is momentous. There are some beings—creatures of Rumour and Opinion, not of God—to whom India is nothing more than a sort of encyclopædia. They have come only to gather facts from it, to fortify their opinions for or against the opium traffic ; or, perhaps—oh, tragic farce !—for no better purpose than to get local colour for their next speech on an “ Indian night.” This ancient land has undergone a thousand vicissitudes, given birth to half a hundred different faiths, bowed under the yoke (I spare you the “ drums and trappings ”) of Greeks, Scythians, Afghans, Moguls, Persians, English, for no better purpose than to stuff a blue book or nourish a controversy.

It is a wonder to me that the egoism of these travellers survives their first ten minutes’ converse with the East : that the first bullock-cart they meet lumbering along the dusty road—in just such carts travelled, doubtless, the first Vedic worshippers who made their descent upon the plains of the Indus—that the first turbaned figure they saw moving forward with silent footfalls does not make them repent.

For all that, you cannot profess to come to India merely to see the Orient. For that purpose any country east of the Isthmus of Suez would serve better. You cannot ignore the British *Raj*, nor all the life of Anglo-India. If you have any touch of the philosophical historian

about you, you must see that this British rule is one of the great things in the world's history—the third of the three great empires which the supreme Caucasian mind has created, and not inferior in greatness to the Empire of Alexander or the Empire of Rome. Wherefore you cannot shut your eyes and turn a deaf ear to all this side of the subject. And yet—how to combine the two studies?

They are not to be combined. That is the first thing which you must understand. A being who has learnt the art of making his dreams continuous and so lives two lives, but the waking life (not as with Mr. Du Maurier's *Peter Ibbetson*) equally important with the life of dreams: this is the picture of India. It has two plots, running side by side, yet utterly distinct; you cannot slide one into the other. Yet you must, under penalty of losing half the meaning of your travel, let each story flow on continuously with itself, and you must read both as they run. I own that sometimes the mental effort is fatiguing; but there is no other way.

Not the majority of travellers makes an attempt to dream truly. The India of the Hindus may be no more than a background—a more or less picturesque setting to the social life of what one who had no love for it described to me as a single vast garrison town. This life on its side, if you understand the meaning of it, is full of interest, full of grandeur. The indifferent traveller may miss this too—all the simplicity and greatness of our Empire in the East—till to him it becomes a succession of *gymkhanas** and polo matches.

You are sitting in a well-appointed club—the Yacht Club, say, of Bombay, or the still handsomer Byculla Club at the other end of the town. No one knows better how to take his ease when his work is done than your Indian official. Setting aside some trifling differences—the openness of all the rooms, the verandah outside, the punkah moving to and fro above your head—you might fancy yourself in London again, in your London dress clothes, with a London rose in your button-hole. Then when you leave to go back to your hotel, dark noiseless figures—their faces you cannot see, only their white turbans—steal out of the shadows, from beneath trees. Their only visible purpose seems to be to wait upon you, to call your *garry*† to drive you home. Their real purpose in life is a thousand miles away

* Clubs for outdoor exercises of all kinds—polo, lawn tennis, badminton, cricket racing—what you choose.

† *Carriage (Gari)*.

from any of your thoughts. You might as well think to impress the legion of ghosts, or claim an empire in the other world. So you see now; and so seeing, all has been changed for you. You are in the "other plot": the British *Raj* has become the shadow of a dream.

More than in any Indian town that I have seen the social life of the English in Bombay gathers itself into its clubs. Of these there are two, which I have mentioned: the Yacht Club, close to the harbour—to the Apollo Bunder, as they call the quay; the Byculla Club, far away round towards Malabar Hill. The drive from one to the other will show you the essence of Bombay, except this Malabar Hill—the fashionable residents' quarter. At first you pass the great public buildings, of which Bombay is so proud. It is difficult to speak of them. Sir Edwin Arnold says that they are conceived with that happy inspiration which blends the Gothic and the Indian schools of architecture (so at least my guide book informs me). And I think, indeed, they have something in common with the *Light of Asia* in their style of architecture and inspiration. They are, moreover, in size immense—the Secretariat, the Law Courts, the Municipal buildings (the best of them), and the Victoria Railway Station. They are immense, and full of tortured gargoyles and of cupolas and turrets. So is that lighthouse immense that first set one a-thinking.

At the back of these public buildings lies the native city with its bazaar. Now there are three things which unite all the East: one is a peculiar smell, half nauseous, half aromatic; the second thing is the bamboo cane; the third thing is the bazaar. Everywhere the bazaar is essentially the same. It may be more beautiful in Cairo, larger in Bombay. I do not know. Its sights, whenever they are seen, are of a piece—sights to which we have no sort of parallel in the Western Hemisphere. The narrow street is crowded with foot-passengers, all walking in the same measured way; upright, grave, and imposing-looking above; spindle-legged, barefooted, mean from the waist downwards. For us they are more or less ghost-like and unreal, for you hardly discern their dark faces in the dark, narrow streets—only their turbans or *puggarees* (as they call them here), and tunics and short pyjamas; these garments all white maybe, or with black or dark-blue tunics and white *puggarees*, or reversedly, white tunics and blue turbans; but indeed, blue and yellow and green, all the colours of the rainbow, are to be seen, and pretty common; very common is the dusky red—called Indian red;

among the women it is the rule. The women are veiled in a sense—in the classic sense, as Demeter is represented veiled—and they have about them something classic, when you look above only, at their shrouded faces and draped shoulders; but their legs, ill-shaped and bare, or else clad in trousers drawn in at the ankle, are a hundred miles removed from the classical. For all that, they have their place in the beauty of the scene, and their silver bangles and anklets shine pleasantly in the veiled light.

The shops are but dark stalls raised a few feet above the level of the street. On either hand between the street and the shop fronts runs a gutter or drain with miniature bridges across it at the entries. Behind, the stalls retreat backward into darkness and squalor. By what magic is it that the Eastern can make them all unspeakably picturesque? In the Tottenham Court Road those painted bedsteads would be hideous. Those cotton stuffs are the worst which Manchester produces. Yet here they are exactly in the right place. They harmonise justly with the native brass-work which is being wrought under your eyes, whereof the strident ting-ting beneath the hammer dominates the other noises of the street, or with the work of the silversmith fanning his charcoal forge not far off (each street of the bazaar has its own special industry). These shops of the Eastern bazaar are an image of the Eastern mind—of that faculty of theirs which lies below art, but is above vulgarity. You can only call it picturesque, though the word is jejune. They have no music in the East worthy the name, and yet the beggar woman I saw yesterday by the wayside, keeping up her monotonous chant, takes precedence of English beggars. And where else than in these bazaar shops could you get so much effect with such a meagre store of produce, such a little space, such narrow capacities? With all their smallness again the shops—like the Eastern mind in this also—have cavernous recesses at the back into which you cannot see, which you had better not penetrate nor try to explore. Here, then, in the bazaar is everything—the produce, the fashion, the movement, the poetry and prose of the total Orient.

Through this scene you are driven in what, for the sake of cheating yourself with local colour, you are fain to call a *garry*—because *garry* is the Hindustanee for carriage—but what is in fact neither more nor less than a fly, own brother to any you might see drawn up for hire in the Old Steyne at Brighton, or in which you may have driven by the

shore of the much-sounding sea at Margate or Ramsgate. Your fly-driver—who on his part is of the East, bravely beturbaned above, rags and squalor below—proud of the reflected dignity and power gained by having a *sâb* (*sâhib*) for his fare, shouts and swears at the passers-by, cracks his whip and pushes forward his way as you expect to the certain destruction of the pedestrians. And these same passers-by turn round to gaze at you a moment with quiet ox eyes, and then go on with the same thoughts about the desires and businesses which have been those of the Orient for thousands of years before the white *sâhibs* were ever heard of.

II.

Take this for a picture of an Indian station and city. The station is Anglo-Indian; the city is Indian. The former is all space; the space of broad, low bungalows in wide, shady gardens, that they call "compounds"—wide and shady, but often with a great look of bareness for want of turf, and enclosed by low mud walls. On every side of you are large-headed trees and bushes, stunted palms and mangoes, spreading acacias, mimosas, tamarind trees, tamarisks. Over these hover low the wide-winged kites, for ever circling and poisoning; with them, now and then, an Egyptian vulture. For a moment, say, your mind flies off to contrast the thought of English elms at the same early November season, holding their yellow branches aloft toward the pale-blue sky, touched with early frost, and of a lark infinitely far above them; and then to the delightful irregularities of English lanes and English gardens, of grassy corners, of sudden bits of common, of village greens. Here all the roads are straight and square, and are so much alike that, until you have made some days' stay at one of these stations, you can hardly trust yourself to take a walk about them. All the compounds have a general likeness. At some places—at Lahore, for instance—all the bungalows are built upon precisely the same pattern. I know that, to the Western mind, the word bungalow suggests something accidental and picturesque—a backwoods hut with verandah added. But the real bungalow, in every station of some standing (I except one little group of bungalows at Bombay, in the Esplanade Road, which seem like survivals from the remote past), is a solid brick or stone edifice, whitewashed, it need not be said. Could English house-building, could English life, exist without whitewash? *

* Not always *white-washed* in reality; brown and mauve and dark-red are common colours.

It has a verandah, of course ; it has never more than two storeys, the upper the smaller by the area of the verandah at the least, and a flat roof. In fine, it is a villa residence, if ever there was one, in its larger or smaller square of garden.

You can scarce look upwards. The road at your feet is a sea of white dust, and on the dust the sun beats down with a monotonous glare. The sky upon the side of the sun is almost white. And now a camel comes towards you with his long, swinging stride and treads upon his shadow. If a moment before you have been thinking rather mournfully of the English lark over the English lane, this camel should reconcile you to much. His shadow runs before him on the white road ; the huge, padded feet fall silently in the dust. He is brother to the silent-footed native : as ugly as he and as beautiful.

There are plenty of other sights to reconcile you to the strange land to which you have come. I myself could never tire of watching the kites wheeling, wheeling for ever in the sun-dried air. I said they were all near to earth. They seem so, partly because you can hardly keep your eyes turned toward the sky. But sometimes when I have ascended a tower I have seen them at every elevation, one above the other, high up to the immeasurable heavens, and for ever poising and turning as if in some mystic dance. If you are looking towards the sun near sunset, all the air around them is flooded with yellow haze ; the tamarisk trees are like a mist ; the kites themselves are transformed into aerial bodies half phantasmal.

In their circlings these birds utter from time to time that strange, small, childish cry which belongs—so inappropriately!—to all the hawk tribe. Have you ever marked the note of the kestrel ? It is as the squeak of a child's india-rubber ball. Maybe you remember, too, the cry of a blackbird in a passion. It is something between a chatter and a scream. There is a bird-note here in India which much resembles it, only it is still more acrid, and it comes on the wing. It rushes past you in a screaming chorus, and you have scarcely time to see that it proceeds from a covey of green parrots.

These are the sights and sounds of the European quarters, the station, or the cantonment. To the official eye there is a vast amount of difference between the civil station and the military cantonment ; to the eye of the flesh there is none. In certain strategic centres the cantonment quite overrides the station in importance. It does so at Quetta, for example, at Peshawar, and at Rawal Pindi. At certain places,

again, the military settlement is removed a mile or so from the civil or from the native city beside it. This is the case, for one instance, with the cantonment of Mian Mir, three miles from Lahore. Socially—But if I have anything to say of Anglo-Indian social life it must be said hereafter.

III.

Hard by the Anglo-Indian quarter stands the native city—in every particular the antithesis of the first. The more important kind—which shall be the typical one for us—have attached to them a fortress of ancient Indian structure, Mogul generally, though of course there are Mahratta forts, Sikh forts, and Sind forts. Many of these native fortresses are still kept up and garrisoned with, say, a company of native and half a company of British infantry, and a couple of guns. In this way they command the native town in case of riot. Among the ‘defences of India’ they have to-day no place. But historically they have a great place, these milestones on the highroad of time. Bereft of them, India would seem nude, and even antiquarians might come to forget the bygone wars between Sikhs and Afghans, Mohammedans and Mahrattas. For in the days of the *Pax Britannica* past history flows rapidly from sight, and ancient foes—Rajputs, Monghols, Pindarris, Mahrattas, Sikhs—they or their descendants, lie side by side to the British Commissioner or the High Court Judge.

Where our old castles follow the square, these fortresses more often adopt the round; they are round themselves, their bastions are rounded, and their battlements are crenelated in the shape nearly of the Indian arch. From the summit of these high, smooth walls of stone (red sandstone, let us say) or of sun-dried brick plastered with mud, you look down upon the native city—a collection of mud-coloured child’s bricks which have been tossed down upon the earthen floor, and lie where they have fallen, most of them lying singly but close together, now and again one piled on the top of others—for such is the native city at first sight. All the houses seem composed of these uniform squares. When you come nearer and thread the narrow street, you find that many of these earth-coloured bricks are whitewashed in the front, and maybe picked out in colours—rather pleasantly picked out in red and blue and green, not without a little moulding or even delicate lattice work in brick. Lattice work windows in wood project here and there.

Taking the general run of native cities, there is hardly any place for greenery amid this mass of mud colour. Perhaps you expect little palm or orange groves in the courts behind the houses; nine times out of ten you will be utterly disappointed, and nothing could be more miserable than the appearance of most native Indian towns seen from a little distance. Does this not hold true of most oriental towns? I have a vivid recollection of some of the towns and larger villages of Egypt and of their masses of dun clay. I am told this same rule holds good of Syria and Palestine. The things which redeem the Indian town from mere squalor are, first, the city walls and the castle of which we have spoken; then the bazaar, of which we have spoken likewise; thirdly, the temples or mosques which may be in it. Of these I have to speak at a later time. The bazaar has sprung from below, and epitomises the mind of the people. The castle, the temple maybe—most certainly the mosque—has been imposed from above, and received at the hands of a conqueror.

Thus do the parallel components of the *Two Lives*, the Anglo-Indian Station and the Native City, divide between them the honours of beauty and of vulgarity in the places where they stand. To the one almost all the foliage, all the nature, the gardens purple with bougain-villia, pleasant with roses and convolvuluses, shaded with acacias banyans, tamarisks, *bûls* (mimosas), with that most sacred of all trees the *pîpul*—the *ficus religiosa* of the botanists—these are due to English care: English too are the straight, square roads—the suburban villadom of the bungalows. The oriental city is fabulously antique, squalid, dust-coloured, ugly without (seen from above I mean), picturesque within.

There are, no doubt, cities and cities. Some stand out conspicuously. Of these Peshawar is one (I speak only of the places that I have seen), on account of the singular nobility of its appearance from outside, the manner in which its walls and citadel seem to dominate the surrounding country. And at a nearer view, a view got from inside the walls, I saw no town which more pleased my fancy than Amritsar.

There is a small very famous temple, the golden temple, at Amritsar, a golden gem set in a marble basin, of which it will be my hint to speak again. At the edges of the marble tank are four towers, one of which is scalable; and from the summit of that one you get a view which, of its kind, I was not fortunate enough to see surpassed in India. In this town there is a good supply of foliage, and amongst

this the houses of the city rise in many storeys with beautiful lattice-work in brick and with many colours. It was the trick of the sunlight that made half the beauty. The shady trees which rose out of the courts were touched at the tops by this magic light, and at once translated beyond the region of common earthly things. And they in turn carried the eye to outside the city walls into a country—flat, indeed, but park-like—studded with massive and solid timber, yet much of it in foliage light and feathery and ethereal, such as you cannot picture in Europe. And then, far off in the air, which was all a-pulse with heat, rose one above another the forms of a great company of kites and vultures in eternal volutions. When your eyes were dazzled and you were transported beyond the earth, you cast them down again and saw the golden temple sleeping at your feet on its marble island in stagnant water hemmed in by marble steps and cloisters. Maybe a faint droning hum from the priests chanting inside it reached your ears.

Later in the day I wandered more intimately among the streets of the town. The bright light of sunset shone down the narrow streets, then suddenly faded and we were in the night. Before the light had gone I had leisure to remark the near misery and squalor of the Holy Town—for Amritsar is sacred beyond most. Stinking gutters run before the low shop fronts; the dust of the streets was saturated with filth. Along these narrow lanes—for you can almost touch the houses on either side—mild-eyed oxen wandered, singly or in a tail, as if the place belonged to them.

When night comes such shops as stay open illuminate tiny oil lamps, exactly the Roman lamp, a boat-shaped earthenware cruise wherein floats a wick: not seldom the lamps are mounted upon high tripods and thereby become still more classical. Their function is to make the darkness visible. Here and there through the gloom glows a charcoal fire in an earthen pot. The cookshops display tempting morsels, *kibobs*, fragments on skewers—to the English eye recalling cat's meat, messes of many kinds, of meal, of peas, of lentils. The coffee shops have their single virginal lamps, as I dare say do some opium shops, only I could not recognise them. Walking along one of the narrowest, filthiest streets, I heard the groan of a wheel, and, looking in a recess, saw by the gloom of a single lamp that some one was drawing water from a well which stood there, as they do, in the very heart of the slums.

C. F. KEARY.

THE NEW IBSEN.

TO sit down on a chair, before a desk, and criticise Ibsen, on paper, with a pen, by the light of the ordinary canons of dramatic art, seems almost a sacrilege. There is that individuality about Ibsen that constrains even sane minds to envisage him either an unhopèd-for anticipation of the Kingdom of Heaven or a painfully morbid development of the Abomination of Desolation. It is laid on Mr. William Archer's conscience to make him talk a shambling, if sometimes forcible, English that is not like any other of the tongues of men. There is quaintness in the provincial view of life native to Norway, where they make up in the theory of modern civilisation what is wanting in the practice of it. And there is essential individuality—God-sent or Devil-born, it does not matter—in the perverse, anarchic, fearless, iconoclastic character of the man himself which struggles to the surface of every play. The flavour of all these you either like or you do not: and accordingly Ibsen is either a compendium of the seven names of the prophet, or a convenient root for words significant of mental and moral debasement. But there is always a neutral zone for criticism in the work of any man that tries to be an artist. It may be or may not that Ibsen sees what play ought to be written; but does he write a play well when he sees it? Being here outside the jurisdiction of vice and virtue, we need not be afraid to answer that he does. Ibsen knows his business. He can make a play: *Little Eyolf* (London: Heinemann), like the rest, is a work of skilled joinery, made, and made by hand. As mere workmanship, the best pieces of Ibsen's maturity—*The Doll's House*, *Rosmersholm*, *Hedda Gabler*—are in no way less finished than the articles turned out by the renowned Sardou-machine. As the workmanship of a man who conceives himself to be wrestling with great and wonderful material, the turbulent Norseman stands in some respects nearer the plane of Sophocles than do most men who have constructed plays among the barbarians. In his best work you will hardly find one word thrown away. The

casual inanities of the first act loom like omens through the vistas of the last. The irony of the drama is drawn to its tensest. Every speech adds a touch of character, a breath of atmosphere, a nerve to the dramatic emotion. The subject is knit together by a hundred cords; it holds together with the adhesive unity that is the formal standard of artistic triumph. That is Ibsen at his best. But we may doubt if at present, in this technical province at least, Ibsen still stands at his best. Not but in *Little Eyolf* there is firm characterisation, dramatic irony, economy of the irrelevant dependence of part on part. But the work is not so tight as it used to be. Asta Allmers allows herself to contribute a good many remarks to the conversation that contribute little to the revelation of her own character and nothing to the play. And this is fatal, because Ibsen's dialogue makes no pretence to intrinsic brilliance. The moment it begins to be irrelevant it collapses all in a heap to the meanest flat of inconsequent and even laughable banality.

Yet a few gaps of disconnected commonplace in the midst of much pregnant writing are of slight moment; they merely underline the fact that Ibsen is growing older. Nor is it of importance that this very dramatic pregnancy demands a second reading, or a reading preparatory to a hearing. If you mean to dig deep into the heart of man within the compass of three acts you must pack the rubble pretty closely. But *Little Eyolf* is marred by a far worse blemish. The dialogue is in the main adequate to express what it means to express. But the plot is not thus adequate, or rather there are two plots—or, rather, it is hard to say how many and what plots there are. *Little Eyolf*, to continue its analysis on the formal side, is ruined by a fault of construction. It sets out to consider the case of a husband and wife who, indirectly by their own fault, lose their one crippled child. That is quite a fair motive for an art that deals with character. The central characters are weak, but not abnormally weak, and it is the gain of literature that they should be taken in hand by such as Ibsen. He faces the situation with penetrating insight and unflinching logic. But, most unluckily for him, this will not make a play. The effect of such a catastrophe on the parents is not in itself an adequate motive for dramatic treatment. Such a calamity will work changes. But it will work them slowly; by degrees they will manifest themselves from within as the legacy of the one tremendous blow, and not as the effects of new causes acting from outside. What

has the drama, whose field is the clash of personality on personality, to do with such a psychological morphology? Given these facts alone, the play could assume but one shape. Alfred and Rita would come out on the stage singly or together, at imaginary intervals, let us say, of a fortnight, briefly to diagnose their souls and announce that they were going on as badly as was to be apprehended. Even as a duologue the thing could never be played, unless the apostle of modernity were to go back and borrow a chorus of Æschylus to help fill in his blanks for him.

In the face of this impossibility what does Ibsen do? He must dovetail a character or two on to Allmers and Rita to help them out with it. Hence Asta Allmers and Borgheim. Borgheim is not of much greater consequence to us than he is to the Allmers family—a very pleasant acquaintance whom we should miss and learn to do without. He is a firmly-drawn character, and he enriches the world of truth with the aphorism that “labour and trouble one can always get through alone, but it takes two to be glad.” But his concern with the play is purely atmospheric. He is just the “open-air boy” that he wished to see constructed out of little Eyolf. He comes in like a blast of keen mountain wind and flings up into your nostrils the stuffy air of the home of Allmers. His glad straightforward energy is the measure of their wandering helplessness. The truth is that, in Borgheim, Ibsen actually has gone back to the Greek chorus—such chorus as in these days he is allowed to employ. Borgheim is no more than a sublimated kind of stage property, like the doctor in *The Doll's House*, and the gentleman who borrows half-crowns and ideals in *Rosmersholm*; his function is purely mechanical; it is a confession of impotence, perhaps; but who is weak man to write plays by the book of æsthetic? Our own dramatists who season their works with character parts, as per salary list, will doubtless furnish the first stone.

But Asta is on quite a different footing, and is, indeed, a shameless intruder. She is simply thrown into the plot to save it from burning out for lack of fuel. As long as she is her brother's sister she is well enough. If the house of mourning is the post of duty to the very deceased wife's sister, how much more to the deceased son's aunt? In the analysis of Alfred Allmers under shock it arrives by logical process that he turns from the unsympathetic wife to the more sufficient sister. But even that is not enough to make an acting play.

And so out comes the family portfolio, and out of the portfolio the late mother's letters, and behold! Asta is not Alfred's sister at all, but our old friend Regina the other way about, and Rebecca West the other end up, and Elida Goldenlöve the other side round, and one touch of incest makes the whole gallery of them kith. Worked in skilfully no doubt it is, but it is a hackney dramatist's trick, flouting you with its arbitrariness and utter divorcement from the inevitability of real drama. The crisis between Alfred and Asta is wantonly pasted on to back the tottering interest of the real play. And time-worn and impertinent as it is, it is so much stronger for the stage and the dramatic interaction of characters, that for the time it usurps the attention. So that the play ends twice. It ends at the supposititious crisis not half-way through the last act. And then you remember that this was not the play after all. And Alfred and Rita stand up together and spin off the rest of the play out of their own entrails with no particular reference to the other characters, or each other, or anything else.

In the technical aspect of his art, therefore, when it is judged by the exacting tests his own technical mastery challenges, Ibsen has for the first time achieved a failure. For the first time he has set out to write a play that could not be written, and attempted to rescue it with a play that in its essentials he has written before. If he had kept rigidly to the death of Eyolf and the contrasting sorrows of his parents, he could have held no theatre in the world for an hour. Mourning for the dead is a narrative, not a dramatic, emotion. If he had preferred the story of Allmers and Asta he could have written a strong play, but it would have been an inverted reflexion of *Ghosts*, and an exact double of Goethe's *Geschwister*. As it is, he has written a Siamese twin of a play which all his unmatched dexterity cannot restrain from reciprocally pulling itself by its own leg.

But it would be affectation to pretend that it is of any enthralling interest to anybody whether, regarded as a stage play, *Little Eyolf* is a good stage play or not. It is for the joy of lustier debates than these that we look to our Ibsen. What of the Problem? And the Lesson? And the Psychology? And the Realism and the Rat-Wife? Especially the Rat-Wife; she is the newest, so that most of the inquiries will naturally be directed to her address. Here is more symbolism, and what are we to say of the supernatural in the drama? And who is the Rat-Wife, anyhow? And what does she stand for? And what was the heart-quaking Mopsëman

doing in that bag? But, seriously, need we bother about the Rat-Wife? If you must know, she symbolises Death, and she has no business to. The champions of Passive Acceptance, my Ibsen right or wrong, need not trouble to re-harness the Ghost of Hamlet's Father. Ibsen himself has set his seal to it that the only ghost admissible to the theatre in these days is the inherited characteristic. In any case Death the Assuager does not take the fiord steamer down to Christiania, nor would any pure-bred hell-hound condescend to be led round cottages by a string. The unpitied fate of *The Master Builder* is proof enough that drama to-day must either be natural or else make it quite plain that it means to be imperturbably supernatural. It is enough to say that northern fairy-tales will play such tricks with northern imaginations as they glide into old age. The beldam has strayed out of *Brand* or *Peer Gynt* into society where there is no place for her.

As for the Problem and the Lesson, it is gratifying to be able, for once, to assure the public that they may be approached without suspicion. There are more lessons come out of Ibsen's plays than ever went into them. The human mind could extract a lesson out of the *Nibelungenlied* if it thought fit; it habitually draws precepts from the *Song of Solomon*. It is true that Ibsen lends currency to the superstition by taking for his characters men under the influence of dominant ideas—specialising upon one side of them, as with the optimist and the pessimist in *The Wild Duck*. But to deduce therefrom that Ibsen is a pessimist rather than an optimist is much the same as inferring from the superiority of *la Bête Humaine* to *le Rêve* that M. Zola thinks a locomotive engine is better than a cathedral. For the Problem, that is, of course, a serious matter. Playgoers—how often must you go to the play to become a playgoer?—are divided into their camps under the banners of the Problem Play and the other sort of play. Perhaps the exactest possible definition of the Problem Play is a play like *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. It seems cruel to stamp upon the laudable efforts of the public and *The Daily Telegraph* to differentiate between kinds of plays, but it should be explained, with respect, that every play is either a problem play or not a play at all. The heathen Aristotle himself was able to point out that every play is divided into two parts, the binding and the loosing, the problem and the solution. If there is no problem there is no situation, no difficulty, no play of character, no drama. Problem is common to *Philoctetes* and *Charley's*

Aunt; and if there could be such a thing as a play in virtue, not of problem, but of the fact that it is spoken from a stage into a theatre, then *Money* would be a play: which is absurd. What the man in the pit regards as a problem play is a play that makes him think, which he justly regards as a phenomenon deserving of wonder. But every play makes a man think, if it goes deep enough into nature. Not necessarily at the time, for if it is a good play you must follow it to the end. But afterwards it does; and this means that the playwright sees deeper into human character than the audience. He ought to: otherwise what business has he to come out in front of the curtain instead of cheering from the house? Now Ibsen has succeeded in making more people think, or thereabouts, than most men of our time. In this play he makes you think of the way it hits a man and woman to lose an only child, more or less by their own fault. That is the problem, and he works it out to his own satisfaction; maybe not to yours.

That brings us on to the psychology of *Little Eyolf*. Now the psychological play is just such a bloodless, Daily Telegraphic apparition as the problem play. Psychology being in the popular languages understood as the investigation of what goes on in the human mind, plays, being written in words, which are the expression of thoughts, must needs either be psychological or else a kind of things-in-themselves with no significations that may be apprehended of man. The only true distinction is between good psychology and bad, between much psychology—which means much stripping naked of the human heart—and little. In *Little Eyolf* Ibsen's psychology is much and good. There could hardly be anything better than the first act, except the second. The first act states the case. Here is a mother and a father, both weak—the mother in intellect, the father in purpose and feeling. With both it is the weakness, the unequipped incapacity for life, of the unbalanced mind. The mother, as it turns out, is the straighter, the more respectable, and the commoner type. Her small heart choked up with an appetent love of Alfred Allmers, she has no room for anything else, and she has an explosive courage that lets her say so. Alfred would have the courage also, but he has not the self-knowledge. In width, not in depth, there is more of him to know; he does not know it. He talks much of his life-work, which is always a bad sign in a man: he should be ready with it when anybody pays to see, but not too garrulous of it to himself. So the wretched Allmers at one minute feels himself capable of

a batch of new life-works besides his book; next moment he can on no terms have another life-work than Eyolf; and the next he is quite cheerfully prepared to bisect it and apportion the other half to Rita. Then the crash comes and the remorseless analysis begins. Ibsen digs up the soul by the roots to see how it grows. And if any stronger, truer, and profounder picture was ever made of the bereavement of weak natures and incompetent parents—and they have many points of coincidence with the strong and able—the world seems somehow to have lost count of it. The inarticulate anguish, the compelled self-scourgings, the conscious cowardice, the impious, imperious call to fling out on the world all the pettiness at command—it strikes deep down because it comes from deep down. Through this Valley of Humiliation the parents win to the tardy hour of self-collection, the gathering up of the fragments and the wandering, slow steps out of Paradise into the desolate beyond. There is a kind of transformation of both at the end—though mark that it is in each case agreeable to character—and this can be taken as untrue to life. People don't change their whole being so, you can hear the critic say. They do not. Nothing transmutes a character, but everything changes it. That is what is meant by saying that Ibsen's plays wind up with a note of interrogation. Ibsen winds up with a question because he knows this. Every episode in a life ends so; there is always the change, but experience only shall show how great a change; the full stop comes only with death. Nora banged the door, and doubtless she came back again within the month, only she did not come back the same Nora, and that change of Noras is the nett result of *The Doll's House*. So Allmers will almost certainly go up North to his favourite gushing-grounds again, only not altogether the same Allmers. And Rita will stay down at the villa and live a new life, yet still in great part the same Rita.

This story of Alfred and Rita would have been better told in a novel. But it is a masterpiece none the less, and it is better to have it in a play than not to have it at all.

G. W. STEEVENS.

LES SENTIMENTS DE LA FRANCE POUR L'ANGLETERRE.

LE plus grand péril qui puisse compromettre l'amitié de deux nations ne naît pas du dissentiment sur un intérêt contradictoire précis et bien déterminé. La controverse s'enflammâtelle à ce sujet, on peut, à force de s'expliquer, de débattre, finir par trouver une solution transactionnelle qui, accordant un peu à chacun, désintéresse les amours-propres et produit la pacification. Ce qui est à craindre, c'est ce mauvais vouloir vague, mais continu parce qu'il a une cause permanente, qui ne s'attache à rien de particulier mais se glisse dans tout, duquel résulte un désaccord invincible, même quand on ne se l'avoue pas. Dans une telle disposition réciproque les grandes questions ne s'arrangent pas, et les petites se transforment tout à coup en grandes. Telle était la situation entre la Prusse et la France après 1866. Telle est celle entre l'Allemagne et la France depuis que la première détient deux lambeaux du territoire français. Telle aussi celle entre l'Italie et la France depuis que l'Italie a garanti par traité la possession de Metz et de Strasbourg à l'Allemagne, contre la France sans l'appui de qui elle n'aurait jamais obtenu ni Milan, ni Venise.

Nous nous rencontrons avec l'Angleterre sur un trop grand nombre de points du globe pour que nos intérêts ne se heurtent point quelquefois et que des dissentiments partiels ne surgissent entre les deux diplomates. Mais existe-t-il, entre les deux grands peuples les plus civilisés de l'Univers, une de ces causes latentes, organiques, irrémédiables de division et de haine, présage et cause d'une hostilité déclarée? Je n'ai pas autorité pour savoir ce que pense à ce sujet l'opinion anglaise. Mais je sais qu'on s'efforce de lui faire accroire que le peuple français nourrit contre l'Angleterre une antipathie presque générale qui cherche, attend, une occasion de se déchaîner. C'est contre cette bourde, fausseté et imposture que je veux protester avec l'expérience d'un vieux politique, qui, depuis quarante ans, suit d'un regard attentif les remuements qui s'opèrent dans le monde.

Une fois, dans ma jeunesse, j'ai constaté un violent mouvement d'exaspération contre l'Angleterre. C'est en 1840, à la suite de notre expulsion du concert européen par Palmerston. Cet état d'esprit ne s'est apaisé qu'à la suite de la révolution de février; il s'est absolument évanoui lors de la guerre de Crimée, et, depuis, il n'a plus reparu. Il existe moins que jamais aujourd'hui. L'occupation de l'Égypte ne nous plaît pas. Mais deux considérations empêchent notre déplaisir de devenir une colère. La première, c'est qu'avant d'aller en Égypte, l'Angleterre nous a offert de l'accompagner: M. de Freycinet, après avoir hésité, avait fini par se résoudre à envoyer des troupes à Suez, ce qui était, en fait, les mettre au Caire; mais Gambetta, impatient de satisfaire l'animosité que lui avait inspirée le refus de son ancien collaborateur d'entrer dans son ministère, sacrifia l'intérêt d'une patrie à laquelle il n'appartenait point par le sang, à un calcul emporté de politicien, et détermina le renversement de Freycinet, et, par suite, le renoncement à notre intervention en Égypte. Ce fut par sa faute, par la faute de la Chambre qui le suivit, que le champ fut laissé libre à l'Angleterre. La seconde des considérations qui nous calme, c'est que nous regardons l'Angleterre comme un pays de loyauté et d'honneur. Elle a promis de se retirer, elle le fera, et d'autant plus, que notre gouvernement, en ne la pressant pas de s'y décider n'intéresse pas notre amour-propre à ne pas le faire. L'Égypte est un pays capable et digne de se gouverner. Elle a à sa tête un jeune souverain doué des plus nobles qualités de l'esprit et du cœur; son premier ministre, Nubar, serait remarquable partout; Riaz-Pacha, Tigrane, d'autres encore, sont des hommes d'état de sérieuse valeur, et n'ont pas besoin de tutèle pour bien régir leur pays. Les ministres anglais le reconnaissent; ils savent aussi que nous ne leur demandons pas de nous laisser prendre la place qu'ils quitteront, et que tout ce que nous souhaitons, c'est que l'Égypte n'appartienne qu'à elle-même. Sa condition devrait être celle de la Belgique, indépendante et libre sous la garantie de l'Europe. Le seul privilège que l'Angleterre a le droit de réclamer et d'obtenir est d'être constituée, de concert avec la Turquie, puissance suzeraine, le gardien et le protecteur spécial de cette neutralité. Nous sommes convaincus que tôt ou tard c'est ainsi que cette question se règlera à la satisfaction générale. Aussi la France ne s'émeut-elle pas d'une situation qu'elle persiste à considérer comme transitoire.

Nous tenons compte au gouvernement anglais de son attitude correcte et amicale dans les affaires de Madagascar. Il a reconnu le

traité de 1885, et il paraît trouver naturel que nous en exigions le respect de la part de ceux qui l'ont souscrit. Nous ne craignons pas que l'Océan soit ensanglanté par nos combats avec elle, pour savoir si à Terre-Neuve le homard doit être assimilé à la morue. Nos assemblées renverseraient sur-le-champ le ministère qui lui ferait cette impertinente proposition. Si les diplomates ne parviennent pas à s'entendre, c'est à un arbitrage qu'appartient naturellement la solution du conflit.

Pourquoi donc détesterions-nous l'Angleterre au point de guetter l'occasion d'en venir aux mains avec elle? Nous engageons les Anglais auxquels on raconte ces billevesées à vouloir bien repasser dans leur esprit l'histoire de nos rapports avec eux. Ces n'est pas nous qui avons provoqué la guerre de contre-révolution qui commença en 1793 de la guerre la plus détestable, la plus injuste, la plus atroce, au dire de Buckle, que l'Angleterre ait jamais faite contre aucun pays, non par vengeance d'un grief personnel, ou d'une offense, mais parce qu'à son exemple nous avons changé la forme de notre gouvernement et adopté des principes de liberté imités des siens. De notre part les hostilités ne furent que des actes de légitime défense. Personne n'en doute plus.

Depuis 1815, suivant le conseil que Napoléon lui-même nous a donné de Sainte-Hélène, n'avons-nous pas oublié les anciennes luttes et effacé les griefs récents? Dès lors, à quel moment, sous quel gouvernement, sous quel prétexte, avons-nous jamais essayé de nuire à l'Angleterre, de porter atteinte à un de ses intérêts vitaux? Quand lui avons-nous porté au cœur un de ces coups cruels qu'une nation fière ne sait ni oublier ni pardonner? Quand avons-nous tramé quoi que ce soit contre sa sécurité? Quand n'avons-nous pas rendu hommage à la puissance de son génie politique et industriel? Ses hommes d'état, Palmerston notamment, nous ont été bien souvent hostiles. Ils se sont faits, sans véritable intérêt pour leur pays, les gardiens inexorables de la captivité territoriale à laquelle les traités de 1815 nous avaient condamnés. Mainte fois, au moindre de nos mouvements, ils nous ont menacés.—“Vous ne resterez pas en Belgique,” nous notifiât Palmerston après Anvers, “ou ce sera la guerre!”—“Vous déguerpirez du Maroc,” nous notifiât Aberdeen après Isly et Mogador, “ou ce sera la guerre!”—“Vous quitterez la Syrie,” nous déclarait encore Palmerston, après la pacification du Liban par Napoléon III., “ou ce sera la guerre!” Avons-nous répondu par des représailles à ces

injonctions qui auraient per nous irriter ? Ne nous sommes-nous pas, en toute occasion, montrés conciliants et prêts à démentir les intentions conquérantes que l'on nous prêtait injustement ? Tous nos gouvernements, sans exception, n'ont-ils pas recherché l'alliance anglaise comme leur alliance de prédilection ? N'est-ce pas sur l'alliance anglaise que Louis XVIII., puis Louis-Philippe fondèrent leur politique étrangère ? Malgré les difficultés, les déboires et les offres engageantes de Pétersbourg, Napoléon III., n'est-il pas, durant tout son règne, demeuré inébranlablement fidèle à l'alliance de Crimée, fidélité qui lui a coûté cher en 1870 ?

Deux fois, il est vrai, en 1847 et en 1852, l'Angleterre, saisie d'une véritable panique, s'est imaginé que nous allions débarquer à l'improviste, comme des pirates normands, sur ses rivages sans défense. C'était à qui viendrait, chaque matin, une lunette à la main, scruter l'horizon pour y découvrir les premiers les voiles gonflées de nos navires ! Avoir soupçonné Louis-Philippe, puis Napoléon III., d'une semblable agression, c'est une des plus colossales bouffonneries de la crédulité humaine. Un Anglais s'éleva contre de pareilles insanités, Richard Cobden, nom cher aux Français autant que celui de Fox. Certainement il y a en quelque excès dans l'attachement systématique de ce grand homme à la paix. Une guerre légitime est souvent aussi selon l'ordre providentiel : "les batailles, a dit Victor Hugo, ne sont pas plus des plaies faites au genre humain que les sillons ne sont des plaies faites à la terre. Depuis cinq mille ans toutes les moissons s'ébauchent par la charrue et toutes les civilisations par la guerre." Il n'y a de néfaste, de barbare, de contraire au développement normal du genre humain, que les antipathies entre peuples, uniquement fondées sur des préjugés, des mensonges et des ignorances. Où elles résultent de ressentiments légitimes, il ne sert de rien de les dissimuler, elles éclatent à tout propos ; là où, au contraire, comme entre l'Angleterre et nous, elles ne reposent que sur des malentendus, de fausses histoires, des suppositions fantastiques, les dissiper par l'exposé de la vérité, c'est être un véritable apôtre de civilisation. Cobden se donna cette tâche ; il la remplit avec une verve de bon sens et une force d'évidence qui l'ont élevé à une hauteur où il se sentira d'autant plus qu'on s'éloignera des émotions passagères contre lesquelles il a lutté. L'histoire a révélé les arcanes du temps ; elle a démontré que Cobden ne s'était pas trompé en se portant notre caution vis-à-vis de ses compatriotes. Que les anglais ne se donnent

pas de nouveau le ridicule d'une de ces paniques qui feraient douter du bon sens du grand peuple, auquel a été départi le privilège de tenir école de la raison politique au profit du genre humain !

Quoi qu'en disent parfois certains pessimistes sans autorité, il n'existe en 1895, entre la France et l'Angleterre, aucune de ces més-intelligences générales, vagues et permanentes, justifiées par un grief sérieux, dont nous avons signalé le péril. Le peuple français n'est animé d'aucune haine contre le peuple anglais ; il ne brûle pas de lui être désagréable et de l'assaillir. Plus que jamais il est convaincu qu'une rupture entre les deux premières nations intellectuelles du monde serait une des plus effroyables calamités qui pût désoler les hommes et susciter les colères divines. Cette rupture n'aura pas lieu. Ni en deçà ni au delà de la Manche personne n'osera attirer sur sa tête les malédictions qu'elle susciterait. Il ne faut donc attacher aucune importance aux déclamations de quelques journalistes qui ne se représentent même pas eux-mêmes, car ils reculeraient devant les conséquences de leurs paroles inconsidérées.

Verrait-on une preuve d'hostilité envers l'Angleterre dans l'élan national qui nous a naguère poussés au devant des messagers russes ? On se tromperait encore. Depuis 1870, la France a souffert de bien des abandons auxquels elle ne s'attendait pas. Ses vainqueurs du jour, loin d'être pacifiés par leur victoire inespérée n'ont cessé de la poursuivre de leur arrogance. Aucune n'avait été comparable à celle de l'Empereur d'Allemagne trainant à sa suite sur le champ de bataille de Metz ce jeune prince inconscient, dont le père et le grand-père avaient été à nos côtés sur le champ de bataille de Solferino. Il n'est pas une de nos femmes, pas un de nos enfants, qui, à cette nouvelle, n'ait bondi d'indignation ou n'ait été frappé de stupeur. Mais voilà que tout à coup on annonce que le Tzar, ce Tzar auquel nous n'avons jamais rendu aucun service, nous envoie ses marins comme pour nous consoler de cette ingratitude ; qu'il nous avoue comme ses amis aux yeux de l'univers. . . . Nous n'avons eu qu'une voix et qu'une âme pour répondre à son message d'amitié par des acclamations affectueuses, quoi de plus naturel ? La gratitude que nous avons témoignée à eux qui nous veulent du bien doit seulement engager les autres à nous en faire aussi ; elle n'a rien qui doive alarmer l'Angleterre.

Un abîme ne se creuserait entre elle et nous que si elle s'annexait à la Triple Alliance, et si, à son tour, elle garantissait aux spoliateurs la possession de nos dépouilles. Les années auront beau s'écouler

pacifiques et en apparence insouciantes : jamais la France ne renoncera à ceux dont elle s'enorgueillissait comme étant les meilleurs parmi ses enfants. Elle considérera comme des ennemis quiconque s'opposera à son invincible fidélité envers ceux qui lui restent malgré tout fidèles. Mais nous savons que l'Angleterre n'engage jamais envers personne l'avenir de sa politique. Ce n'est pas dans ce cas qu'elle renoncera à cet axiome traditionnel. Donc, jusqu'au bout, nous persisterons à croire qu'elle demeure plus attachée aux souvenirs de l'Alma, de Balaklava, d'Inkermann, de Pékin, que d'autres ne l'ont été à ceux de Magenta et de Solferino.

EMILE OLLIVIER.

THE TALK OF NEW ALLIANCES.

THAT a change has entered into the relations and policies of the greater European Powers is felt in every land, and in every land—except Russia, which has been the dominant and only confident Power in Europe since the conquest of France—there is much doubt and some misgiving as to the workings of the change and its outcome. The popular notion seems to be that the death of Alexander the Third is the cause of these disturbances. For no sooner was his illness known than the word went round the world that no potentate was ever more eager for the maintenance of peace; an account of him which, exaggerated at every repetition by the multitudinous voices of the public Press, established a vague general belief that with the Czar's dissolution every guarantee of European tranquillity would cease. And, as usual, there was a certain amount of truth in the popular conception of Alexander's place in the world. To be sure, he was not exactly a lover of peace as the herald angels were who sang at the rising of the Star of Bethlehem. There the popular idea went wrong. Such an one as sympathy and sentiment made him out to be when he was on his painful way to death is patient under provocation and never provokes to strife; which is no description of this Russian prince's character. To gain a wrongful advantage he was on two occasions outrageously provocative of war: while on no occasion was his equanimity put to the test by insult or injury. Yet he had a policy of peace which "the dim populations" of Europe had infinite reason to be thankful for, though the method of it—which was by extending his sword now over one great nation and now over another—gave him the profit of an immense prestige, and such privileges as the tearing up of whatever treaties interfered with his own unceasing projects of conquest. It is certainly true that of such a peace as this he was a strong upholder; and true that when he dropped no one could say but that an entirely new adjustment of things would be necessary to keep them in equilibrium.

The mistake is in supposing that this necessity arose when the

Czar Alexander died. That is not the case. Before his fatal illness was heard of a gradual process of change, growth, decay, had told upon the whole scheme of things political in Europe. Already it seemed clear to the great ones who manage the affairs of nations that a good deal of readjustment was needed. For years the balance had been kept by an acknowledged Triple Alliance on the one side, and on the other by a natural informal union of French and Russian interests. Both understandings were seriously meant to maintain peace and yet to repel aggression; and for a long time each alliance was content enough with the position of affairs. The members of the Triple Alliance, severally menaced by the animosity of Russia, or France, or both, were perfectly safe in a defensive combination, and were satisfied to be let alone. For their part, the two other Powers wanted time to complete their strength; though they were already so strong that their enemies could hardly venture to wage on them a war of anticipation, even supposing such an enterprise permitted by the terms of the compact between Germany, Austria, and Italy. Therefore all went well upon the surface of things—upon the surface of things, and for a time.

But even then the shiftings and changes which are so commonly supposed to date from the death of the Czar Alexander were in full course of preparation. They are talked of as surprises; they are, in fact, developments, which Alexander the Third saw in flower some time before he died; indeed, most of them were foretold as long ago as the melancholy month when the Emperor of Germany came to the throne which he coveted a little too much. Four things explain the whole of these developments: (1) A radical weakness in the Triple Alliance which was not likely to lessen as years went by; (2) a radical superiority in France and Russia alike (I mean by that a deeper fund of military resource), which told to their very great advantage with every year of peace and preparation; (3) the idiosyncrasies of the young German Emperor; and (4), the wisdom which has somehow decided that Britain cannot form alliances, as Russians, Germans, Italians, and other foreigners do.

The weakness of the Triple Alliance was the weakness of Italian finance, the enormous burden of its armaments, and the fact that many Italians doubted the policy of a declared hand-and-glove union with Germany and Austria. It is true that the risks of the Alliance were covered by an understanding with England; but that was only the

conditional engagement of one minister, which another might possibly terminate. Possibility, however, is not likelihood. The financial strain upon the Italian people, the fact that the Alliance was never popular, and the certainty that the burdens it imposed would become heavier year by year—this is what made the Italian link in the Triple Alliance very weak indeed. If the calculation of France and Russia was that by the time those countries came to their full equipment the Italians would have had about enough of the Triple Alliance, it was a reasonable one. We may even say that it was justified. The naval demonstrations at Cronstadt marked the hour when France and Russia felt secure enough to be defiant; and from that time forth, certainly from the time of the Toulon festivities and the discovery of the vast naval preparations of France, there has been no enjoyment of the Triple Alliance in Italy.

But not on these accounts alone. The whole history of the last six years has been greatly disturbed by what we have called the idiosyncrasies of the German Emperor. They and their developments and consequences have had a deep effect upon the relations of other countries with his own and with each other. He began badly. His round of visits to the Russian, the Austrian, and the Italian Courts, at the very commencement of his reign, established everywhere a strong feeling of distrust. In Russia they smiled, in Austria and Italy they quaked rather in presence of this young man, with his restless energy, his boundless self-confidence, his obvious belief in himself as a special provision for regulating the higher affairs of Europe. It was feared at once that though he might be a danger to his enemies, greater was the likelihood that he would be dangerous to his allies. That he was capable of blundering badly as uncontrolled master of a great military empire was only part of the uneasiness which he then inspired. His allies had to remember that they also were concerned in the management of this fire-new empire itself; and immediately upon his accession the Emperor convinced every observer of his character and conduct that he meant to be Director-Absolute in every department of State.

Largely dependent upon the stability of the German empire, this prospect troubled the Emperor's allies a good deal. They were well aware that Berlin is not Germany, and that the Germans are not all Prussians. Many are of other tribes, and born without love or reverence for the Prussian Boot; besides, they have kings and princes

of their own. Prince Bismarck himself had revealed a doubt as to whether all the Germanic States rejoiced in the preponderance of Prussia. In this condition of things there was no knowing how much of the great Chancellor's work might be undone, with supreme authority in the hands of a young man so offensively masterful and so doubtfully wise. Therefore it was impossible but that his allies should take alarm; and this alarm, often revived and rarely laid long to rest, never ceased from the first moment to weaken the Triple Alliance. It is true that if the German Emperor hankers for military glory he has suppressed a very tempting ambition; and so far the misgiving which he scattered in every Court in Europe remains unwarranted. But the other apprehension has been justified again and again. No one who compares the Germany of to-day with the Germany of seven years since can doubt that great changes have been working there for the worse. While unfriendly France and grudging Russia have risen to comparable rank with Germany as military powers, the constituents of that empire are less content and even less united. Its greatest need when the present Emperor came into his dignities was consolidation under its imperial overlord. Its imperial overlord has loosened the bonds of unity rather than tightened them. While the people question and criticise in a manner to their overlord amazing, even the princes murmur, which is a comparatively new and most significant thing.

Not so new, however, but that his Majesty saw reason some time ago to attempt an entire reconstruction of his foreign relations; for it was these, and more particularly his dismal relations with Russia, which gave most uneasiness to many Prussians and to all South Germany. Their dissatisfaction on this point added to his own alarm no doubt; and months before the late Czar's illness became known (which was in October) the German Emperor took up a new course in foreign affairs. By the weakness of Italy, by the unarrested decline of Austria, by the effect of the Emperor's mismanagement on both, and by the effect on all three of a declared *rapprochement* between Russia and France, the Triple Alliance became enfeebled to the point of untrustworthiness; and now its predominant partner prepared to put an end to it by substitution. Writing in August last, I could say then*—but of course with very little hope of being

* In an article on "The New Drift in Foreign Affairs," written for the September number of the *Contemporary Review*.

credited—that everything that gave life to an alliance upon which we English rested our security had disappeared. Weary of the hope that England would join and so invigorate the compact by which she profited so much, and afraid, perhaps, that the longing of the German people for a good understanding with Russia might take a menacing turn, the German Emperor went loose from the old alliance in hope of making another and a different one. With less or more of wisdom and address, he expressed his desire for a change of partnership in every possible way; by courting France, by assiduous delicate making-up to Russia, and (at the same time, of course) by an extreme offishness of attitude to England, and even by more of positive oppugnancy than the newspapers have chronicled.

Here ends a narrative of facts essential to a right understanding of the new drift in foreign affairs. It will now be seen that whatever readjustments of international policy or partnership may follow upon the death of "the Emperor Pacificator," they do not spring from that event exactly, but were prepared by the decay of other guarantees of peace; and it touches the credit of English statesmanship that this should be thoroughly well-known and understood.

That the Prince of Wales played the part of diplomatist direct at St. Petersburg may be true or false without being a matter of very great importance. But it appears from the newspaper accounts, and it seems to be generally imagined, that the Prince took with him a new scheme of British foreign policy devised in England without any special need or provocation; and that is a very important matter indeed. For, on the supposition that the Triple Alliance stands where it did, what would such conduct mean? It would mean that after sheltering England for years under a peace-league which we never contributed a guinea or a gun to support, we seize a sudden opportunity of sailing over to the other side. Surely it is obvious that, in the case assumed, we should be under the strongest obligations of honour to make no such move as the Prince of Wales is thoughtlessly supposed to have furthered.

But the whole aspect of the matter changes when we understand that the Triple League had lost all effective existence before the Czar Pacificator came in sight of the grave—that every member of it was already on the lookout for easier and more friendly means of dealing with the opposite camp. Being under no obligations to us—having, on the contrary, a grievance against us for refusing to come into the

alliance and save it from foundering—this they were quite at liberty to do. Unless there was more between our own and the German Government than has ever been heard of, no accusation of disloyalty can be raised against the Emperor if he did aim at an understanding with Russia and France that would put us beyond the pale. It could be done without blame, in the existing state of things it might almost be regarded as a necessary stroke of policy, and beyond doubt its accomplishment would throw all Germany into rapturous delight. But of course such an aim would mean an enormous danger for England. Equally of course its discovery would release us from every obligation to the alliance, and, plainly, it would become the duty of the English Government to step in with instant measures of prevention.

Should the reader now surmise that this was the actual state of affairs in the summer of this year, I don't think he would go far wrong. He will remember the courting of France by *billets-doux* from Berlin; he will recall some much-talked-of sweeteners of intercourse between the same capital and the Russian Government; and he may depend upon it that the aim of these overtures is faithfully indicated in the preceding paragraph. As to its chances of success, who can tell? Alexander the Third was not more remarkable as a man of peace than as the least forgiving of pacificators; and it is imaginable that his German cousin had little better hope of being taken to his breast than his Battenberg cousin had after that unhappy prince's worst offences in Bulgaria. But who can tell? Time and changing circumstance might have done it, though there is one good reason for doubting whether the German Emperor would have succeeded at the moment, and it is a reason well worth considering on other accounts.

We have said that on the discovery of any design which, first or last, might answer to a coalition against England, it would of course become the duty of her Government to take prompt measures of prevention. We have no actual, adducible authority for saying that a design to that effect was afoot, and none that Lord Rosebery acted as if he thought it likely. But we are not without a sign in the matter. Amidst the talk of the Prince of Wales's diplomatic action after the death of Alexander, Lord Rosebery's diplomatic action before that event seems to be overlooked. Yet we know from what he told us about the Pamir negotiations, and how harmoniously they went on, that he had been busy and anxious in the Czar Pacificator's time

to establish a good understanding with Russia. No doubt this was natural in any case; but not so easy, one would think, for a Minister to accomplish who at the same time stood at the back of a still effective coalition, the very purpose of which was to keep Russia and her friend in check. But if this Alliance was ending its days, if there was a reasonable apprehension in Downing Street that German statesmanship was eager to supplant it by an understanding at almost any price with the Russian and French Government, we see the strongest motive for Lord Rosebery's anxiety, and for the prompt course of diplomatic action upon which he manifestly prided himself. And more than that comes into view. The story of our changed relations with Russia is transformed into something more credible than that all was suddenly arranged between the Czar and the Prince of Wales in intervals of funeral ceremony. The good offices of the Prince now take their natural place and proportion, and the complaisance of the Czar is redeemed from the suspicion which must otherwise rest upon it (supposing the story true) of being too sudden, too gushing perhaps, to stand. We look beyond the emotional time of the Prince's visit to an antecedent period when it was all business and no emotion—a time when Russian affairs were in the hands of an experienced sovereign and his settled advisers; and it appears that *then*, and for the reasons recounted above, endeavours were made to place the relations of England and Russia upon a better footing. On this view of the matter, the accession of a Czar more sympathetic to England stamped those endeavours at a critical moment with a larger likelihood of success; which is far more to the purpose than if they had originated at the time and in the way that we so commonly hear of.

These are grave affairs, and so obscure that it is hard to tell what is in them—harder to foresee what will come out of them. Some things are clear and comprehensible enough; as the decay of the Triple Alliance, the profound uneasiness of Germany at that fact amongst others, and the desperate desire of her rulers to make another League: this time with her strong un-friends, Russia and France. That success in this desire would be of the gravest consequence to England is also clear; and equally evident is the business of British statesmanship to thwart it. So far, everything is plain and simple; but when we look backward and forward, first to the explanation of

things as they are, and then to the course which they are likely to take, we find nothing but complexity. Hearing what is said around us, it would seem that an "understanding" between England and Russia—or even between England, Russia, and France—is a mere matter of arrangement, and one that, so far as we are concerned, would secure us against certain projected coalitions of a menacing character. But we should like to know what is meant by an understanding with Russia. What is their idea of it who speak of this understanding as formally concluded? A different account of it may appear before these pages are published; but it has long been represented as a kind of settled agreement, the result of certain conversations between the Czar as Czar and the Prince of Wales as negotiator plus heir-apparent to the English throne. Well, then, *what* kind of agreement?

In asking that question we are to remember one or two things most pertinent to it which have been put out of sight hitherto—meaning up to the time I write. Had we not an understanding before? We all supposed that something of the sort existed as a backing up of the Triple Alliance—the Triple Alliance formed by the three European nations whose interests are least hostile to our own. And if that Alliance is at death's door, how did it get there? If there is or has been some danger of its being supplanted by a coalition that would overtax our strength and our diplomacy, how is the danger explained? The coolest and most unprejudiced of Germans would answer, "Because the understanding you speak of was vague enough to exasperate and too uncertain to rely upon; because, though you benefited by the Triple Alliance as much as the allies themselves, you refused your positive support to it when it became hopelessly weakened, and when your coming in as fourth partner would have made it omnipotent for peace. If, under those circumstances, anger and the necessity of self-protection suggested another coalition *not* to your benefit, you should not be surprised." But of course there is an answer to this: England never enters into treaty engagements like those that bound Germany, Austria, and Italy. She goes no farther than platonic "understandings."

Well, the story is that this understanding has been practically superseded by another with Russia, which (English Liberals being always anxious for good relations with that country) may also include France. What sort of understanding, then, and on what terms? Supposing anything like a working agreement in existence, the intention on our part is

plain enough: to forestall and avert a hostile combination of our old friends with our old foes. Some intention of advantage must be assumed on the other side too; and if so, is there no body to this understanding either? The Triple Alliance was to us a protective compact for which we paid nothing. Is this also a protective compact with nothing to pay? If so, the second understanding is as favourable as the first: if not, the difference seems to be that after declining onerous conditions of friendship with the Powers whose interests conflict with ours the least, we accept them for an alliance with other Powers whose interests cross our own the most.

Of course it is conceivable that there came a day when small choice remained to the British Government; nevertheless, a strong appearance of mismanagement marks the situation. But "No, not mismanagement," they might say at the Foreign Office, "not official mismanagement. We have to do our best under the restraints of party government and the decrees of popular opinion. By these we were forbidden to join in the treaty obligations of the Triple Alliance, which is what you call declining onerous conditions of friendship with the Powers most companionable with England. They, or the chief of them, wanted us to enter a fighting alliance. Impossible; and hence the tears, the rage, the upset which we all deplore. An understanding with Russia subjects us to no such solicitations, no such expectations, and is therefore more practicable." Very likely; but how, then, is the understanding to be paid for? Mutual advantage is the invariable condition of such arrangements. For ourselves, all we ask is peace. We are willing to be the good friend of every nation on the face of the earth which will allow us to enjoy our possessions in tranquillity; but any "understanding" with Russia or France that would ensure us this comfort would have to be paid for in concession. We choose an Irish way of putting it for the sake of emphasis. It is not to be imagined that England could live in fraternal bonds with either of those nations without concession, or without concession enter into them. *Apropos* of this understanding, we are already adjured to consider how easy it would be for England and Russia, after all, to come to a generous agreement about frontiers, and buffer states, and spheres of influence in Asia. Certainly: but not without concession. It has even been suggested that if the two countries could come to a helpful understanding in other ways, there really is no reason why Russia should not have her free passage of the Dardanelles

and a port in the Mediterranean besides. And perhaps there is no reason; except that from that time forth England would be compelled to maintain a vast addition to her fleets over and above what is needed already. Russia and England are not enemies; there is neither hatred nor dislike between them. But their rivalries are such that no possible Czar could control them, no understandings extinguish them, nor even keep them in suppression long; and the greatest of all political follies is to imagine anything to the contrary. Or if it be possible for us to find a looser foundation for brotherly engagements, we should look for them in France. The relations of that country with England are all made up of grievance, backed by an intense and apparently ineradicable hate. Profoundly do we wish it otherwise; but wishings will not away with facts of that description, nor will understandings move them either. One of the most amusing and most significant illustrations of the state of feeling in France was supplied when certain journals of the first rank, gravely and graciously accepting the likelihood of a three-handed alliance with England and Russia, assumed as a matter of course that we should preface the arrangement by repairing the wrongs we inflict on France in Egypt and elsewhere.

Seriously as it has been announced and debated as a new departure, the "understanding between Russia and England" was never more, perhaps, than an interchange of goodwill—the mutual expression of a desire, sincerely felt, to carry on the inevitable rivalry of the two nations in good faith and good temper. If it was more than that, every wise Englishman will prepare for disappointment. It is not in the nature of things that an alliance like that which appears to have seized upon the imagination of our politicians and publicists, should endure for long or cease harmlessly; and putting all other matters aside, if it lasted long enough to "isolate" Germany (a consequence predicted as if it were part of the intention), England would soon have plentiful reason for regret. For considering its present state of restlessness, there is no unlikelihood that the known "isolation" of Germany would be its disruption as an empire by internal break up; and that would prove a deep misfortune for ourselves, we may depend on it. Then we should learn, probably, that our fixed abstention from treaty alliances was a mistake, and that our surer friends were the nations which implored us in vain to substantiate the Triple Alliance.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

Dec. 20.

THE ARMENIAN QUESTION.

THE diplomatist and the journalist are natural enemies. Reserve, which is the virtue of the one, is the other's bane. The journalist is ever worrying for information—"copy" *he* calls it; it is the duty of a diplomatist to withhold that information; and there is, therefore, an unending rivalry between the two, in which most of the advantages rest temporarily with the journalist. Assertion can only be met by contradiction, and contradiction involves contra-assertion, which is incompatible with the diplomatic habit and tradition. Nor, with all the goodwill in the world, can the diplomatist correct the journalist's mistakes. On the contrary, he must let his enemy go rambling on till his eyes be opened by time and the event, and it shall be thus with him whom he has unwittingly misled. But it does not follow that there are no exceptions to this rule, and in the existing crisis in the East—for crisis there is—just such an exception is found. To watch the course of events is to anticipate that the great trouble, when it comes, will come out of the East. But in what is diplomatically known as the East there are more points than one. For a dozen years or so the journalist has fixed his attention on the Balkan Peninsula; he has made the most of the little scuds—less in truth than a man's little finger—that have drifted across the sky in Servia, Bulgaria, and Roumania, and has carefully ignored that point of the horizon where the storm-cloud has been massing steadily since 1877; indeed it took the growl of the thunder to call him to the real clouds.

The Balkan question has never been serious since the end of the Russo-Turkish war. The kidnapping of Prince Alexander, the mission of Kaulbars, and the boycotting of Prince Ferdinand, were all the results of the personal prejudices of a sovereign who, if he did not deserve all the eulogies lavished on him since his death, at least was never prepared to sacrifice the cause of peace—to which he was sincerely attached—to the gratification of his personal animosities. And the same may be said of all the squalid intrigues in Servia: none of these incidents ever really jeopardised the peace of Europe.

Alexander III. knew that a policy of deliberate aggression in the Balkan Peninsula would determine a war which must ultimately bring every great Power into the field, and neither as man nor as king did he desire that war. Russia, in truth, had little to gain by it which will not fall to her in the due course of things; but had the fire-eaters in the Emperor's following been able to force his hand, it would have been far easier and far more profitable to him to have picked a quarrel with the Porte about Armenia, for on that score he would have had to reckon with none but Turkey, and possibly, but very improbably, Great Britain. He had pretexts enough in all conscience, and almost at all times, and that he did not avail himself of them is a far more conclusive testimony to his peace-loving character than most proofs that are usually cited. But it must not be forgotten that, whereas the Balkan Peninsula grows day by day less likely to afford the pretext for a great war, the Armenian Question goes steadily from bad to worse. I do not say that the suprême crisis has come. I do maintain, though—and that from certain knowledge—that it cannot long be deferred. The late Sir William White, who knew the East like an open book, never laboured under the delusions which afflicted, and in some sort still afflict, the journalist. He handled the difficulties as they arose skilfully, deftly, and judiciously—but they never really frightened him. What he dreaded was the Armenian Question alone; and his never-failing anxiety was that Great Britain should have prepared and pigeonholed a constructive policy against the day of trouble. He had more influence with the Porte than any other Ambassador, or than any Minister who attended the Yildiz, and he never ceased to press the importunity of the Armenian Question on Abdul Hamid. The Sultan himself has always been well-disposed; but he never leaves his palace, and he overburdens himself with the supervision of details which in any other country would be the work of subordinate permanent officials. He has neither the time nor the knowledge which are needed by him who would grapple with so difficult a problem as that men know as the Armenian Question. Also, his advisers are in the main less intelligent and less amicably given than himself, and, besides, are encrusted in the apathy, indolence and corruption which paralyse Turkish administration. So that, plainly, the bugbear is one that can never be removed from within.

The implication is that the Armenian Question, if it ever be settled at all, must be taken out of the Turk's hands whether he likes it or

not. But first, what is the Armenian Question? It is emphatically *not*—as a great many excellent Englishmen believe it to be—a religious question. The Turk, with all his faults, is not intolerant. During the period of his rule—or misrule, or no rule at all—in Bulgaria, the Bulgar enjoyed a far greater amount of religious liberty than Russia would ever dream of according to her dependents. Indeed, the Bulgar's complaint against the Turk was not that he abused the power of government, but that he did not use it; so that under him order was not, nor administration, nor anything. And this, too, is the case of the Armenians. They suffer, not because they are Christians, but because they are the subjects in a portion of an empire which knows not, or ignores, the first elements of government. They do not suffer more than the Turkish peasant. But his wrongs it is no one's interest to talk about, and his wrongs are therefore unknown, though they are identical with the Armenian's. All the exciting stories about the maltreatment of Christians because they will not embrace Islam are pure moonshine. I do not say that when Turkish soldiers are ordered to shoot Armenians down, the fact that the victims are Giaours does not increase their satisfaction, or does not diminish their reluctance. But that is the beginning and that is the end of the religious aspect of the difficulty, so far as the Turk is concerned. None the less, the religious element is made the most of by the powerful Armenian societies which exist in Russia, England, and elsewhere. They know that the surest way to enlist the sympathies of Europe is to raise the cry of religious oppression. And they make the most unscrupulous use of the knowledge, pouring their emissaries into Asia Minor deliberately to foment disturbances and to encourage resistance to what by the sheerest irony is called law, to the end that they may have a pretext for their cry. Rich Armenians who are Turkish subjects are remorselessly blackmailed for funds in aid of the propagandist work. They are between the devil and the deep sea. If they refuse to contribute, they are liable to assassination and outrage by the blackmailer; if they give they are denounced to the Sultan as conspirators and rebels. No good end is served by depicting the Armenians as a flock of innocent and silly sheep, still fleeing the horrid pack of Turkish wolves. A far nearer and far juster parallel would be the dupes of the Irish Leagues, save that the Armenian's grievances are very real, and no attempt is made to redress them. But his condition, I repeat—except in what is properly Kurdistan—is no worse than that of most of the

Sultan's subjects in Asia Minor ; for the plain truth is, the Turkish Government is rotten to the core, and its condition is worse, and is also better seen, at the extremities of the empire.

What, then, is to be done? The journalist at once betakes himself to his reference books, and seizes upon the precedent of the Lebanon. But the conditions are altogether unlike. In no considerable area in Asia Minor are the Armenians in a majority, or in a sufficient minority to justify the experiment which succeeded in Syria. They are found everywhere, but they are found in scattered communities. Still worse, however, is the precious scheme which our own Government is wont to adopt in the last resource. Protests are more than unavailing : they irritate and they annoy. The Turk realises that, for all our nagging, we shall take no active means to enforce our demands. He snaps his fingers at us, and sullenly concludes that we it is that are finding the money for these perennial disturbances in his empire.

But in politics as in law there is no wrong for which there is no remedy. In the case of Armenia the conditions are particularly favourable to the application of the sole remedy which, in the opinion of those entitled to speak with authority, is likely to be effective. Let us discount all the exaggerated statements of the *rapprochement* between Russia and England, of which the cordiality of the relations between the Tzar and the Prince of Wales were the outward and visible signs. Yet the fact remains that the relations between Russia and England are better than they have been at any time since that ghastliest among human blunders, the Crimean War ; and this not from sentimental reasons, but as the result of material considerations, upon which it is impossible, as it would be undesirable, to enter now. Russia wants a free passage through the Dardanelles. For a long time she coveted this privilege for herself alone ; but there is the best of reasons for believing that she would now gladly consent to the opening of the waterway to all the world. The Sultan would object, because the flashing of British and Russian search-lights on the bedroom window of the Yildiz would be more than a hint to him that the Powers could compel him to set his house in order, if he were unwilling to undertake the task himself. But his resistance would be abortive in the face of the pressure of combined Russia and Great Britain. His enforced acceptance of the demand would be of infinite advantage to him—though this, perhaps, he can hardly be expected to realise. As for objections, it is true that such a policy would involve a consider-

able addition to the fleet. It would be essential that we should maintain a strong Black Sea squadron. But, as Lord Beaconsfield said, expenditure depends upon policy; and if by judicious expenditure we could lay to rest for ever that phantom of an Eastern Question which is always threatening to trouble our repose, it would be money well laid out. "Oh! but"—the cry will come from the old Jingo party—"the Russians must not have Constantinople for we do not want to see them in the Mediterranean." To which the simple and effective reply is this: "My good friends, every military expert in Europe will tell you that Constantinople is not worth an hour's purchase if Russia is determined to possess herself of it, unless we are prepared to send a fleet beforehand, and to stake our existence on a fight with Russia." Are we prepared to take that step? and, if we are prepared, are we so sure that the Sultan would welcome our presence? He trades upon the unnatural jealousies of the two Powers; but he does not want to see the fleet of either anchored off the Golden Horn. And as for the presence of Russia in the Mediterranean, who doubts that the moment it becomes essential to her interests that her navy should be there, there her navy will be, with or without our consent? There is a point in Asia Minor where our imperial interests might conflict with those of Russia; but that point could not be reached for many a long day yet, and might never be reached at all. To the diplomatist at any rate, "sufficient for the day" is a good working maxim. And we have an opportunity now, which may never come our way again, of settling a difficulty which, if allowed to develop much longer, will prove more fruitful of mischief than any with which we have been confronted for a generation or more. We shall have to choose between the old policy and the new; but the choice must be made by diplomatists and not by journalists, because it is given to the latter only to see the backs of the cards.

DIPLOMATIST.

AN EULOGY OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

I.

IN questioning a platitude, a scribbler, however obviously diffident of his excuse for intrusion, must brace himself to encounter the charge of self-conceit. If he venture to dispute an accepted dictum he must expect to be told that he is impudent, or affected, or even (too conscious, poor wretch! that he is middle-aged) to face the horrible accusation that he is young. This is well: platitudes are the bread of our moral life; they soothe our nerves, they rest our brains, they comfort us in affliction; it is very well they should be guarded. And one is conscious of a sort of bad manners in differing from the majority of his society. I am therefore disturbed when I suspect that the conviction I shall try to express and to support, the conviction that the third Stuart was the best king we have had in England—an ideal king if rightly apprehended—may be taken for something of a paradox. But I am consoled by the certainty of the criticism that my fear is baseless, that every one of my remarks is trite; or by the alternative confidence (the paradox of to-day being the platitude of to-morrow) in the speedy and universal admission that every one of them is true.

A panegyric on Charles the Second is no new thing. Several were not unnaturally published at the Restoration. The honest authors of these, however, took the ground that Charles was the best Christian, and especially the best Protestant, living, and the most patriotic Englishman of his time; whereas it has occurred to me to eulogise him on somewhat different considerations. I admit that from the ordinary point of view he had his faults as a man, and if I salute him as an admirable king, I grant the reservation that much of the good he did our country was probably unintentional.

The general belief concerning Charles the Second is that he betrayed the country abroad and misgoverned it at home, and was a very wicked person, who happened to have a few superficially agreeable qualities, such as wit, good breeding, and a love of art (unimportant

qualities, of course, but just worth mentioning), which made him a pleasant companion. If this belief were accurately true, I should not be greatly concerned. My main contention would be altered in degree and not in kind—would, in fact, gain in clearness of principle what it lost in strength of application. I should still be free to contend that Charles's reign was a blessing to England. But the belief is not accurately true, and I am content to sacrifice distinctness of effect for the wayward charms of truth. That truth has no doubt been told here and there. But the general opinion has been based on the writings of Whigs, who were personally interested in defending "the glorious Revolution." To find excuses for that monstrous intrigue and the later installation of the House of Hanover; to make tolerable the selfish oligarchy which both movements were designed to create, and which by the latter movement was created; to mitigate the contemptible treachery and sordid ingratitude involved in the banishment of the second James—it was necessary to vilify the Stuarts by every device of suppression and exaggeration. To calumniate the last English kings was an act of homage to the foreign king *de facto*. You remember how, on a certain 29th of May, for the crime of wearing the oak badge—a symbol of the most popular event in English history, and therefore most disagreeable to the foreigner who was safe-guarding the "liberty" of the nation—how, for this crime, two common soldiers were flogged to death. In much the same spirit such characteristics of the rule of Charles as were creditable to him, from any point of view, were suppressed by popular historians, at the same time that his character, in spite of the mass of evidence in its favour, was underestimated and misstated. And the defenders of him have in later times been, by force of authority, apologetic.

II.

The character of an artist and a man of the world in one. Reading in contemporary accounts of him one observes, even in those done by his favourites and friends, how to English eyes the visible signs of an artistic temperament are a negation of everything else. The artistic temperament! We recognise the phrase for one employed for the most part by people wholly destitute of art as an excuse for commercial dishonesty, and even when we admit the truth of its application in a good sense we are apt to suppose that its possessor is destitute of those other qualities which in our hearts we hold essential to respect.

Patience and cheerfulness in adversity, nerve before danger, gratitude, and affection; your merely artistic creature may lack all these and be a pleasant acquaintance to meet in town, with whom to talk between the acts of a comedy; but normal man at least is dissatisfied with such in any intimate relation and refuses him, achievement apart, more than toleration and amusement. These qualities have, of course, been allowed to Charles the Second by all who have written of him with knowledge and truthfulness; but, in their general estimation of him, his contemporaries very naturally forgot them in the light of his flippant wit, his cabinet of curios, and his four-and-twenty fiddlers. The absence of these qualities would signify little to my argument, but it is pleasant to think that they were there.

Nobody can read the tale of his wanderings after Worcester—with caution in the panegyric Blount, or to better purpose in his own bald and business-like account dictated to Pepys—without perceiving that he had a very remarkable store of endurance, nerve, and courage. There are letters written at Breda, when his fortunes were at their lowest, full of a gaiety that is convincing and remarkable; but these are less (it may be) to the point, since the loss of a kingdom is hardly so trying to the temper as is the loss of any material comfort. I would set the gay endurance of the latter loss by a civilised and pampered young man against a deal of excessive amorousness. Surely the man who can go straight from ease and dissipation to fighting, tramping in wet clothes, and thankfulness for bread and cheese, keeping his cheerfulness and temper the while, is a better man than any mere practitioner of artificial morality.

That Charles was affectionate is beyond dispute. One receives a commonplace but genuine pleasure in reading the expressions of his love for his “deare, deare sister,” Henrietta, Duchesse of Orleans, and most charming of Stuart women save one*; in reading of his affection—which went beyond the common fondness of desire—for Nelly; of his solicitude for his children (as he believed), the Duke of Monmouth and the first Duke of Grafton, whom he loved “on the score of the sea.”

He has been charged with ingratitude. Well: you may be ungrateful to people who have done you a personal service out of kindness of heart, or you may be ungrateful to people whose purely selfish

* See the life of her by Miss Julia Cartwright, in which these letters of Charles are given in their original English for the first time.

interests it has served to advance yours. If the latter be real ingratitude, then Charles was ungrateful. The Presbyterian ministers who assisted his bringing in, did not get what they expected of him. He did not like them. He had been bullied in their homilies and annoyed by their familiarities in Scotland, and had come to the conclusion that Presbyterianism was "not a religion for a gentleman." It is at least doubtful if their opposition would have prevented the Restoration, and I hardly think this ingratitude an enormity. He broke his word? In matters political and diplomatic, to keep a promise was hardly in his time regarded as an obligation, as it is invariably regarded in our own millennium. Then we have the ruined Cavaliers. It is generally assumed, with a most admirable simplicity, that all those who took up arms for Charles the First were animated by devoted loyalty alone. It is forgotten that at the outbreak of the civil war the chances were in favour of the King, and probably a majority of the nation on his side. It is not unfair to suppose that some of the Cavaliers were rather astute than devoted, as some assuredly were attracted more by loot than loyalty. In any case it was a patent impossibility to reinstate the men who had "compounded," and eject the men who in many cases had paid cash for their possessions, all over England. The Cavaliers had lost the game. Charles the Second could no more make good their losses than he could restore his father's head. He was not personally ungrateful. He pensioned the large and humble family of Penderells, who had befriended him after Worcester, and gave the lady who had ridden behind him (in his character of her groom) through a troop of Roundheads, a thousand a year. He did not forsake his personal friends, but forgave them unto seventy times seven—Buckingham who plotted against him, and Rochester who tried to make him ridiculous. Indeed, his gratitude for personal services has, under another name, been unrestrainedly censured. It is hard to satisfy moralists.

Before leaving this pleasing catalogue of common virtues, I must say a word or two on other accusations. His worst enemies admit that he was in general merciful and kindly, but they rail on the execution of these good men Algernon Sidney and Lord Russell, and cry out on the outrage done on poor Sir William Coventry. Algernon Sidney, that incomparable patriot, has of late been so thoroughly exposed that it is unkind to dwell on his case: enough to say that by every existing rule of government his fate was well deserved. The

same of Lord Russell: we may regret, with the historian Hallam, that he was not spared to partake of the loaves and fishes which fell to the adherents of our Dutch King, but it is certain that he planned an armed rebellion, by which Charles would, likely enough, have been murdered as his father was. As for Sir William Coventry, the only evidence for the *à priori* incredible statement that Charles was privy to the outrage on him is the assertion of Bishop Burnet, a notorious calumniator. To lay this unfortunate split nose at Charles's door, and to balance it against his uniform humanity, is as fatuous as the Warming-Pan story with which the magnanimous contrivers of the Revolution sought to discredit his successor.

The other accusation concerns his mistresses. It involves a curious lack of historical perspective. We all are chaste now, but in Charles's time it was otherwise. Then nearly all the princes, and most members of the aristocracies of Europe, were practical polygamists. The difference in Charles was the result of his too generous and affectionate disposition. He liked to make duchesses of his mistresses and dukes of his sons. He paid his price, for in the counsels of James the Second to his son you find this remark: "To let you know how little real pleasure and satisfaction any one has that lets themselves go to unlawfull pleasures, I do assure you that the King my brother was never two days together without some sensible chagrin and displeasure; and, I say it knowingly, never without uneasiness occasion'd by these women." He was also ridiculed. But these penalties were due to his generosity, not his sensuality: as is the way of the world. His complaisance was perhaps absurd, and so were his ensuing mortifications, but never with the unpleasant vulgarity of a George the Second. That is all that need be said while we are concerned with Charles the man. "God will not damn a man for a little irregular pleasure," was his own remark to the prodigiously moral Bishop Burnet, and the vagaries of "a fantastical little gentleman called Cupid" were his excuse to Henrietta. Let us leave the matter there.

So, then, we have a basis of wholesome, commonplace, human virtues for those other rarer and more particular qualities which it is more strictly to my purpose to detail of Charles. He was an artist and a man of the world, as I said, but more especially an artist. One may say, indeed, that this very quality of man of the world was part of his art. His own nature, we may well believe, was hardly that of one whose pleasure was in social activity. Rather was he one who would

rule his hobbies—artistic, amatory or scientific—away from the world's eye. "I pass all my hours in a shady old grove," runs the first of those graceful verses of his which Horace Walpole has preserved, and it is an apt expression of this indolent temper. A cultivated Epicurean "whom Epicurus would have scourged from his garden" if you will; a finely perceptive Cyrenaic, whose acute intellect needed a stimulus to break through the barrier of indifferent sloth; a soldier by necessity and interest, when roused; a fast walker and an angler, not a great hunter like his brother. That was Charles; but since fate called this hater of trouble—especially of the trouble of thinking—this lover of the spreading oak, to be a king and a man of affairs, the artist in him insisted that the part should be played to perfection. His keen wit and his native dislike of impostures did indeed prevent the adoption of that awful state and dignity of kingship which befitted an earlier generation. An infinite tact and a quick perception took their place. I permit myself, at the risk of boring you, to copy down this one of the many well-worn anecdotes of him (which I can read a hundred times, and you will find compact in Peter Cunningham—most sympathetic of antiquarians), because I think it perfect of its kind. When Penn stood covered in the presence, Charles took off his own hat. "Friend Charles, why dost thou not keep on thy hat?" "'Tis the custom of the place that only one person should be covered at a time." "I have been all day playing the good husband and am very sleepy," he writes to his sister, but there was the one part in which the histrion was to seek. His hypocrisy in general was of that light-hearted kind which is its own justification. One would have loved to hear him assure the Mayor of Dover, who presented him with a Bible on his landing, that he loved it above all things in the world. An absolutely catholic sense of humour was his great aid in the imperturbable playing of his part. Errant wives and hypocritical bishops, and every comic example of human complexity touched this humorist, and chiefly so did the foibles of Charles Stuart, for the gay enjoyment of a laugh against himself (rarest of human qualities) was his constant pleasure. Always suave and well-bred, with that touch of polished irony which saves courtesy from monotony, he played this part of man of the world to perfection—a part not alien from his nature, yet not the simple expression of that nature. And with what completed pleasure one notes its consummation—the apology for his "unconscionable time dying!"—the perfection of stoicism and epicureanism at once; perfect among death-bed phrases;

finer, because more absolutely in character than the Roman's "Plaudite!"

The concrete expressions, to speak with intelligible inaccuracy, of the artist in this man, the love for painting and architecture, for poetry and music, the constant attendance at the playhouse, need no new example, had I one to give. I will not go about to account for them by heredity. There is little doubt, I suppose, that his grandfather was the son of David Rizzio, and Mr. Swinburne has contrived to trace the curiously diverse vices of the four Stuart Kings of England to the class and the nationality of Mary's secretary. But one need hardly go so far afield for Charles's love of the arts as David the Fiddler. His scientific bent was practical and empirical rather than speculative. He loved his laboratory, and to hear of experiments: to matters of unverifiable speculation he was almost indifferent. It is true that, as Mr. Lang has lamented, common sense came to its own with him. He laughed at the extravagances of the Saints, and was above the superstitions of his time. When Louis XIV. sent him over an Italian astrologer, Charles took him to Newmarket and enjoyed the discomfiture of those who backed the worthy creature's tips.

The Duke of Buckingham says he lived a deist, and certainly he died a professed Roman Catholic. The written remarks on the subject which he is said to have shown to Pepys need not, I believe, be taken for serious conviction. I think one may, without unfairness or laxity, say that here was merely a case of speculation pushed but a little way, and afterwards a sense of what was outwardly fitting to the time and that attraction to the forms of the Church of Rome which has been felt by other artists and sceptics.

His intellect, as applied to politics, was recognised in his admitted superiority to all his ministers in knowledge of foreign affairs, and is shown in his prophecy that, when he was dead and gone, his brother would be "obliged to travel again." A remark on his wit: do not be misled by the verbal jokes recorded of him. Nothing alters so much as the quality of the jokes enjoyed by different generations. Selwyn's and Sheridan's sound stupid to us, as ours will sound to our grandchildren. It is so with Charles: his professed jokes will not pass current now for much. His wit lay rather in pithy summaries of character, in contemptuously civil snubs to imposture, in apt descriptions of humorous situations.

A perfect expression of the artist's temperament in its best sense,

resting on a basis of common manhood at least as sure as the ordinary, and equipped with a fine intellect and an abounding humour—such, I think, is a true conception of Charles the man.

III.

The import of such a character in a king of England has not, surely, been stated in all its significance? Certainly I cannot hope so to state it. But before I make my best endeavour I must do with his reign as I did with his personal character, and make a few suggestions regarding the prejudices commonly held to its discredit. I must pay again my humble homage to truth.

The suspicions and the intractability of his Parliaments it was that forced him into double-dealing and into arrangements with France more convenient than honourable. And why were his Parliaments suspicious and intractable? Simply because he was known to desire Catholic Emancipation: because, that is to say, in toleration and breadth of view, he was a hundred and sixty years ahead of the mass of his subjects. His "persecution" of the Covenanters was not inconsistent with this toleration. That was a purely political measure, absolutely necessary in the case of men who defied all civil authority and whose tenets justified murder. That he was indifferent to the foreign interests of England is quite false. He perceived clearly that these were commercial, and acted first of all on that assumption. But he was not indifferent to her *prestige*, to the precedence of her ambassadors and the salutation of her flag. He did not do so much for the Navy as his brother—of all English kings the keenest sailor; but his active and personal interest in it was continuous.

His extravagance was a question of a few millions of pounds: surely not a final consideration? On the profligacy of his Court I find an apt comment in some memoirs left by the fifth Earl of Carlisle, and published by his descendant, Lord Ronald Gower. This Lord Carlisle, you remember, was George Selwyn's friend and the writer of some of the most charming letters in the Selwyn correspondence: he is eulogised by Thackeray for his candour and sincerity. He remarks of English society in George the Second's time: "When I came into the world I found no lady who might be said to move with any splendour in it but had an avowed lover, and no husband

cared what paths his wife trod provided he was unmolested in following his own. I can enumerate from memory, and limited to a period of a few years, thirty-seven ladies who presided over the town, who would have been affronted had you supposed there had been a grain of conjugal fidelity among them." Grammont was less discreet than Lord Carlisle or Lord Ronald Gower, and does not stop short at names; but I doubt if he gives you thirty-seven. Morals, you see, do not improve by leaps and bounds. Charles's Court was no more guilty, only a little more open, than many Courts in after years, and was a deal more innocent than some—his grandfather's, for instance—which went before.

But we are told he desired to be absolute. Let us suppose he did. The common assumption that this was a menace to the happiness of his people is the merest clap-trap. What did the mass of his people gain by the precious "liberty" supposed to have been secured by the Revolution? None is so hardy as to contend that it was less happy under the Stuarts than under the grinding tyranny of Cromwell. But will any contend, either, that it was happier under the Whig oligarchy of the first two Georges, or even under the glorious rule of Pitt? I think not. It is late in the day to confound the interests of a people with the interests of a small class; and the people of England gained as little by the Revolution nobles as it did by the manufacturing, child-sweating plutocrats who were their technical successors. There are many who would as lief be governed by one man as by a gang of Whigs, or even as by the talk of seven hundred persons, mostly mediocrities—the glorious goal to which we have at length laboriously struggled. But this is not the real point. The real point is, that Charles did not prevent our political evolution: it is not in this light that we need consider him.

IV.

But I am an unconscionable time writing, and am come in good time to the gist and summary of my contention.

It is a dull country this England of ours. It is heavy, melancholy, censorious. It is always making a fuss about uninteresting things. Its food is monotonous. It reads theological novels, and it gets upon its hind legs about some craze as old as the hills and insists on your calling it new. Its morality is prodigious. On the examples of no art is its popular verdict (I am told) artistic. It has produced the finest

breed of colonising and governing men in the world. This latter side needs no emphasis, but the former needs some correction. Your Englishman at his best is politically wise and socially gracious, but this latter trait is hardly universal. In a balance of its qualities England is found to need more than anything else some influence to sweeten its social life, to stimulate to courtesy and suavity.

Such an influence was Charles the Second, more so than any Englishman that ever lived. He was, perhaps, French in temperament, but his humour was English, and he loved England, her sports, her language, her kindly customs which are gone. He understood Englishmen. He tells his sister that it is trouble to him to write except in English, and his one complaint against the country is on the score of that "disease of ill-breeding," which he was doing his best to cure. He was an Englishman, but he very rightly encouraged the influence of France in our social life—an influence which has been happy as that of Germany (which he hated) has been lamentable. "At his return," Dryden tells us, "he found a nation lost as much in barbarism as in rebellion: and, as the excellency of his nature forgave the one, so the excellency of his manners reformed the other." The polish and gaiety of his Court were pre-eminent in Europe. Reading now of its life one feels an irresistible charm. I do not mean for its license, I mean for its art, its catholicity, its attitude to life. I do not deny that, apart from immorality, it was coarse, as we count coarseness, in speech and action. But surely the superficialities of synonyms and impassivity are the accidents of a moment? Surely they have nothing to do with essential breeding? What cheerful, brazen Cyrenaicism, what ironical passion, what pleasant superiority to emotional mysticism and half-educated crazes! When you are weary of preachers and politicians, and ideals, and getting on in the world, and selling in the dearest market, what a refreshment to go with Grammont to Whitehall! 'Tis pleasant to think it was in this same England—a modern England even then.

For human worth is not comprised in narrowly understood morality. Courtesy, gaiety, and a love of beautiful things—these are virtues as well as chastity. They have been neglected in England, and a figurehead king (the modern English conception of a king) can do no better than enforce them. No king could prevent our political greatness; many kings have helped to stifle social grace in us, and the perception of what is beautiful. The four Georges despised

or vulgarised art, made vice offensive or made virtue ridiculous. The effect of the reign of Charles the Second was to humanise manners, to make art appreciated and artists of all sorts honoured; and this was due to the rare combination in himself of a genuine and natural love of art, of a perfect manner (the two are not always found together), and of an understanding and a sympathy which enabled him to win for his objects sympathy and understanding.

No king of our days could diminish our political worth, and our morality is safe in the hands of its agreeable protectors. I would like to see in England such a king as Charles the Second.

G. S. STREET.

A WALKING SKIRT.

O, Phyllis, in her kirtle, for so I choose to call
 The prettiest and the shortest petticoat of all—
 Search the island over between the triple seas,
 The skirt of all in England clings about her knees !

The band of it a circle, supple as 'tis round,
 The hem another circle, a foot above the ground :
 Below the hem her ankles, her waist within the band
 As she trips it, are the trimmest and slimmest in the land.

Above the dainty waistband, when she takes a walk,
 Her face above her body floats, a flower on its stalk ;
 Beneath the hem a-swinging, as she sways along so sweet,
 The eyes of men are tangled in the twinkle of her feet.

O, Phyllis, in her kirtle, is lovelier than all !
 Delicious as her laughter, gentle, and so tall,
 So lissome as a willow, so pretty as a dove,
 A darling in her kirtle, for it clips her like a glove !

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

THE PROBLEM OF PURITY.

TO conceive adequately of civilisation, we must lay to heart the truth that it is beyond and before all things ethical. "The true test of civilisation," said Emerson—and he never said anything better—"is not the size of cities, not the crops, but the kind of men the country turns out." And the kind of men the country turns out will ever depend, mainly, upon the kind of women the country breeds. "The moral man is formed at the knees of his mother." The ethical tone of a country is determined by its women. And the goodness or badness of woman—as our very language bears witness—depends upon her purity. All feminine virtues are rooted in this one virtue of chastity. Hence M. Renan's dictum is perfectly true, "La force d'une nation, c'est la pudeur de ses femmes."

Now, if any historical fact is beyond question it is this: that the dignity of women in the modern world is chiefly the work of Christianity. It is a fine saying, and a true, that the Christian religion has revealed human nature to itself. Hegel goes so far as to affirm that we owe to it the very idea of personality. If this is too strongly said—and I think it is—there can be no question at all that Christianity brought into the world a far higher and nobler conception of the worth of the human *person* than the world had previously possessed. "Thou, O man—so great a name, if thou only knewest it!" says St. Augustine. It was pre-eminently the office of the religion of Jesus Christ to give man this knowledge of himself and of his real greatness, as being made in the Divine Image: redeemed by the Divine Sacrifice: as being mystically united to Deity here: as having for his true end to be "absorbed, and as it were drowned, in the fulness of" Deity hereafter, though ever remaining in his individuality: an end to be attained by self-chosen conformity with the Divine Law in this state of probation. The sages of Hellas had recognised man as an ethical being: his prerogative, alone among animals, a consciousness of right and wrong in motives, and of the obligation to follow right. Christianity unfolded the true significance of the ethical "ought." It did not reveal

the moral law. That law is written on the fleshly tables of the heart; a permanent revelation of reason, indicating what is in itself good or bad for man as a rational being. Christianity illuminated it by the example of the one perfect life led here, by the vision, through the opened heavens, of that true and eternal life hereafter, when the shadows and illusions of this phenomenal existence shall have passed away. And in that divine radiance two virtues, of which the great moralists of antiquity had hardly suspected the existence, were brought prominently before the eyes of the wondering world: the virtue of humility and the virtue of chastity. I am concerned here with the latter of these. It is hardly too much to say that the virtue of purity was unknown to ancient Rome and Hellas. A wife was, indeed, expected to be faithful to her husband. But the duty was grounded upon the fact that she was his property; that her office was to bear his children. No similar duty was regarded as incumbent upon a man. The Greek orator, in a well-known passage, says: "We have courtesans for pleasure, female house-slaves (*παλλακῆς*) for daily physical service, and wives for the procreation of legitimate children, and for faithfully watching over our domestic concerns." And a man's intercourse with all three classes of women was regarded as equally lawful. Now the entirely new view which Christianity introduced, rests upon its teaching as to the relation of human personality to the divine personality of the Word made Flesh. "We are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones." And the "we" includes women as well as men. "In Jesus Christ there is neither male nor female." Woman, though the sexual inferior, is the spiritual equal of man. "Sanctification and honour" are henceforth the law of the new relations of the sexes, in virtue of their new creation in Christ. It has been well observed by a learned writer: "This is the ever-abiding source of Christian purity, and the fixing of this doctrine, with all its consequences, in the minds of men was, of itself, a moral revolution. It is a direct result of the Incarnation, and not only grew out of it, but rests for evermore upon it."*

Nowhere, perhaps, is the triumph achieved by Christianity more remarkable than in this domain of sexual morality. That its severe doctrine of denial should have succeeded in bringing into the obedience of Christ the most imperious and indomitable of human appetites, is assuredly, in the strictest sense of the word, miraculous. But it did

* *Allies: The Formation of Christendom.* Vol. i., p. 139.

more than this. It exhibited the total denial of that appetite, from religious motives, as a far more excellent thing than its gratification even within the limits of holy matrimony. The life of Christ was the type His members set before them; and the following Him in His virginal purity was recognised as a way to perfection. It was the supreme consecration of the virtue of chastity; and all that was greatest and noblest during those centuries when the civilisation of Europe was distinctively Christian, grew out of this root. It has been admirably observed by one of the profoundest students of human nature the world has ever seen: "La Virginité, mère des grandes choses, *Magna parens rerum*, tient dans ses belles mains blanches la clef des mondes supérieures. Enfin, cette grandiose et terrible exception mérite tous les honneurs que lui décerne l'Église Catholique."*

It is a truth which we must never lose sight of—and least of all in discussing the problem now before us—that the vast majority of mankind ever have dwelt, and ever will dwell, upon the lower levels of humanity. Those elect souls who "scorn men's common lure, life's pleasant things," are always few. But it makes all the difference, in any age, of what kind men's ideals are. If they are high, severe—yes, let me venture upon the word—ascetic, common life will be marked by dignity, magnanimity, virility, however grave and numerous the derelictions from the standard commonly recognised. And herein appears to me to lie the incontestable greatness of the Middle Ages. Chivalry and romance were the true expressions—fantastic and extravagant, no doubt, at times—of that teaching of the Church concerning the virtue of purity which hallowed the graces of feminine nature with a species of religious veneration. No one—with the inconsiderable exception of sporadic heretical sects—then doubted the truth of that teaching, whatever his own practice was in respect of it. Not until the time of the movement vaguely called the Renaissance do we find it seriously challenged. I say "vaguely called the Renaissance," for many things were, so to speak, reborn at that epoch. In Italy the Renaissance was, without doubt, to a large extent, a re-birth of Pagan principles and beliefs. It was a canon of Filelfo—"the typical humanist of the day," according to Mr. Symonds—that "what was good enough for Greeks and Romans was good enough for him," in sexual matters. The famous Valla taught that "morality is an empty name," that "all pleasure is good." The not less famous

* Balzac: *la Cousine Bette*.

Beccadelli in his *Hermaphroditus* applied himself, only too successfully, to celebrating "the voluptuous grace of the ancients." A sounder and wholesomer tone prevailed among the humanists of the Teutonic stock. But the effect of Luther's Reformation was certainly hostile to the old Christian doctrine of purity. Heine goes so far as to say that "the emancipation of the flesh" is his distinguishing merit. Unquestionably, by destroying religious celibacy, and by loosening the bonds of marriage, he did much for that end. Unquestionably his antinomian doctrine, his teaching as to the total and utter slavery of the will, struck at the very root of all ethics.

The effect of the next great European movement, originating in France three hundred years afterwards, was equally inimical to what Mr. John Morley calls "the mediæval superstition about purity."* "Licence," he tells us, "was looked upon with complacency by the great intellectual leaders of opinion. It took its place in the progressive formula . . . Men contended, more or less expressly, first that continence was no commanding chief among virtues: then, that it was a very superficial and easily practised virtue. Finally, that it was no virtue at all, but, if sometimes a convenience, generally an impediment to free human happiness." It must be set down to Mr. Morley's credit that he does not personally endorse these doctrines of these sages whom he venerates as his "spiritual fathers." On the contrary, he pronounces them "disastrous sophisms." It appears to me open to no doubt that such is the true account of them. But it is equally indubitable that during the last century they have been largely accepted as true throughout the world. Even in our own country, which offered a longer resistance to them than most, they have, especially of late years, made ominous progress. There is a widespread feeling, expressed only too clearly in our contemporary literature, that the whole tone of Christian teaching regarding the virtue of purity is antiquated. The old religious sanctions are most seriously weakened here, too, as in every department of human action. A quarter of a century ago the late Dean Church—one of the most delicate and sensitive intellects of our age—called attention to this fact in a very striking sermon preached before the University of Oxford. Our

* John Morley: *Voltaire*, p. 152. I have elsewhere observed: "The adjective 'mediæval' is, I suppose, rather vituperative than descriptive; the 'superstition' in question being an essential part of Christianity, and no more peculiar to the Middle Ages than to any other period in the history of that religion."—*A Century of Revolution*, p. 98.

existing civilisation, he declared, "in some of its leading and most powerful representatives, looks back to Paganism. It goes along with Christianity as to justice and humanity, but, in the interest of individual liberty, it parts company here. What trenches on and endangers ideas of purity, it may disapprove, but it declines to condemn or brand. At least it does not condemn, it does not affect to condemn in the sense in which religion condemns: in the sense in which, *with* religion, it condemns injustice, cruelty, and falsehood." Unquestionably this school, which "looks back to Paganism," has increased in numbers and influence since Church spoke thus. Unquestionably Mr. Swinburne has a goodly following in his devotion to "the crowned Cytherean": in his revolt against "creeds that refuse and restrain." Unquestionably hedonism has largely taken their place as the rule of life.

Nor is the prevailing laxity of thought and belief about sexual matters confined to any one class of society. If "young ladies in gilded saloons" (to quote Lord Beaconsfield) discuss unreservedly things which their grandmothers would have deemed it a shame even to speak of, their humbler sisters in workrooms, in shops, in factories, think lightly of the teaching of the Catechism concerning the duty of keeping their bodies in chastity. One evening last summer, as I was walking my horse home from a country ride, I passed three young girls—they were little more than children—who were singing a song of which I caught merely the refrain: "If only I were pretty enough!" I have no notion what was the context, but the words which fell upon my ear set me thinking. If only they were pretty enough! Certainly, in the existing state of society, the temptation to trade upon their prettiness would be strong. But on this subject I will use other words than my own: the words of one who speaks with personal knowledge, which I do not possess, and with the authority which justly attaches to personal knowledge. In an appeal on behalf of Homes for Working Girls which reached me only yesterday, I read as follows:—

In this great city there are thousands of poor girls who know the bitterness of unsatisfied hunger, who endure the misery of that most bleak of all cold—the chill of starvation, who suffer torments of mind-worry and wretchedness, and who are in short, half-starved, while they keep up—and that necessarily—an external appearance of respectability and outside content; for they are compelled, if they would keep their situations, to maintain a position far above that which the amount of their earnings enables them to do without denying themselves the necessaries of life. . . . The outside public has but little conception of the extent and depth of the temptations that this class of girl is exposed to, owing

to the extraordinary and disgraceful laxity of manners which is at the present time afflicting London and other large English cities. . . . There are the "swell" music halls, as well as those for the lower classes; there are the large places of amusement, which are, alas! too often the chief haunts of profligates; there are the dancing saloons and drinking bars, to say nothing of the floods of corrupting literature; and on every side there are desperate temptations to the young and unwary—just when reason is most weak and passion most strong—to sell their souls.

There can be no doubt that this witness is true. The "laxity of manners" of which the writer speaks is an unquestionable fact. And I, for one, see no prospect whatever of greater strictness. The signs of the times appear to me to point in quite the opposite direction. One of those signs, so legibly written on contemporary life that none surely can fail to read it, is the prevailing idolatry of physical comfort, of sensuous gratification, of luxurious living. Young men of narrow means, nay of moderate means, are—not unnaturally—averse from marriage, which means for them frugality, self-restraint, self-sacrifice. They are equally averse from mortifying the appetite for the lawful gratification of which marriage was ordained. "Begad, my good ma'am, if you think our boy is a Joseph," says Major Pendennis to the shocked and distressed Helen, who cuts him short, "looking very stately." Well the vast majority of our young men are not as Joseph: nor have they the least desire or intention of practising the virtue for which that patriarch is specially renowned. They do not shrink from ephemeral connections, from "casual fruition." Here, too, I suppose, the law of supply and demand applies. "A fact," the wise Hindoo proverb warns us, "is not altered by a hundred texts." And unless you can reconstruct human nature, or revolutionise the conditions of human society, it appears to me that what is called the sin of great cities will increase, not diminish: that polyandry will become more and more firmly rooted in our civilisation.

Is there, then, any remedy? Socialism proposes one, which is, indeed, of a revolutionary kind. We are assured by an able exponent of that doctrine, Mr. Karl Pearson, that "our present marriage customs and our present marriage laws are destined to suffer great changes"; that "not improbably, when woman is truly educated and equally developed with man, she will hold that the highest relation of man and woman is akin to that of Lewes and George Eliot," "not a union for the birth of children, but the closest form of friendship between man and woman"; that "in the society of the future a birth will have [that is, will require] social sanction"; and that "in times of over-population

it might even be needful to punish positively, as well as negatively, both father and mother" guilty of causing a birth beyond the sanctioned number; but that "for the non-child-bearing woman the sex relationship, both as to form and substance, ought to be a pure question of taste, a simple matter of agreement between the man and her, in which neither society nor the State would have any need to interfere," "a free sexual union," "a relation solely of mutual sympathy and affection, its form and direction varying according to the feelings and wants of the individuals." So Mr. Karl Pearson, in his work entitled *The Ethic of Free Thought*—a misleading title indeed, as it seems to me, for I find in the book no trace of the ethical idea, no freedom save that of "the beast that takes his licence in the field of time," which I hold to be the deepest slavery. But it may be said that these are only the private opinions of the accomplished writer, Turn we, then, to the *Manifesto of the Socialistic League*, published with annotations, by its general secretaries, Mr. Belfort Bax and Mr. William Morris: surely an authoritative exposition of the principles of the sect. At page 6 of that document we read that "our modern bourgeois property-marriage, maintained as it is by its necessary complement, universal venal prostitution," is to "give place to kindly and human relations between the sexes." And if we inquire what those "kindly and human relations" are, the annotators tell us, in Note F: "Under a Socialistic system contracts between individuals would be free and unenforced by the community. This would apply to the marriage contract as well as others, and it would become a matter of simple inclination. . . . Nor would a truly enlightened public opinion, freed from mere theological views as to chastity, insist on its permanently binding nature in the face of any discomfort or suffering that might come of it." Such is the solution offered by Socialism of the Problem of Purity. As it would abolish pauperism by making all men paupers, so it would abolish prostitution by making all women prostitutes.

We may regard these gentlemen as the red-revolutionists of our sexual moralities. There are revolutionists of milder types: milk and water revolutionists, rose-water revolutionists, we may call them. These are they who, while shrinking from the abolition of marriage, would relax, in greater or less degree, the strictness of its bond; who would facilitate divorce; who would give a recognised status to children born out of wedlock; who would rehabilitate concubinage. I suppose M. Alexandre Dumas *filis* is the most highly-gifted and the most

generally-accredited of these "reformers." I have much admiration for the literary ability of the author of "Le Demi Monde," "L'Ami des Femmes," and "M. Alphonse." But I confess I do not think it worth while seriously to discuss his views on matrimony, on the purification of fallen women, on "la recherche de la paternité." They appear to me mere mawkish manifestations of the ethical limpness of our times. They recall to my mind that profound remark of Carlyle: "The deepest difficulty which presses on us all is the sick sentimentalism which we suck in with our whole nourishment, and get ingrained into the very blood of us, in these miserable ages." For myself, I am convinced that the true, the only antidote to the abounding sexual licence of our age is to uphold, in all its severity, the Christian ideal of purity. In whatever degree you tamper with that ideal and derogate from its strictness, you demoralise woman, you degrade the ethical tone of society which depends upon her as the guardian and priestess of chastity. It was by exhibiting the perfect type of this virtue that Christianity rescued Western civilisation from a depth of foulness to which it has never since sunk. In that type, and nowhere else, is the rule and norm of purity throughout the ages. Shall I be told that the type is too perfect? Perfection is not a matter of degree. The Christian type *is* perfect, and that is precisely why it suffices. To tend towards perfection is a law of our nature. None save a perfect type will draw us after it: a type to which we may more or less approximate, but which we can never fully realise. To quote again from Church's admirable discourse, "The passions which assail [the virtue of purity] are constant forces, and as powerful as they are constant. Argument is hardly a match for them. They are only to be met by a rival idea, a rival fire, the strength of a rival spring of feeling, with its attractions and antipathies, a living law and instinct of the soul. Civilisation supplies none such but what it owes to Christianity. Purity is one of those things which Christian ideas and influences produced; it is a thing which they alone can save."

These are words of truth and soberness which cannot be too deeply laid to heart. There must be no paltering with the high sanctities of this virtue—"the flower of the Christian graces": no adulteration of the severe, the ascetic teaching concerning it of the Saints, in all ages, and of the King of Saints. We must reject, as utterly invalid, all excuses for the breach of it; especially the excuse so often urged on the ground of the weakness of woman. "The man tempted me and I did fall." No. The plea is as idle as that

other, "The woman tempted me and I did eat." We must maintain—the very life of morality is bound up with this—that no one is tempted beyond that which she is able to bear; that there is always with the temptation a way of escape; that there is always a true liberty to force oneself to do right. No amount of pity and ruth must make us false to the cause of that better reason which, in antagonism to the inclinations of the moment, utters the divine command, "Thou oughtest." But while vindicating the inexorable and indefeasible claims of conscience and of the moral law, and the free will which is the very condition of moral responsibility, we must not, as men of the world, shut our eyes to the facts of life. I was reading in one of the journals, a few days ago, of a somewhat prurient prophetess—so she seemed to me—of what she called "Social Purity," who announced it as her mission "to put down prostitution." The lady—I forget her name, nor does it signify—going forth on this crusade with tracts and teapot, reminded me of Mrs. Partington, going forth with her broom to sweep back the Atlantic. Put down prostitution! Yes, if you can first dry up the springs which feed the swelling ocean of human lust, want and wantonness, laziness and luxury, the enticing vanity of women and the ebullient virility of men. No one who will look the facts of human life in the face can doubt that Parent-Duchâtelet was absolutely right when he wrote "Under forms which vary according to climate and national manners, prostitution remains inherent in great populations; it is, and always will be like those congenital maladies against which experiments and systems of medicine have contended in vain, and the ravages only of which we now strive to limit." I add that no one who will clear his mind of cant can doubt that, human nature being what it is, and the conditions of human life being what they are, the putting down of prostitution would be the heaviest blow that could be struck at social purity. St. Augustine, in his profoundly philosophical treatise, *De Ordine*, pointed out fourteen hundred years ago that to abolish courtesans would be to trouble everything with lusts. His words are as true now as they were then; nay, truer. "That unhappy being," writes Mr. Lecky, in a sadly eloquent passage, "herself the supreme type of vice, is ultimately the most efficient guardian of virtue. But for her the unchallenged purity of countless happy homes would be polluted, and not a few who, in the pride of their untempted chastity, think of her with an indignant shudder, would have known the agony of remorse and of despair. On that one

degraded and ignoble form are concentrated the passions that might have filled the world with shame. She remains, while creeds and civilisations rise and fall, the eternal priestess of humanity, blasted by the sins of the people."

Considerations of this sort may well fill us, not only with pity, but with awe. What can be more miserable than the lot of these unhappy women, if we really see it as it is? All the dignity of womanhood gone: all interests in life, save those of a purely sensual nature, extinguished: not even the power of repentance left, in many cases, for a career of animality has degraded them to the level of the animal, and the moral sense is atrophied. No; in place of repentance, merely regrets when their physical charms have faded; when diseases incident to their calling have made prey of them; when destitution and desolation stare them in the face, "*Triste vie que celle que je quitte,*" says the dying Marguerite Gautier. Sad, indeed: the saddest to which any woman can condemn herself. Fearfulness and trembling may well come upon us, and a horrible dread overwhelm us, when we reflect that here, too, we are confronted with that appalling fact—evil, the apparently inevitable condition of good; that here, too, we are brought face to face with that inscrutable law of vicarious sacrifice. It is a profound and heart-piercing mystery, like that of animal suffering; a problem beyond the reaches of our souls. But if we pass from speculation to practice, our duty seems clear enough. I have been writing throughout this paper from the point of view of Christian ethics. Now, while the doctrine of Christianity as to chastity is high, severe, inexorable, its attitude towards the unchaste has ever been one of winning gentleness and boundless compassion. Blackstone has correctly pointed out that the canon law "treats the offence of incontinence, and even adultery, with a great degree of tenderness and lenity," although he is certainly not correct in his amusing conjecture that this was "owing perhaps to the enforced celibacy of its first founders." In the present age that "tenderness and lenity" are admirably exemplified by many excellent institutions which aim at diminishing the incentives that lead women from the path of virtue, or at increasing the facilities for their return to it. We can, most of us, in our private capacity, do something to help these. And if it be objected to us, in the verse of Voltaire, "*Le monde par vos soins ne se changera pas,*" we can only sadly answer, "We know that, but to change the world is not our appointed work." Our work is to do the duty nearest to us. And those of us who, through the frailty

of the flesh, have, at one time or another, done something to make it worse in this respect, may, at all events, try to make some little reparation. Nay, not little. For who can estimate the merit of saving or of rescuing one poor girl? But the State, as well as the individual, has duties in this matter. It is assuredly the duty of the State to take cognisance of this huge fact of prostitution in our midst; to regulate what must, practically, be regarded as a necessary evil, and to minimise, as far as may be, the mischiefs—physical and moral—that flow therefrom. It is a monstrous scandal that in this country the hands of the State are tied by a knot of zealots, the excellence of whose motives I do not question, but who assuredly are the slaves of a sour and senseless superstition. There is much that is noble and admirable in Puritanism. But, as a matter of fact, it has ever been deeply impregnated with savage fanaticism; it has ever exhibited the ugliest form of the *odium theologicum*. The spirit of its devotees has always been inquisitorial and cruel. In former ages it endeavoured to deter men from sins of impurity by the stocks, the whip, the gallows. It no longer wields these arms. It seeks to employ, instead of them, the more frightful deterrent of disease. There is a certain class of maladies which are not the natural product but the accidental accompaniment of the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes: maladies which poison the very fount of generation: maladies more dire in their nature, more baleful in their results, than smallpox, or cholera, or typhus. Assuredly it is the duty of the State—the duty is discharged in well-nigh every civilised country but our own—to circumscribe within the narrowest possible limits their baneful activity: to employ all the resources of medical science in order to stamp them out. But No, we are told; the State must not “recognise” vice: it must allow free trade in contagious diseases, lest it should weaken a deterrent from the sin of illicit intercourse! It is the wont of the fanatics who argue thus to express horror of the spirit of the mediæval inquisition. It appears to me that they are animated by a far fiercer spirit. The official inquisitors of heresy in the Middle Ages at all events contented themselves with swiftly destroying in the flames the body of their victim. The amateur inquisitors of incontinence, in this nineteenth century, are not content with dooming theirs to a worse penalty—the living death of a life-long disease. They inflict it also upon his innocent family: upon his wife: upon his children: nay, upon generations yet unborn.

W. S. LILLY.

IN MEMORIAM.

R. L. S.

“IN the hot-fit of life, a-tiptoe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound on to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land.

STEVENSON: *Æs Triplex.*

SO often imminent, so often eluded, as it seemed, by a hair's-breadth, death has at last overtaken the brave, bright spirit of Robert Louis Stevenson. We who knew and loved him, and the thousands throughout the world who also knew and loved him, though unseen, have often looked forward with dread to the day that should bring us these tidings; but of late we had begun to hope that, after all, it might be distant. Himself, and for his own sake, he felt no dread of it. The strength of his position, the ultimate sanction of his message, lay in the fact that he was ever looking both life and death in the face with an even mind. For him, then, we need not mourn. He fashioned his life after his own heart, like the artist he was. In the game against Fate, he made the very utmost of the cards he held, playing so skilfully as to score even with the weak suit of bodily health. Within its limits, his life was a masterpiece; and it is not he who suffers by the sudden setting of the hither bourn. It is we who cannot but feel a dull rage in our hearts at the thought of all the beautiful unborn things that are still for ever in the stillness of that teeming brain. We seem to have been cheated of half his life, just as we were beginning to think that the whole was to be vouchsafed us. He had twenty years of mental maturity behind him, and before him, we ventured to hope, no less a term. Think of the little world of gay and gracious and terrible figures, of spirit-stirring events, of laughter and of tears, that has gone with him into the darkness! Think of the brave, high thoughts that will never be spoken, the

beautiful living words that were only waiting to fly together in imperishable rhythms and cadences! Other beautiful words, in this English language of ours, will group themselves in other beautiful forms. Other voices will sing in the ears of our children and our children's children. But who shall blame us if we feel to-day that for us no voice of the future can ever have the intimate and penetrating charm of that voice which has so suddenly receded into the irrecoverable past?

This is no time to affect impartiality or sense of proportion. Yesterday he was still within reach of our agreements and our differences, our likings and our less-likings. To-morrow, time will set about its task of throwing his work into its true perspective, and assigning him his ultimate place in the constellation of English genius. But for to-day there shall be no "pudor aut modus" either in our sense of loss or in our expression of thankfulness for what is left us.

And first it must be said that what is left us is by no means summed up in the array of little volumes which begins, for most people, with *An Inland Voyage*, and ends, until his last words reach us, in *The Ebb Tide*. No more than the soul of Walter Scott is the soul of Robert Louis Stevenson buried in his books. They are but broken lights of him, and he, in very truth, was more than they. With all his splendid faculty, and despite that autobiographic drift or gift at which little critics used to sneer, he could not convey to paper the greatness, the clearness, the steady-glowing light and heat of his unique and fascinating character. These things can never, indeed, be fully placed on record, whatever biography or autobiography may be in store for us. The finest essence of his being will live in tradition, we may even say in legend, rather than on any printed page. The fortunes of his writings it is impossible to predict; some, no doubt, will last with the language, others will fade away; but it is hard to foresee the time when his figure, his personality, his spirit of air and fire, shall no longer touch and thrill the imagination of the world.

It is not at random that one couples the names of Scott and Stevenson. They were kinsmen in more senses than one. Scotland may be said to have taken a noble revenge for much misunderstanding of her national character—or, shall we say, to have made a fine apology for real defects?—in giving the world two of the sweetest, kindest natures that ever found expression in literature. We look

in vain for any trace of "dourness" in their heroism, of pedantry or acerbity in their humour. They were the humanest as well as the hardest of spirits, these true-born sons and passionate lovers of a country which is thought to be somewhat lacking in the finer humanities of character. Both were men of heroic temper, but the younger, doubtless, was the more sorely tried. Robust health he had never known. In the first letter he ever wrote me (shortly after the publication of the *Child's Garden of Verses*) he said: "You are very right about my voluntary aversion from the painful sides of life. My childhood was in reality a very mixed experience, full of fever, nightmare and insomnia, painful days and interminable nights; and I can speak with less authority of Gardens than of that other 'Land of Counterpane.' But to what end should we renew these sorrows?" Every stage in his career was dogged by illness, and in the early days of our acquaintance, I would sometimes reproach him with a sort of insincerity in so sedulously keeping his counsel as to the night side of his experience. "You voluntarily enter the witness box," I would say—I remember how he jeered at the image—"and yet you abstain from telling the whole truth about life. I should like to cross-examine you on oath." Since then he has in some measure cross-examined himself, and I now see that my reproach was founded on an imperfect understanding of his nature. He did tell the whole essential truth about life as it appeared to him—the essential truth for all of us, if only we had his buoyancy of spirit, his love of adventure, even though it were in the valley of the shadow, and above all his nimble, untiring imagination. The sick-room, with all its pain, tedium, and nausea, was the merest external accident in his life. It cabined his body, but over his soul it had no power. Once, I remember, when I had been complaining of the sheer boredom of existence, the dressing and undressing, the getting up and the lying down, he suddenly turned upon me, looked me straight in the eyes for several moments, and then said slowly, "*I never was bored in my life!*" Many men have used the same phrase—none, I well believe, with such perfect sincerity. What could he know of boredom, when the "brownies of his brain" were for ever telling him new Arabian Nights, acting strange dramas of cape and sword—ay, and of "psychological interest" as well—in the theatre of his fantasy, weaving word-pictures of remembered places, men, and things, or whispering high and hopeful thoughts on human nature and destiny! Even in his

dreams the Spirit of Romance was with him. We owe *Dr. Jekyll* and *Ollala* directly to visions of the night. Far back in his childhood "he would take long journeys, and see strange towns and beautiful places as he lay in bed." He "was much engaged with Jacobite conspiracy between the hour for bed and that for breakfast"; and "about the same time he began to read in his dreams, tales . . . so incredibly more vivid and moving than any printed book, that he has ever since been malcontent with literature." It is not the child alone, we may be sure, who speaks in these verses from the *Child's Garden* :

All night long and every night
When my mama puts out the light,
I see the people marching by
As plain as day before my eye.

Armies, and emperors and kings,
All carrying different kinds of things,
And marching in so grand a way,
You never saw the like by day.

So fine a show was never seen
At the great circus on the green;
For every kind of beast and man
Is marching in that caravan.

At first they move a little slow
But still the faster on they go;
And still beside them close I keep
Until I reach the town of Sleep.

Here, then, we have the secret of his beautiful cheerfulness: he found a positive, substantive pleasure in the exercise of that high courage with which nature had endowed him, and he took so vivid and inexhaustible an interest in the pageant of the world and the universe, as it swept across the magic mirror of his brain, that the tedium of common mortality was unknown to him. He followed the pageant, he "kept close beside it," with eager, childlike delight,—"until he reached the town of Sleep."

This analysis may seem to diminish the merit of his inspiring fortitude; but he himself would have been the last to claim any merit in the matter. He was proud of his race, not of himself. His courage came to him, doubtless, from far back in that Scottish history which he loved. His determination to make light and not darkness in the world was founded on the sentiment of *noblesse oblige*. "Innumerable loves," he wrote to his father—

Innumerable loves, uncounted hopes,
 To our wild coasts, not darkling now, approach :
 Not now obscure, since thou and thine are there,
 And bright on the lone isle, the foundered reef,
 The long, resounding foreland, Pharos stands.

* * * * *

This thou hast done ; and I—can I be base
 I must arise, O father, and to port
 Some lost, complaining seaman pilot home.

Yet it can never be alleged that he did not realise the very depths of the darkness through which he flashed forth his messages of cheer. If there be in literature a more vivid and glorious effort of cosmic imagination than his essay called *Pulvis et Umbra*, it is certainly unknown to me. If I am not mistaken, it was written during that well-nigh fatal winter in the Adirondacks—the last, perhaps, of many times when he could say :

I sit and wait a pair of oars '
 On cis-Elysian river-shores ;
 Where the immortal dead have sate,
 'Tis mine to sit and meditate.

Every word of the essay tingles with realisation of the mystery of the universe, but I have space only for this fragmentary passage :

What a monstrous spectre is this man, the disease of the agglutinated dust, lifting alternate feet or lying drugged with slumber ; killing, feeding, growing, bringing forth small copies of himself ; grown upon with hair like grass, fitted with eyes that move and glitter in his face ; a thing to set children screaming ;—and yet looked at nearer, known as his fellows know him, how surprising are his attributes ! Poor soul, here for so little, cast among so many hardships, filled with desires so incommensurate and so inconsistent, savagely surrounded, savagely descended, irremediably condemned to prey upon his fellow lives : who should have blamed him had he been of a piece with his destiny and a being merely barbarous ? And we look and behold him instead filled with imperfect virtues : infinitely childish, often admirably valiant, often touchingly kind ; sitting down, amidst his momentary life, to debate of right and wrong and the attributes of the deity ; rising up to do battle for an egg or die for an idea ; singling out his friends and his mate with cordial affection ; bringing forth in pain, rearing with long-suffering solicitude, his young. . . . I shall be reminded what a tragedy of misconception and misconduct man at large presents : of organised injustice, cowardly violence and treacherous crime ; and of the damning imperfections of the best. They cannot be too darkly drawn. Man is indeed marked for failure in his efforts to do right. But where the best consistently miscarry, how tenfold more remarkable that all should continue to strive ; and surely we should find it both touching and inspiring, that in a field from which success is banished, our race should not cease to labour.

This is probably Stevenson's loftiest and austerest utterance. If he could ever be justly reproached with telling only half the truth about life, *Pulvis et Umbra* removes the reproach for ever.

His earliest writings, descriptive and critical, are astonishingly mature; yet it seems to me that an increasing seriousness, a deepening tenderness, can be traced in the sequence of his works. At first he gloried in his mere strength, he took the athlete's delight in achieving feats of invention and expression. He has told us how imitative was the training to which he subjected himself in boyhood; and he is still, in his first books of travel, criticisms and stories, "playing the sedulous ape," as he phrased it—imitating very eclectically and originally, but still imitating. It is noteworthy that in the Edinburgh Edition of the *Travels with a Donkey* (how good that he lived to enjoy the homage implied in the instant success of this edition!) we no longer find the italicised proper names, which gave a pretty but somewhat mechanical touch of quaintness to the original copies. He never wrote anything more consummate in their kind than the *New Arabian Nights*; yet one is glad to think that these exercises in blood-curdling humour came at the beginning of his career as a story-teller, and the Dutch scenes of *Catriona* near the close. In *Treasure Island*, masterpiece though it be, he is still imitating, parodying, pouring his genius into a ready-made form. In *Kidnapped* he breaks away, half unwittingly perhaps, from the boy's-book convention. *The Master of Ballantrae* is an independent, self-sufficing romance, no more imitative than *The Bride of Lammermoor* or *Esmond*; and *Catriona*, imperfect though it be in structure, carries the boy's book projected in *Kidnapped* into the higher region of serious character-study and exquisite emotion. Not even *Catriona*—that pearl of maidenhood, whom Viola and Perdita would hail as their very sister—not even *Catriona* has succeeded in dissipating the illusion that Robert Louis Stevenson could not draw a woman. This very day I have seen the dreary old stereotype rearing its undiminished head in more quarters than one. And *Catriona* does not stand alone. She has on one hand the Princess Seraphina, on the other the woman who loved the Master of Ballantrae, and became his brother's wife. Nay more—even a half share in Beau Austin's Dorothy Musgrave should be enough to acquit a man of incompetence in the matter of female character-drawing.

To some of us, perhaps—it is entirely a matter of taste or even of mood—Stevenson, the essayist and traveller, is even more unfailingly delightful than Stevenson the story-teller. But the story-teller, or at least the character-drawer, permeates almost all his work. For grace

and tact of reminiscence, where shall we look for his equal? What invaluable characters has he not touched off in a few happy strokes! The dear old Sheriff of Dumbarton who had never been able to read *Othello*. ("That noble gentleman and that noble lady—h'm—too painful for me"); the gardener, who took to himself all the credit for a flourishing plant, but left the blame of failure to Providence, saying, "Paul may plant and Apollos may water"; John Todd, the stentorian shepherd of the Pentlands; the dying gravedigger who said, "I ha'e laid three hunner and fower score in that kirkyaird; an' it had been His wull, I would ha'e likit weel to ha'e made out the fower hunner"—these are only a few of the types he has etched for us in Scotland alone, to say nothing of France and America. Even of four-footed animals he has quite a little gallery, from the immortal Modestine down to the intelligent and gentlemanly "Woggs." As a nature-painter, to my thinking, he excelled in sky and atmosphere, in effects of night and early morning. Clear air, blue smoke and "caller" waters, or dim woods with throbbing stars above—for such subjects as these he had an incomparable touch. A description, published in *Black and White*, of a yacht casting anchor at sunrise in a still Pacific haven, vaguely haunts my memory as a thing of ineffable loveliness; and for luminous depths of colour where shall we find a parallel to this, from *The Silverado Squatters*:—

I have never seen such a night. It seemed to throw calumny in the teeth of all the painters that ever dabbled in starlight. The sky itself was of a ruddy, powerful, nameless, changing colour, dark and glossy like a serpent's back. The stars, by innumerable millions, stuck boldly forth like lamps. The milky way was bright, like a moonlit cloud; half heaven seemed milky way. The greater luminaries shone each more clearly than a winter's moon. Their light was dyed in every sort of colour—red, like fire; blue, like steel; green, like the tracks of sunset; and so sharply did each stand forth in its own lustre that there was no appearance of that flat, star-spangled arch we know so well in pictures, but all the hollow of heaven was one chaos of contesting luminaries—a hurly-burly of stars. Against this the hills and rugged tree-tops stood out redly dark.

To most of us, even though we be penmen by trade, words are lifeless, lustreless things which we arrange as best we may in mechanical interdependence. At this man's touch they leap to life, they glow, they pulsate, they marshal themselves in vital collocations, and move, as it were, to music. There are times when the descriptive phrase seems a sort of physical emanation from the thing itself—its phantasm or *doppelgänger*. This it is to be a "Lavengro," a language-master.

For my own part, I believe that Stevenson's greatness in prose has

unduly overshadowed the rare and quite individual charm of his verse. It is true that verse was not his predestinate medium, that he wrote it rather as a man of consummate literary accomplishment than as a born poet, who "did but sing because he must." But on the other hand, he never wrote save from a genuine poetic impulse; he never lashed himself into a metric frenzy merely because it was his trade. Therefore all his verse is alive with spontaneous feeling; and so unfailing was his mastery words, that he succeeded in striking a clear, true note that was all his own. In his lighter rhymes, both in the *Child's Garden* and *Underwoods*, there is a cool, fresh, limpid grace, in which I, for one, never fail to find pleasure and refreshment; and his blank verse, if it lacked freedom and variety of accent, attained a singular dignity, as of exquisite carving in alabaster. What can be more beautiful than this, the opening of a poem addressed to "N. V. de G. S.":

The unfathomable sea, and time, and tears,
 The deeds of heroes and the crimes of kings
 Dispart us; and the river of events
 Has, for an age of years, to east and west
 More widely borne our cradles. Thou to me
 Art foreign, as when seamen at the dawn
 Descry a land far off and know not which.
 So I approach uncertain; so I cruise
 Round thy mysterious islet, and behold
 Surf and great mountains and loud river-bars,
 And from the shore hear inland voices call.

I stop here, to throw this noble line into relief; but the remaining verses are scarce less delicately chiselled. Is it simply personal association that brings the tears to my eyes as I read the seven lines headed "Skerryvore"? No; I think it is the emotion that always comes to me along with the sense of pure beauty, quite apart from pathos. Here they are:—

For love of lovely words, and for the sake
 Of those, my kinsmen and my countrymen,
 Who early and late in the windy ocean toiled
 To plant a star for seamen, where was then
 The surfy haunt of seals and cormorants:
 I, on the lintel of this cot, inscribe
 The name of a strong tower.

Many English writers have impressed themselves more strongly than Robert Louis Stevenson upon the consciousness of Europe. This is partly, no doubt, because he has fallen in mid-career, but mainly because his genius devoted itself so passionately to the untranslatable

element in literature—to style. But the untranslatable is likewise the imperishable; and we, inheriting the English tongue as our birth-right, do not dream of applying to Europe to countersign this man's patent of immortality.

Hail and farewell, oh rare and beautiful spirit! It would be presumption in me to rank myself among his friends, for I held a very small space in his life; but the memory of many passages of personal kindness on his part, of many deeply earnest and boyishly whimsical and vividly witty words, both spoken and written, will always abide with me. I am glad to think that I spent some hours with him on his last evening in England, and still happier to remember how he then assured me that he reckoned two newspaper reviews of mine among the three or four published criticisms which had given him keen and lasting pleasure.

In a truly prophetic moment he wrote his own perfect Requiem:

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

“Under the wide and starry sky” he lies; and one hopes the report is true that his monument is to serve as a sea-mark. He could have found no fitter resting-place, no monument of apter symbolism. His life is the loftiest beacon, the light of widest range, that even his “strenuous family” has given to the world. It stands conspicuous, like the obelisk which is to mark his grave, cheering and guiding the seaman from afar, and at the same time pointing upwards (in the words of a poet for whom he cared not at all), “Towards the peaks: towards the stars: and towards the great silence.”

18-19 December, 1894.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

THE TIME MACHINE.

I.

THE INVENTOR.

THE man who made the Time Machine—the man I shall call the Time Traveller — was well known in scientific circles a few years since, and the fact of his disappearance is also well known. He was a mathematician of peculiar subtlety, and one of our most conspicuous investigators in molecular physics. He did not confine himself to abstract science. Several ingenious and one or two profitable patents were his: very profitable they were, these last, as his handsome house at Richmond testified. To those who were his intimates, however, his scientific investigations were as nothing to his gift of speech. In the after-dinner hours he was ever a vivid and variegated talker, and at times his fantastic, often paradoxical, conceptions came so thick and close as to form one continuous discourse. At these times he was as unlike the popular conception of a scientific investigator as a man could be. His cheeks would flush, his eyes grow bright; and the stranger the ideas that sprang and crowded in his brain, the happier and the more animated would be his exposition.

Up to the last there was held at his house a kind of informal gathering, which it was my privilege to attend, and where, at one time or another, I have met most of our distinguished literary and scientific men. There was a plain dinner at seven. After that we would adjourn to a room of easy chairs and little tables, and there, with libations of alcohol and reeking pipes, we would invoke the God. At first the conversation was mere fragmentary chatter, with some local *lacunæ* of digressive silence; but towards nine or half-past nine, if the God was favourable, some particular topic would triumph by a kind of natural selection, and would become the common interest. So it was, I remember, on the last Thursday but one of all—the Thursday when I first heard of the Time Machine.

I had been jammed in a corner with a gentleman who shall be disguised as Filby. He had been running down Milton—the public neglects poor Filby's little verses shockingly; and as I could think of nothing but the relative status of Filby and the man he criticised, and was much too timid to discuss that, the arrival of that moment of fusion, when our several conversations were suddenly merged into a general discussion, was a great relief to me.

“What's that is nonsense?” said a well-known Medical Man, speaking across Filby to the Psychologist.

“He thinks,” said the Psychologist, “that Time's only a kind of Space.”

“It's not thinking,” said the Time Traveller; “it's knowledge.”

“Foppish affectation,” said Filby, still harping upon his wrongs; but I feigned a great interest in this question of Space and Time.

“Kant,” began the Psychologist—

“Confound Kant!” said the Time Traveller. “I tell you I'm right. I've got experimental proof of it. I'm not a metaphysician.” He addressed the Medical Man across the room, and so brought the whole company into his own circle. “It's the most promising departure in experimental work that has ever been made. It will simply revolutionise life. Heaven knows what life will be when I've carried the thing through.”

“As long as it's not the water of Immortality I don't mind,” said the distinguished Medical Man. “What is it?”

“Only a paradox,” said the Psychologist.

The Time Traveller said nothing in reply, but smiled and began tapping his pipe upon the fender curb. This was the invariable presage of a dissertation.

“You have to admit that time is a spacial dimension,” said the Psychologist, emboldened by immunity and addressing the Medical Man, “and then all sorts of remarkable consequences are found inevitable. Among others, that it becomes possible to travel about in time.”

The Time Traveller chuckled: “You forget that I'm going to prove it experimentally.”

“Let's have your experiment,” said the Psychologist.

“I think we'd like the argument first,” said Filby.

“It's this,” said the Time Traveller: “I propose a wholly new view of things based on the supposition that ordinary human perception is an hallucination. I'm sorry to drag in predestination and free-

will, but I'm afraid those ideas will have to help. Look at it in this way—this, I think, will give you the gist of it: Suppose you knew fully the position and the properties of every particle of matter, of everything existing in the universe at any particular moment of time: suppose, that is, that you were omniscient. Well, that knowledge would involve the knowledge of the condition of things at the previous moment, and at the moment before that, and so on. If you knew and perceived the present perfectly, you would perceive therein the whole of the past. If you understood all natural laws the present would be a complete and vivid record of the past. Similarly, if you grasped the whole of the present, knew all its tendencies and laws, you would see clearly all the future. To an omniscient observer there would be no forgotten past—no piece of time as it were that had dropped out of existence—and no blank future of things yet to be revealed. Perceiving all the present, an omniscient observer would likewise perceive all the past and all the inevitable future at the same time. Indeed, present and past and future would be without meaning to such an observer: he would always perceive exactly the same thing. He would see, as it were, a Rigid Universe filling space and time—a Universe in which things were always the same. He would see one sole unchanging series of cause and effect to-day and to-morrow and always. If 'past' meant anything, it would mean looking in a certain direction; while 'future' meant looking the opposite way."

"H'm," said the Rector, "I fancy you're right. So far."

"I know I am," said the Time Traveller. "From the absolute point of view the universe is a perfectly rigid unalterable apparatus, entirely predestinate, entirely complete and finished. Now, looking at things, so far as we can, from this standpoint, how would a thing like this box appear? It would still be a certain length and a certain breadth and a certain thickness, and it would have a definite mass; but we should also perceive that it extended back in time to a certain moment when it was made, and forward in time to a certain moment when it was destroyed, and that during its existence it was moved about in space. An ordinary man, being asked to describe this box, would say, among other things, that it was in such a position, and that it measured ten inches in depth, say, three in breadth, and four in length. From the absolute point of view it would also be necessary to say that it began at such a moment, lasted so long, measured so much in time, and was moved here and there meanwhile. It is only when you have stated

its past and its future that you have completely described the box. You see, from the absolute standpoint—which is the true scientific standpoint—time is merely a dimension, quite analogous to the three dimensions in space. Every particle of matter has length, breadth, thickness, and—duration.”

“You’re perfectly right,” said the Rector. “Theologians threshed all that out ages ago.”

“I beg your pardon,” said the Psychologist, “nothing of the sort. Our first impression, the very foundation of our mental life, is order in time. I am supposed —”

“I tell you that psychology cannot possibly help us here,” said the Time Traveller, “because our minds do not represent the conditions of the universe—why should they?—but only our necessities. From my point of view the human consciousness is an immaterial something falling through this Rigid Universe of four dimensions, from the direction we call ‘past’ to the direction we call ‘future.’ Just as the sun is a material something falling through the same universe towards the constellation of Hercules.”

“This is rather abstruse,” said Filby under his breath to me.

“I begin to see your argument,” said the Medical Man. “And you go on to ask, why *should* we continue to drift in a particular direction? Why *should* we drive through time at this uniform pace? Practically you propose to study four-dimensional geometry with a view to locomotion in time.”

“Precisely. *Have* studied it to that end.”

“Of all the wild extravagant theories!” began the Psychologist.

“Yes, so it seemed to me, and so I never talked of it until —”

“Experimental verification!” cried I. “You are going to verify *that*?”

“The experiment!” cried Filby, who was getting brain-weary.

“Let’s see your experiment anyhow,” said the Psychologist, “though it’s all humbug, you know.”

The Time Traveller smiled round at us. Then, still smiling faintly, and with his hands deep in his trousers pockets, he walked slowly out of the room, and we heard his slippers shuffling down the long passage to his laboratory.

The Psychologist looked at us. “I wonder what he’s got?” “Some sleight-of-hand trick or other,” said the Medical Man, and Filby tried to tell us about a conjuror he had seen at Burslem, but

before he had finished his preface the Time Traveller came back, and Filby's anecdote collapsed.

The thing the Time Traveller held in his hand was a glittering metallic framework, scarcely larger than a small clock, and very delicately made. There was ivory in it, and some transparent crystalline substance. And now I must be explicit, for this that follows—unless his explanation is to be accepted—is an absolutely unaccountable thing. He took one of the small octagonal tables that were scattered about the room, and set it in front of the fire, with two legs on the hearthrug. On this table he placed the mechanism. Then he drew up a chair, and sat down. The only other object on the table was a small shaded lamp, the bright light of which fell full upon the model. There were also perhaps a dozen candles about, two in brass candlesticks upon the mantel and several in sconces, so that the room was brilliantly illuminated. I sat in a low armchair nearest the fire, and I drew this forward so as to be almost between the Time Traveller and the fireplace. Filby sat behind him, looking over his shoulder. The Medical Man and the Rector watched him in profile from the right, the Psychologist from the left. We were all on the alert. It appears incredible to me that any kind of trick, however subtly conceived and however adroitly done, could have been played upon us under these conditions.

The Time Traveller looked at us, and then at the mechanism. "Well?" said the Psychologist.

"This little affair," said the Time Traveller, resting his elbows upon the table and pressing his hands together above the apparatus, "is only a model. It is my plan for a machine to travel through time. You will notice that it looks singularly askew, and that there is an odd twinkling appearance about this bar, as though it was in some way unreal." He pointed to the part with his finger. "Also, here is one little white lever, and here is another."

The Medical Man got up out of his chair and peered into the thing. "It's beautifully made," he said.

"It took two years to make," retorted the Time Traveller. Then, when we had all done as the Medical Man, he said: "Now I want you clearly to understand that this lever, being pressed over, sends the machine gliding into the future, and this other reverses the motion. This saddle represents the seat of a time traveller. Presently I am going to press the lever, and off the machine will go. It will vanish,

pass into future time, and disappear. Have a good look at the thing. Look at the table too, and satisfy yourselves there is no trickery. I don't want to waste this model, and then be told I'm a quack."

There was a minute's pause perhaps. The Psychologist seemed about to speak to me, but changed his mind. Then the Time Traveller put forth his finger towards the lever. "No," he said suddenly. "Lend me your hand." And turning to the Psychologist, he took that individual's hand in his own and told him to put out his forefinger. So that it was the Psychologist himself who sent forth the model Time Machine on its interminable voyage. We all saw the lever turn. I am absolutely certain there was no trickery. There was a breath of wind, and the lamp flame jumped. One of the candles on the mantel was blown out, and the little machine suddenly swung round, became indistinct, was seen as a ghost for a second perhaps, as an eddy of faintly glittering brass and ivory; and it was gone—vanished! Save for the lamp the table was bare.

Everyone was silent for a minute. Then Filby said he was damned.

The Psychologist recovered from his stupor, and suddenly looked under the table. At that the Time Traveller laughed cheerfully. "Well?" he said, with a reminiscence of the Psychologist. Then, getting up, he went to the tobacco jar on the mantel, and with his back to us began to fill his pipe.

We stared at each other. "Look here," said the Medical Man, "are you in earnest about this? Do you seriously believe that that machine has travelled into time?"

"Certainly," said the Time Traveller, stooping to light a spill at the fire. Then he turned, lighting his pipe, to look at the Psychologist's face. (The Psychologist, to show that he was not unhinged, helped himself to a cigar and tried to light it uncut.) "What is more, I have a big machine nearly finished in there"—he indicated the laboratory—"and when that is put together I mean to have a journey on my own account."

"You mean to say that that machine has travelled into the future?" said Filby.

"Into the future or the past—I don't, for certain, know which."

After an interval the Psychologist had an inspiration. "It must have gone into the past if it has gone anywhere," he said.

"Why?" said the Time Traveller.

"Because I presume that it has not moved in space, and if it

travelled into the future it would still be here all this time, since it must have travelled through this time."

"But," said I, "if it travelled into the past it would have been visible when we came first into this room; and last Thursday when we were here; and the Thursday before that; and so forth!"

"Serious objections," remarked the Rector with an air of impartiality, turning towards the Time Traveller.

"Not a bit," said the Time Traveller, and, to the Psychologist: "You think. *You* can explain that. It's presentation below the threshold, you know, diluted presentation."

"Of course," said the Psychologist, and reassured us. "That's a simple point in psychology. I should have thought of it. It's plain enough, and helps the paradox delightfully. We cannot see it, nor can we appreciate this machine, any more than we can the spoke of a wheel spinning, or a bullet flying through the air. If it is travelling through time fifty times or a hundred times faster than we are, if it gets through a minute while we get through a second, the impression it creates will of course be only one-fiftieth or one-hundredth of what it would make if it were not travelling in time. That's plain enough." He passed his hand through the space in which the machine had been. "You see?" he said, laughing.

We sat and stared at the vacant table for a minute or so. Then the Time Traveller asked us what we thought of it all.

"It sounds plausible enough to-night," said the Medical Man; "but wait until to-morrow. Wait for the common sense of the morning."

"Would you like to see the Time Machine itself?" asked the Time Traveller. And therewith, taking the lamp in his hand, he led the way down the long, draughty corridor to his laboratory. I remember vividly the flickering light, his queer, broad head in silhouette, the dance of the shadows, how we all followed him, puzzled but incredulous, and how there in the laboratory we beheld a larger edition of the little mechanism which we had seen vanish from before our eyes. Parts were of nickel, parts of ivory, parts had certainly been filed or sawn out of rock crystal. The thing was generally complete, but the twisted crystalline bars lay unfinished upon the bench beside some sheets of drawings, and I took one up for a better look at it. Quartz it seemed to be.

"Look here," said the Medical Man, "are you perfectly serious? Or is this a trick—like that ghost you showed us last Christmas?"

“Upon that machine,” said the Time Traveller, holding the lamp aloft, “I intend to explore time. Is that plain? I was never more serious in my life.”

II.

THE TIME TRAVELLER RETURNS.

I think that at that time none of us quite believed in the Time Machine. The fact is, he was one of those men who are too clever to be believed: you never felt that you saw all round him; you always suspected some subtle reserve, some ingenuity in ambush, behind his lucid frankness. Had Filby shown the model and explained the matter in the Time Traveller's words, we should have shown *him* far less scepticism. The point is, we should have seen his motives: a pork-butcher could understand Filby. But the Time Traveller had more than a touch of whim among his elements, and we distrusted him. Things that would have made the fame of a clever man seemed tricks in his hands. It is a mistake to do things too easily. The serious people who took him seriously never felt quite sure of his deportment: they were somehow aware that trusting their reputations for judgment with him was like furnishing a nursery with eggshell china. So I don't think any of us said very much about time travelling in the interval between that Thursday and the next, though its odd potentialities ran, no doubt, in most of our minds: its plausibility, that is, its practical incredibleness, the curious possibilities of anachronism and of utter confusion it suggested. For my own part, I was particularly preoccupied with the trick of the model. That I remember discussing with the Medical Man, whom I met on Friday at the Linnæan. He said he had seen a similar thing at Tübingen, and laid considerable stress on the blowing-out of the candle. But how the trick was done he could not explain.

The next Thursday I went again to Richmond—I suppose I was one of the Time Traveller's most constant guests—and, arriving late, found four or five men already assembled in his drawing-room. The Medical Man was standing before the fire with a sheet of paper in one hand and his watch in the other. I looked round for the Time Traveller, and—“It's half-past seven now,” said the Medical Man. “I suppose we'd better have dinner?”

“Where's ——?” said I, naming our host.

“You've just come? It's rather odd. He's unavoidably detained.

He asks me in this note to lead off with dinner at seven if he's not back. Says he'll explain when he comes."

"It seems a pity to let the dinner spoil," said the Editor of a well-known daily paper; and thereupon the Doctor rang the bell.

The Psychologist was the only person besides the Doctor and myself who had attended the previous dinner. The other men were Blank, the Editor afore-mentioned, a certain journalist, and another—a quiet, shy man with a beard—whom I didn't know, and who, as far as my observation went, never opened his mouth all the evening. There was some speculation at the dinner table about the Time Traveller's absence, and I suggested time travelling, in a half jocular spirit. The Editor wanted that explained to him, and the Psychologist volunteered a wooden account of the "ingenious paradox and trick" we had witnessed that day week. He was in the midst of his exposition when the door from the corridor opened slowly and without noise. I was facing the door, and saw it first. "Hallo!" I said. "At last!" And the door opened wider, and the Time Traveller stood before us. I gave a cry of surprise. "Good heavens! man, what's the matter?" cried the Medical Man, who saw him next. And the whole tableful turned towards the door.

He was in an amazing plight. His coat was dusty and dirty, and smeared with green down the sleeves; his hair disordered, and as it seemed to me greyer—either with dust and dirt or because its colour had actually faded. His face was ghastly pale; his chin had a brown cut on it—a cut half-healed; his expression was haggard and drawn, as by intense suffering. For a moment he hesitated in the doorway, as if he had been dazzled by the light. Then he came into the room. He walked with just such a limp as I have seen in footsore tramps. We stared at him in silence, expecting him to speak.

He said not a word, but came painfully to the table, and made a motion towards the wine. The Editor filled a glass of champagne, and pushed it towards him. He drained it, and it seemed to do him good; for he looked round the table, and the ghost of his old smile flickered across his face. "What on earth have you been up to, man?" said the Doctor. The Time Traveller did not seem to hear. "Don't let me disturb you," he said, with a certain faltering articulation. "I'm all right." He stopped, held out his glass for more, and took it off at a draught. "That's good," he said. His eyes grew brighter, and a faint colour came into his cheeks. His

glance flickered over our faces with a certain dull approval, and then went round the warm and comfortable room. Then he spoke again, still as it were feeling his way among his words. "I'm going to wash and dress, and then I'll come down and explain things. . . . Save me some of that mutton. I'm starving for a bit of meat."

He looked across at the Editor, who was a rare visitor, and hoped he was all right. The Editor began a question. "Tell you presently," said the Time Traveller. "I'm—funny! Be all right in a minute."

He put down his glass, and walked towards the staircase door. Again I remarked his lameness and the soft padding sound of his footfall, and standing up in my place, I saw his feet as he went out. He had nothing on them but a pair of tattered, blood-stained socks. Then the door closed upon him. I had half a mind to follow, till I remembered how he detested any fuss about himself. For a minute, perhaps, my mind was wool gathering. Then, "Remarkable Behaviour of an Eminent Scientist," I heard the Editor say, thinking (after his wont) in headlines. And this brought my attention back to the bright dinner table.

"What's the game?" said the Journalist. "Has he been doing the Amateur Cadger? I don't follow." I met the eye of the Psychologist, and read my own interpretation in his face. I thought of the Time Traveller limping painfully upstairs. I don't think anyone else had noticed his lameness.

The first to recover completely from this surprise was the Medical Man, who rang the bell—the Time Traveller hated to have servants waiting at dinner—for a hot plate. At that the Editor turned to his knife and fork with a grunt, and the silent man followed suit. The dinner was resumed. Conversation was exclamatory for a little while, with gaps of wonderment; and then the Editor got fervent in his curiosity. "Does our friend eke out his modest income with a crossing? or has he his Nebuchadnezzar phases?" he enquired. "I feel assured it's this business of the Time Machine," I said, and took up the Psychologist's account of our previous meeting. The new guests were frankly incredulous. The Editor raised objections. "What *was* this time travelling? A man couldn't cover himself with dust by rolling in a paradox, could he?" And then, as the idea came home to him, he resorted to caricature. Hadn't they any clothes-brushes in the Future? The Journalist, too, would not believe at any

price, and joined the Editor in the easy work of heaping ridicule on the whole thing. They were both the new kind of journalist—very joyous, irreverent young men. “Our Special Correspondent in the Day After To-Morrow reports,” the Journalist was saying—or rather shouting—when the Time Traveller came back. He was dressed in ordinary evening clothes, and nothing save his haggard look remained of the change that had startled me.

“I say,” said the Editor, hilariously, “these chaps here say you have been travelling into the middle of next week!! Tell us all about little Rosebery, will you? What will you take for the lot?”

The Time Traveller came to the place reserved for him without a word. He smiled quietly, in his old way. “Where’s my mutton?” he said. “What a treat it is to stick a fork into meat again!”

“Story!” cried the Editor.

“Story be damned!” said the Time Traveller. “I want something to eat. I won’t say a word until I get some peptone into my arteries. Thanks. And the salt.”

“One word,” said I. “Have you been time travelling?”

“Yes,” said the Time Traveller, with his mouth full, nodding his head.

“I’d give a shilling a line for a verbatim note,” said the Editor. The Time Traveller pushed his glass towards the Silent Man and rang it with his finger nail; at which the Silent Man, who had been staring at his face, started convulsively, and poured him wine. The rest of the dinner was uncomfortable. For my own part, sudden questions kept on rising to my lips, and I daresay it was the same with the others. The Journalist tried to relieve the tension by telling anecdotes of Hettie Potter. The Time Traveller devoted his attention to his dinner, and displayed the appetite of a tramp. The Medical Man smoked a cigarette, and watched the Time Traveller through his eyelashes. The Silent Man seemed even more clumsy than usual, and drank champagne with regularity and determination out of sheer nervousness. At last the Time Traveller pushed his plate away, and looked round us. “I suppose I must apologise,” he said. “I was simply starving. I’ve had a most amazing time.” He reached out his hand for a cigar, and cut the end. “But come into the smoking-room. It’s too long a story to tell over greasy plates.” And ringing the bell in passing, he led the way into the adjoining room.

“You have told Blank, and Dash, and Chose about the machine?”

he said to me, leaning back in his easy chair and naming the three new guests.

“But the thing’s a mere paradox,” said the Editor.

“I can’t argue to-night. I don’t mind telling you the story, but I can’t argue. I will,” he went on, “tell you the story of what has happened to me, if you like, but you must refrain from interruptions. I want to tell it. Badly. Most of it will sound like lying. So be it! It’s true—every word of it, all the same. I was in my laboratory at four o’clock, and since then . . . I’ve lived eight days . . . such days as no human being ever lived before! I’m nearly worn out, but I sha’n’t sleep till I’ve told this thing over to you. Then I shall go to bed. But no interruptions! Is it agreed?”

“Agreed,” said the Editor, and the rest of us echoed “Agreed.” And with that the Time Traveller began his story as I have set it forth. He sat back in his chair at first, and spoke like a weary man. Afterwards he got more animated. In writing it down I feel with only too much keenness the inadequacy of pen and ink—and, above all, my own inadequacy—to express its quality. You read, I will suppose, attentively enough; but you cannot see the speaker’s white, sincere face in the bright circle of the little lamp, nor hear the intonation of his voice. You cannot know how his expression followed the turns of his story! Most of us hearers were in shadow, for the candles in the smoking-room had not been lighted, and only the face of the Journalist and the legs of the Silent Man from the knees downward were illuminated. At first we glanced now and again at each other. After a time we ceased to do that, and looked only at the Time Traveller’s face.

III.

THE STORY BEGINS.

“I told some of you last Thursday of the principles of the Time Machine, and showed you the actual thing itself, incomplete in the workshop. There it is now, a little travel-worn, truly; and one of the ivory bars is cracked, and a brass rail bent; but the rest of it’s sound enough. I expected to finish it on Friday; but on Friday, when the putting together was nearly done, I found that one of the nickel bars was exactly one inch too short, and this I had to get re-made; so that the thing was not complete until this morning. It was at ten o’clock to-day that the first of all Time Machines began its career. I

gave it a last tap, tried all the screws again, put one more drop of oil on the quartz rod, and sat myself in the saddle. I suppose a suicide who holds a pistol to his skull feels much the same wonder at what will come next as I felt then. I took the starting lever in one hand and the stopping one in the other, pressed the first, and almost immediately the second. I seemed to reel; I felt a nightmare sensation of falling; and, looking round, I saw the laboratory exactly as before. Had anything happened? For a moment I suspected that my intellect had tricked me. Then I noted the clock. A moment before, as it seemed, it had stood at a minute or so past ten; now it was nearly half-past three!

“I drew a breath, set my teeth, gripped the starting lever with both hands, and went off with a thud. The laboratory got hazy and went dark. Mrs. Watchett came in, and walked, apparently without seeing me, towards the garden door. I suppose it took her a minute or so to traverse the place, but to me she seemed to shoot across the room like a rocket. I pressed the lever over to its extreme position. The night came like the turning out of a lamp, and in another moment came to-morrow. The laboratory grew faint and hazy, then fainter and ever fainter. To-morrow night came black, then day again, night again, day again, faster and faster still. An eddying murmur filled my ears, and a strange, dumb confusedness descended on my mind.

“I am afraid I cannot convey the peculiar sensations of time-travelling. They are excessively unpleasant. There is a feeling exactly like that one has upon a switchback—of a helpless headlong motion! I felt the same horrible anticipation, too, of an imminent smash. As I put on pace, day followed night, like the flap, flap, flap of some rotating body. The dim suggestion of the laboratory seemed presently to fall away from me, and I saw the sun hopping swiftly across the sky, leaping it every minute, and every minute marking a day. I supposed the laboratory had been destroyed, and I had come into the open air. I had a dim impression of scaffolding, but I was already going too fast to be conscious of any moving things. The slowest snail that ever crawled dashed by too fast for me. The twinkling succession of darkness and light was excessively painful to the eye. Then, in the intermittent darkneses, I saw the moon spinning swiftly through her quarters from new to full, and had a faint, glimpse of the circling stars. Presently, as I went on, still gaining velocity, the palpitation of night and day merged into one continuous greyness; the

sky took on a wonderful deepness of blue, a splendid luminous colour like that of early twilight; the jerking sun became a streak of fire, a brilliant arch, in space, the moon a fainter fluctuating band; and I could see nothing of the stars, save now and then a brighter circle flickering in the blue.

“The landscape was misty and vague. I was still on the hillside upon which this house now stands, and the shoulder rose above me grey and dim. I saw trees growing and changing like puffs of vapour, now brown, now green: they grew, spread, fluctuated, and passed away. I saw huge buildings rise up faint and fair, and pass like dreams. The whole surface of the earth seemed changing—melting and flowing under my eyes. The little hands upon the dials that registered my speed raced round faster and faster. Presently I noted that the sun-belt swayed up and down, from solstice to solstice, in a minute or less, and that, consequently, my pace was over a year a minute; and minute by minute the white snow flashed across the world, and vanished, and was followed by the bright, brief green of spring.

“The unpleasant sensations of the start were less poignant now. They merged at last into a kind of hysterical exhilaration. I remarked, indeed, a clumsy swaying of the machine, for which I was unable to account. But my mind was too confused to attend to it, so with a kind of madness growing upon me I flung myself into futurity. At first I scarce thought of stopping, scarce thought of anything but these new sensations. But presently a fresh series of impressions grew up in my mind—a certain curiosity and therewith a certain dread—until at last they took complete possession of me. What strange developments of humanity, what wonderful advances upon our rudimentary civilisation, I thought, might not appear when I came to look nearly into the dim elusive world that raced and fluctuated before my eyes! I saw great and splendid architectures rising about me, more massive than any buildings of our own time, and yet, as it seemed, built of glimmer and mist. I saw a richer green flow up the hillside, and remain there without any wintry intermission. Even through the veil of my confusion the earth seemed very fair. And so my mind came round to the business of stopping.

“The peculiar risk lay in the possibility of my finding some substance in the space which I, or the machine, occupied. So long as I travelled at a high velocity through time, this scarcely mattered: I was, so to speak, attenuated—was slipping like a vapour through the interstices of

intervening substances! But to come to a stop involved the jamming of myself, molecule by molecule, into whatever lay in my way: meant bringing my atoms into such intimate contact with those of the obstacle that a profound chemical reaction—possibly a far-reaching explosion—would result, and blow myself and my apparatus out of the Rigid Universe—out of all possible dimensions—into the Unknown. This possibility had occurred to me again and again while I was making the machine; but then I had cheerfully accepted it as an unavoidable risk—one of the risks a man has got to take! Now the risk was inevitable, I no longer saw it in the same cheerful light. The fact is that, insensibly, the absolute strangeness of everything, the sickly jarring and swaying of the machine, above all the feeling of prolonged falling, had absolutely upset my nerve. I told myself that I could never stop, and with a gust of petulance I resolved to stop forthwith. Like an impatient fool, I lugged over the lever, and incontinently the thing went reeling over, and I was flung headlong through the air.

H. G. WELLS.

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THE QUANDARY OF THE BISHOP

Being an Episode in the Life of Dick Ryder, otherwise Galloping Dick,
sometime Gentleman of the Road.

THE chance seemed fallen into my hands, and without my expectation. The place was very privy; the sun stood at four of the afternoon, and already the heaven was blackening overhead. A thin cold wind whistled through the empty trees, tossing the snow in spray, and the devil of a hard night was brewing. In the centre of the road and bare to this desolation, the carriage stood forlorn, the shafts half buried in a drift, and the broken wheel full circle to the sky. And there lay the Bishop, reclining against his cushions, with his interrogating eyes upon me.

“You say truly,” said the Bishop suavely, “the Church is ill-served by the minor clergy in some gross particulars.”

He set the tips of his fingers together, and complacently regarded the roof of his coach. I confess that I was mightily taken with his coolness, for he must needs have a notion of my calling, and there he sat, with his smug face uncrinkled, and his great body heaving placidly, as though he had been this half-hour at ease before his fire. I had the fancy to thrust him a little closer and, springing from Calypso, I drew to the carriage and leaned my arms across the window. At this new proximity he appeared to start ever so little, and glanced at me from the edges of his eyes.

“There’s the rub,” said I. “For myself, I am naturally a man of peace, who can split a weasand with his sword upon occasion. I pursue a sound life and a simple calling.” The Bishop bowed in affable audience. “I am content with what goods the world, or chance, provides. If there be some who have brought evil accusations of greed upon me, why, what matters it, if a man’s conscience be right

with God? And you, my lord, will surely know the calamitous and miserable calumniations of our poor human nature?"

The Bishop nodded slowly. "'Tis just," said he, "for tongues will wag"; and returned to the equable contemplation of his cushions. The imperturbable air of those fat features nettled me.

"Sometimes," I resumed, "'tis true that I have fallen away from my own conception of myself. I have suffered from an egregious desire to sound of fine repute; to cut a figure in the world. That vice, we know, lies also in the heart of many a priest."

The Bishop assented gravely. "But 'tis after all but a minor flaw," said I, "in a character of cardinal virtues." The Bishop waved his hand politely, as though deprecating a matter of small import.

"And then——" said I. "But I fear I weary you?" The Bishop straightened himself upon his seat. "Indeed," he replied, "I find your case of much interest and instruction."

I vowed that I would break his resolute equanimity. "No man shall say," I said with some heat, "that the Church has not ever had my inward fealty. Leal son have I been to her. I have paid tithes and given charities. But ofttimes . . . i' faith"—and here I laughed—" 'twas fetched out of some noodle's pocket."

I paused. The Bishop lifted the tips of his fingers apart, and looked at me. "I fear," said he, "that there is no conscience without its grievous burdens."

He nestled more snugly in his cushions, crossed his plump legs, and closed his eyes; and with the act seemed to dismiss me from his presence. I surveyed him for a moment in silence, and with some amazement. Not a point upon his well-ordered body but witnessed to a life of ease and dignity. He was full-fed; his spreading belly was arrogant with appetite; his broad calm face was rich with ample and luxurious wastes. He was built generously upon secure and comfortable years. And there he lay, the rough wind thrashing his warm flesh, obnoxious to the instant handling of a wild highwayman, mumbling a conversation in polite terms, unmoved by danger, and underanged by discomfort. The control of the man was so admirable that I must push it to its limits. "'Fore Heaven," says I to myself, "I will see this fine courage topple down, if I keep sheep by moonlight* for it." I had never a stomach for Mother Church, but this damned ugly

* A pretty pastoral euphemism for "hang in chains."

lump was come near to turn me parson. I leaned over and tapped him on the knee. He opened his eyes with an air of weariness, and fastened them upon me with a faint gesture of apology.

"I fear I have been rude enough to fall asleep," he said.

"Indeed," I answered sharply, "'tis ill manners, as you may see, to split through a gentleman's discourse so lightly. I did myself the honour to begin you my history."

"You must forgive me," said the Bishop, with that wave of his hand. "Pray continue. To be sure. Your history."

"Hark'ee," said I roughly. "You profess yourself a vicar of Heaven. Damn and shrive—these be the transactions of your precious trade! You hold a knife to poor mortal throats, and scare 'em with hell-fires, as I might tickle those thick creases of your own. And which were the greater sin?" I asked with indignation.

"Indeed," said he softly, "you do us both injustice. But 'tis a bitter night for so long and engrossing an argument as this is like to develop between us. 'Twould please me greatly else, and if I may but see you at some other time——" He bowed, and left the invitation in his bow. "But I was to hear your history," says he. "I interrupt you. Pray proceed."

The serenity of his phrases staggered me, and I could do naught but scrape my wits up in a heap and burst out on him. "Fore gad," I broke forth, "I have stopped a man's vitals for less impudence than yours. A bloody priest, forsooth, to prate of justice and of argument! You are a man of Holy Writ. Faugh! Call me a ruffian, a cut-throat, or a vagabond—but I have broke your decalogue into a thousand pieces, and turned and shattered 'em again."

"That," said the Bishop gravely, "lies betwixt yourself and your Maker. 'Tis a pity in so well-favoured a youth as you would seem," and his glance strayed over me deliberately. "But I have known many ruffians like yourself in a long and lively experience."

He put his hand to his coat, and slowly withdrawing a snuff-box, tapped meditatively upon the lid. And at the sight I was divided strangely in a confusion between a roaring sense of laughter and an angry surge of ill-temper. Swinging in the balance uncertainly for a moment, I dropped with a plump at length upon the side of passion. The Bishop was staring into his snuff. I rapped a pistol over his knuckles, and when he looked up he gazed instead down the long hollows of the barrel.

"Come," said I, grinning in my fury, "forth with your precious guineas, or I'll spoil the smooth beauty of those cheeks. I will have you unload your pockets, my fat vicegerent, as I cannot force you disburden your conscience. Off with your jewels and your rings!"

The Bishop inspected the weapon without flinching, and then looked me quietly in the face. "You have been very tedious, my friend," said he. "Indeed, I was in some hopes that my man would have returned ere you had found your spirit for the job."

I could not but admire him even through my irritation, but I kept the muzzle at his head, and cried out impatiently: "Ha' done, my lord, ha' done! 'Tis ill jesting with Dick Ryder on his rounds. Out, out with your long, fat purse."

For the first time in our intercourse a slight smile gleamed in the Bishop's eyes, and his white face fell into deeper corrugations. Withdrawing the rings from his fingers, he placed them with his purse in my hand without a word, and looked at me inquiringly. I clapped the booty in my pockets with a nod of satisfaction, and he dropped back into his seat and slowly re-crossed his legs.

"And now," quoth he, "you will, I trust, allow me to repose in quiet. I have had a long day's journey, and my travels are not yet at their term. Perhaps you will permit me to say that your conversation, which I doubt not would have engaged me very pleasantly upon another occasion, fell somewhat inopportune. I am an old man, and have tired. If you will be so good as to leave me, betwixt now and the return of my coachman with the horses I shall have the felicitous chance of sleep."

"My lord," I answered amiably, for my ill-humour was gone, and I liked the possession of the man, "I wish you the deepest of slumber"—he inclined his head courteously. "And if," says I, "there is any favour you might require of me ere I go, why, damn it," says I, "you shall have it, and welcome."

"My good Ryder, as that is your name," said the Bishop suavely, "nothing in the world, I assure you, save perhaps that you will adjust the window, for the night is falling very shrewd."

I threw Calypso's bridle over my arm and bent myself to his request. As I finished, and was on the point of slapping to the door, the Bishop glanced at me. "I fear," said he, with another smile, "that none of the guineas in that somewhat lean purse will find their way to church. 'Tis, of course, no business of mine. I do not presume to dictate to any

man's conscience. You pay tithes, you say, and give in charity. It is excellent hearing, and I confess that I was in some hope a little earlier, when you vaunted those virtues so proudly, that some of my guineas might perchance come back to me hereafter. But it was a momentary thought only. You know your own trade. I wish you good-night. I fear 'tis a cold ride for you." And he dismissed me with a gentle motion of his hands.

Now I have ever been a fellow of red-hot impulse, and my passions and my humour mingle so strangely and vie so oddly, that I swear I can scarce tell at one moment what fit will take me the next. And at this inimitable farewell, so suavely phrased, and so courteously charged, stinging the while with such faint and friendly satire, I was so vastly tickled that I could not forbear bursting into laughter in that silent road. "The devil take me!" I said, "I love a bishop, and to lighten a brother-wit is monstrously against my stomach. So here's for you, my lord." And with that I swept the purse and the rings at a motion into his apron.

The Bishop stirred and regarded me with mild surprise. Then, smiling and shrugging his heavy shoulders, he replaced the rings slowly upon his hands. "This, I take it, is not repentance?" he asked, thoughtfully.

"Nay," said I jauntily. "Take it for what you will. Call it a whim, conceive it a doting fancy for a tough old cock, or imagine me a penitent ripe for the altar. It matters not so you carry off your jewels in safety."

"You are mistaken, Ryder," said the old gentleman, shaking his head. "Were it a whim, I should expect a sharp change. Should it be a pious penitence, I should have no option save to pursue the gracious miracle—with sound religious advice and the ordinances of the Church. And if it came of a sudden appreciation of, as you say"—he paused—"myself and my poor merits"—he paused again and, having settled his rings, took a pinch of snuff—"I should have a mind to ask your company at dinner."

"Curse me!" I exclaimed, "let us put it at that, then. The cold is peaking my bowels into a very respectable appetite."

The Bishop dusted the snuff from his apron and fell back into his lounge. "You press me too hard," said he, reproachfully. "I am not of so young a blood to take these sharp turns with you"; and he eyed me as if inviting speech.

"The devil!" I retorted warmly. "I will fasten myself upon no man's hospitality. 'Twas of your own notion." "An offer," he explained smoothly, "upon a fitting occasion." "And, well," said I laughing, "what occasion will better this?" The Bishop considered me coldly. "I am to dine," he observed, "with my Lord Petersham, who celebrates to-night the marriage of the Lady Mary." I laughed again. "And you with a broken coach, my lord!" I cried.

The Bishop reflected. "It is true," he replied, "that I am in some difficulty, but my rascals will be here shortly. And that, too," he added, with a smiling blink, "upon the top of yourself, my friend."

"A fig for your rascals!" said I. "They are lucky if they get them a pair of horses within five miles of Wretford this night." The Bishop frowned. "The night is bleak and wild," I continued, "and the snow is piled in deep drifts upon the highways. If your coachman has the road by heart——"

"He is a stranger to these parts," interrupted the Bishop.

"Why, then," I said, "he will reach your lordship by cock-crow, if he reach at all. Or rather, we shall stumble upon his body in some gutter by the way."

"Your suggestions are drawn black, Ryder," sighed the Bishop.

"As black as the night, or my own heart, your lordship," said I gaily.

"And you would propose——?" he asked, after a pause.

"An inn close by, at which you might sup and repose with warmth and comfort. A bottle of wine and a roast loin of veal, my lord; and me, too, Dick Ryder, for company, in admiring witness of your estimable qualities." I concluded with a long congee, and when I looked up again he was watching me with some suspicion.

"Faith," said I, "you have reached me forth a warm invitation, and you would now withdraw? Fie, fie! my lord. But as I may not be your guest for lack of confidence, sink me," says I, "then you shall be mine, and none the worse for that."

The Bishop cocked his head upon one side and scrutinised me carefully.

"Lord, Lord!" I cried, "but here's a doubting Thomas!" And loosening my belt I flung pistols and sword upon his lap.

The Bishop smiled, and took a pistol by the muzzle in a most gingerly manner of distaste. "I have never set off a fire-arm but once," he mused, "and by accident it hit a grocer."

"Pooh!" said I, grinning, "'tis all one, whether of design or

accident. The hole is blown, and the poor groaning soul slides through. And I call you to witness that it is not so much for the meddling of your own fingers as to secure the weapons out of my own reach, and for the sake of these insolent suspicions."

"I do you wrong, Ryder," said the Bishop gravely, "I do you wrong. But I will have none of these detestable things about me." And he pushed them from him with a little grimace of disgust.

"Why, then, let us begin," I urged. "And if you will take my mare, I will put us both upon the proper way to a comfortable retirement."

"And my Lord Petersham," said the Bishop, with a twinkle in his eye, "must wait?"

"Faith, and he must," I answered, "until our stomachs are filled, when I will myself conduct you upon the road."

"Captain Ryder," said the Bishop, lurching clumsily out of the carriage, "I am much in your debt for your insistence."

The darkness had now fallen pretty thick, and the snow lay deep and soft underfoot; but we made safely, if at some pains, down the bye-road which led to Wretford, the Bishop a black lump upon Calypso, and myself straddling the carriage horse which his servant had left. The wind took us in the hindquarters only, and for that I was glad, as it stung like a thousand knives upon the naked face. I was mightily pleased to be out of that bleak night and stowed in a snug warm house: and in this regard I'll warrant the Bishop was none behind me. The inn was empty; but the chamber into which the innkeeper showed us roared with flaming logs, and at the first glow of the light upon the wooden walls the Bishop turned to me and smiled. "We shall do well," he said, "if the supper be in any keeping with this show of comfort."

"And by the Lord, my lord," I put in, "you may trust Dick Ryder for that."

"And now," says he, still smiling and very affably, "is it you that dine with me, or am I determined as the guest?"

"My lord," said I, bobbing to him, for I would take him in his own vein, "we gentlemen of the road claim the honours of the road; and if you will receive the hospitality of the road, your lordship's invitation shall stand over for a better occasion."

I think he was affected by the impudence of my offer, as indeed I had meant him to be, for he chuckled ever so softly, and turning to the fire warmed his hands. "So be it, Ryder, so be it," he said.

My stomach was tolerable enough when the feast was served, and I clapped my spurs under the chair and fell to with all my teeth. And none so backward was his lordship, neither. He snuffed up the rich odours of the stuffed veal with his inordinate nostrils; he breathed in the fine-smelling spiceries with an air; and he took possession of the table with magnificent and easy pomp. The dignified behaviour of the creature, so incongruous to his circumstances, tickled me rarely, and I could have slapped my thigh to see me there, squatting over against such company, with all the graces of an Earl at Court. And first he flings me out his napkin and spreads it evenly across his belly. "And now," says he, "a little grace, Ryder, will come convenient 'twixt you and me. We must e'en consecrate a feast derived one knows not whence."

He spoke so smooth and with so gentle a sarcasm that I should have been a sorry knave to have taken any offence out of his words. Indeed, I had no disposition now to look upon anything save with humour, and the phrase was pat enough in all knowledge.

"If your reverence," says I, "cannot muster prayers for both, why I'll make shift to furbish up a tag for myself."

"'Tis part of episcopal duty," he returned, "to take charge of these small courtesies to our Maker." And with that, having muttered a scrap or so—which did well enough for me, God knows!—he whipped up a knife and fell on the victuals. There was a fulness about his hunger which was much to my mind. The fire roared behind him, and the room was very pleasantly filled with warmth and perfume. I cannot bring to mind that we spoke much or of consequence for the first ten minutes. But somewhere about the third course (an extremely well jugged hare), and when for my own part the edge of my appetite was blunting, I looked up and met the Bishop's eye, which was fixed upon me meditatively. He raised his glass and sipped of the claret slowly; set it down upon the table; and pinching up his eyes the while, stared thoughtfully from it to me and from me to it again.

"Of a cold hard night, Ryder," said he, picking out his words, "a warm soft wine lines a stomach gratefully. We oppose opposites in the meetest sense; and, to take my own poor judgment, the frankest advice, if it be for the common comfort, consists with the most polite and sacred usages of society. This wine——?" He paused and inquired of me in silence.

I brought my fist with a thump upon the board. "Sink me for a

scurvy worthless loon," said I angrily, for I was in a blush of shame to have played so evil a trick on him. I took a draught myself, and plumped down the glass with an oath. "'Tis so, by Heaven," I said; "cold harsh stuff and biting to the vitals." And I sprang at the door to call upon mine host.

"I felt," explained the Bishop politely, "that some point was askew in a dinner else so perfect."

I roared to the landlord, who came falling up the stairs in his fuss and fright. I took him in by the shoulders and drubbed him with round abuse. "Perish my soul," I cried, "you filthy tapster, to fub off upon the Bishop and me, this griping verjuice, that is fit not even for a surfeit of swine! Are we gutter hogs," I said, "to swill on swipes and sour the edges of our teeth on vinegar? And his lordship there of as delicate a stomach as any lady in the straw!"

There was never a wretch made so mean a figure as the rascal when I had him by the collar under this storm; but the Bishop said nothing till the fool was got off, shambling in a fit of terror, to his cellars. Then he lay back and looked at me very mildly.

"There is a certain rough vigour in your tongue, Ryder," said he, "and of scurril terms you have a most remarkable empire. But it sounds so strangely in my ears that it has fallen with something of a clap upon me. I will not criticise my host," says he, "and to cross the habits of a life smacks of a meddling Anabaptist. But, an' you must march in your full habit as a man, 'Bishop' were best left unsaid, Ryder, and 'his lordship' might with profit hold over till the blood runs cool. You will observe that I tuck up my apron for convenience."

"You speak well, my lord," I replied penitently, "and if you will be so good as shrive for the sacrilege, split me, I'll hold by your directions for the future." And here came the flasks with the innkeeper, which, uncorking, we dipped our noses in a rare old burgundy. My lord held up his head and blinked at me good-humouredly across the table. "For all that I will not deny," said he, "the value of such vigour."

We drank again. The wine was rarely generous. The Bishop drained his glass and poured it full afresh. He beamed at me, and twirled the shank between his fingers and against the light.

"'Twas an admirable thought, Ryder," he said, smiling, "that you should have recalled this inn. I wonder, now, where that laggard coachman of mine may be?"

"Deep to his neck in drifts," I suggested, with a laugh.

"'Twould be a pity," said the Bishop, shaking his head, "an ill bed upon a bitter night. But let us hope," he added cheerfully, "that the rascal is kicking his heels by a comfortable fire." "And drinking some such noble liquor as his master," I put in. The Bishop laughed, showing his fine white teeth. He laughed, and drank again. "And yet," said he, moralising, "rightly thought on, Ryder, these afflictions and visitations of the weather have still their divine uses." I cocked my eye at him, in wonder, to see him break out in this preaching fashion. "They teach us, Ryder, to cast up the blessings of our homes, and they are uncommon fine in titillating an appetite," he ended, with a chuckle.

"And a thirst, by your lordship's leave," I added, addressing myself to the wine.

The Bishop's eyes followed the dusty flask, and lingered upon it with thoughtfulness. "We will have another," said I, promptly, rising to my feet. "Another?" said the Bishop dubiously. "Why, yes, another," I repeated, with decision, "I am no sand-bed, but I am no stop-the-bottle, neither." "Well, then, another," assented the Bishop, with a sigh.

When I took my seat again, the Bishop was contemplating me with some solicitude. "You have a wife, Ryder?" he asked. "I have as good," I answered, "and as pretty a doxy as lives this side of London. Here's to her health," said I.

The Bishop took out his snuff-box, and, tapping it very carefully, "I do not know," said he, "if there be any sufficient authority for the relation in canon law, but 'twill serve, doubtless, for my argument."

"And for our toast, my lord," said I stoutly. The Bishop looked at me, his eyes twinkled suddenly, and he lifted his glass. "And for our toast, as you have well observed, Ryder," he agreed.

In the pursuit of my business I have had occasion to mingle in a variety of company. I have dined with the Lord Chief Justice—not with his will, to be sure; I have encountered a Royal Prince; and I have entertained several noble ladies and gentlemen of title upon compulsion. Altogether I have a tolerable acquaintance among the quality. But the Bishop was more to my taste than the most amiable among them; and when he spoke of Polly Scarlett in such kindly terms, the friendliness went straight to my heart, and I reached over my hand and stuck it at him.

"My lord," says I, "you take me by the heart, and, 'fore Heaven, if you had a score of purses you should go free of the confraternity. As one gentleman of the road should speak to another, so do I speak to

you. And now, if there be any toast your lordship may be nursing in his desires, do not smother it up," said I, "but unwrap it and show it forth, and I will drink it, though it should be to the topsman himself."

"I am under infinite obligations for the favour, Ryder," said the Bishop, bowing at me, "but I fear I have no one for this honour."

"Come," I protested, "roll 'em all in your mind, my lord, and turn 'em over on your tongue. I'll warrant there's a pretty woman somewhere at the back."

The Bishop seemed to consider, and shook his head gravely. "It appears, Ryder," said he, "that you are too sanguine. We will leave the tribute where it stands."

"Then," I exclaimed, "sure, we will drink without it." And I pushed over the flask. The Bishop daintily filled his glass with his fat fingers, and we drank once more. His stomach merged over the table: it ranged collateral with the wine, and tickled me with the notion of some great vat beside the empty bottles. I shook with laughter, and the Bishop smiled genially. "Speaking as one gentleman of the road would to another, Ryder," says he, "I declare I have never kept such disreputable company in my life."

I have confessed the wine was rich and cordial: it flowed warmly through my veins, and set my head high and whirling like a weather-cock. And at this jest I fell to laughing louder, for the thrust appeared to me a piece of pretty wit. I smacked my thigh, and bellowed till the rheum ran over my eyes, and at last I pulled up and found the Bishop very quiet and fallen into a kind of abstraction. In my merry mood I took this ill; for a gentleman must needs complete a bargain to the end, and I hate your sour looks and solemn faces.

"Look'ee, my lord," I cried, with some choler, "if 'tis my Lord Petersham that you are regretting, why have it out, and let us finish your thoughts aloud." The Bishop lifted his eyebrows with a faint expression of amusement. "I vow, Ryder," said he, "that I had clean forgot my Lord Petersham,"

"That is well," I returned, dropping back into my chair. "But," he continued, thoughtfully, "in truth, now that you recall me to my duty, I must remember also that pleasure has an end."

He rose, and I rose with him. "My lord," I said, for I was all for a long night, "it would ill become me to press you from your duty, but if you will consider the night——"

"Ah, Ryder," he interrupted, smiling graciously, "pray do not beset a poor sinner with temptations." He stood before the fire, warming his legs. "This has been a pleasant encounter," said he, "and now I will keep you to your promise."

As he put it in that way, I had no more words against his purpose, and, having settled the score, we set forth again upon the horses, myself this time upon Calypso. The night was still very bitter, but I, at least, was warm with wine, and I think the Bishop, too, was full enough for comfort. Yet the cold edge of the wind somewhat reduced my fervour, and where I was rolling three-parts-free in liquor ten minutes back, I was now mainly sobered and continent of all my senses. I knew the land by rote, and we proceeded easily by lanes and windings, through a grievous slush of snow, until, at the end of half an hour, we came out on the ridge of the hill (I knew it of old) which lies in the rear of my Lord Petersham's castle.

At the crossroads the Bishop reined in his horse, and turned to me. "I think, Ryder," said he, but courteously, "that we shall be well quit of each other here. I make a dull companion for youth, and you have, doubtless, a long ride before you."

"Dull," said I, "be hanged! I'll wager upon you before all the bucks of town."

The Bishop smiled. "So rich a testimony from yourself, Ryder," he observed, "should go far to keep me in repute."

"You may have it and welcome, my lord," I answered. "And here," I added, as a noise of wheels came up the hill, "no doubt you will find some friends with whom I may leave you."

I could hear the horses snorting and the heavy carriage creaking, as it strained slowly to the top.

"Ryder," said the Bishop, after a pause, and looking at me quizzically, "I am like to eat worse dinners than to-night's, and to meet much poorer entertainment."

At that moment the heads of the horses came popping over the rise. "Why, as for entertainment," says I jovially, for the devil, somehow, took me all in a second, "'tis not all at an end, neither, I can promise you." For the fancy caught me up of a sudden, and rapt me off in the maddest of whimsics; and as the carriage rolled out into the moonlight I beckoned the Bishop forward and rode up in his company. I was not two minutes over the business. There was the postilion imploring mercy on his knees, the woman shrieking, the gentleman himself

swearing a stream of oaths, and my pistol through the window—the whole rare picture in a flash!

“Why, what is this?” stammered the Bishop in amazement. “What—why——” And his horse, backing and plunging under his clumsy handling, saved me the rest of his protest. But, seizing the bridle in my left hand, I forthwith brought his nose up to the window.

“Sir,” said I, politely, to the man in the coach, “the frost holds hard, and the snow lies heavy, and my friend and I, lacking purses of our own, must needs borrow of our neighbours to carry us to that excellent host, my Lord Petersham’s. And as on this great occasion of the Lady Mary’s marriage, we should think shame to do things with a niggard hand, why, we are fain to dip deep into your pockets. I am sure,” said I, with a glance at the lady, “that this lamentable condition of my friend in particular, for I am of younger and more vigorous blood, will merit the tender consideration of the sex.”

I could have fallen off the mare for laughter, and for the first time in the adventures of that night I caught a look of consternation stamped upon the Bishop’s face. But as for the couple in the coach, they made no more ado after their first emotion. I have the repute of a manner, which, though it becomes me little to brag of it, carries me forward in my business without much trouble. The purses were flung out (one, as I live, at the Bishop), the window was closed, and the horses were slapping down the hill, ere the Bishop’s face had lost its frown or his tongue found words. I turned and met him squarely, but I was in a sweat to keep from laughing. He bit his lip, and at the sight of his discomfiture, I could contain myself no longer, but broke into merriment. He was most horribly taken aback, I vow. But “This is unseemly, Ryder,” was all he said; repeating it sharply then and there, “This is unseemly.”

I gave him some foolish retort, for I was cackling like a hen, and, steering his horse round quickly, he started down the hill at a leisurely pace. But he had not gone very far ere I was on him, and catching at the reins of his horse, I gave him the barrel at his eye.

“Nay, nay, my lord,” I said, “’tis discourteous to take such brief leave of a friend and companion. You shall have your share, honourably enough. Dismiss your dudgeon. Meanness was never cried of Galloping Dick. We shall take part together. Come, you and I are engaged for a fine evening’s pleasuring.”

And with that I let him snatch a glimmer of the pistol. He stared at me reflectively for a space, with a frown upon his forehead, and then shrugged his shoulders after a foreign fashion of his. "It seems," said he, "that, having made free with the Devil, I must e'en abide his company."

"That is so," I retorted on him, grinning, "and 'tis not the first time the Church has made friends with him."

"'Tis a lesson," said the Bishop, continuing his thoughts, "one might protest, against bodily indulgence."

"Fie! fie!" I said, "a wit turned preacher?"

"I will have you observe, Ryder," says he, with asperity, "that I am still your guest." His ease had not deserted the man, even in his anger, and I would have made him a decent apology for the sneer, had not the rumble of approaching wheels detracted my attention.

"It appears," said the Bishop calmly, "that the post is well chosen, and you are like to capture all his lordship's guests."

"We, my lord, we!" I cried, laughing. "Of myself, I make no pretensions to courage, but, buckled with a fine fat fellow like yourself, I am fit to hold the road against a regiment of his Majesty."

I declare that I had no anticipation of the event at the outset. The act was merely incidental; but when I smote the Bishop's horse upon the rump, he put up his forelegs and plunged out upon the road, fetching his head, with a crash, through the window of the carriage as it pulled up. Confusion fell in a moment, and a frightened face shrank into the interior of the coach. The Bishop himself, for he was an indifferent horseman, being heavy above the saddle, was flung in a lump across the mane, and sat looking in at the window with a very red and angry face. He was a formidable fellow, with great thick eyebrows, and I swear it was as much the contortion of his ugly features as my own appearance with the pistol that finished the business on the spot. And he was scarce back in the seat ere the carriage was bowling away down the road. Then it was, perhaps, that I had most occasion to admire the man, for, righting himself with some labour, and settling his hat anew, he blew like a porpoise for some minutes. At the end he drew out his box with great difficulty, and, turning to me, tapped it after his habit; and, says he, snuffing: "That was the Lady Crawshaw," says he. "'Twas the last week but one I dined with her."

"I trust," said I, "that she served your lordship well?"

"Indifferent, Ryder," he declared, "indifferent only. She has a shrewish tongue, and can keep no cook of parts. Indifferent; and the wine, too, after a woman's heart." Then, "You will observe, Ryder," he said, presently, "that I am an old man, and, however exciting the adventure, that the wind bites hard."

"My lord," I replied, bowing, for I was still under the spell of his demeanour, "I can ill afford to lose so useful a comrade, and there is the hedge for shelter against our next enterprise."

Perhaps it was scarce what he had expected, but he made no reply, and soon a coach came once more over the brow of the hill. This time I had the job in hand with ease. The Bishop, resigned to the impotency of his predicament, sat like a statue, motionless and unprotesting. He accompanied me to the door and watched; I even thought he smiled. And when it was over, he snuffed again with an appearance of pleasure. "That," he observed, with his thumb at his nostrils, "was Sir Peter Duncombe, who refused me once a peal of bells upon the score of poverty."

I jingled the purse. "Why, here," I said, "is some three hundred goldfinches, or I am no judge of pudding. In truth we are in luck. You shall still have your bells, my lord."

The Bishop glanced at me aslant, and, showing his teeth, laughed silently. "Upon my soul, Ryder," he said, "you are a rare paymaster."

I was already in excellent temper, but his humour fairly set my head buzzing; and on the next episode of the night I was flushed with my own roaring spirits, as though I had been still drunken in the inn. And no sooner was the sound of horses' hoofs come up the hill but I caught the Bishop by the arm and, horse by horse, we took the road. "Here, comrade," said I, "faith, we have, as it seems, a fuller job to our hands." For at the moment two horsemen cantered into the cross-ways. "Two merry young bloods from London town," said I, "who, I dare swear, have some spunk in the pair of them. But forward, forward, my bold cavalier! And we'll lay the gallants by the heels ere they so much as darkle at us." And clapping a pistol in the Bishop's hand, I pricked up Calypso and rode forward to meet them.

I swept upon the two like a whirlwind, the Bishop by my side clinging to his pommel, his apron flapping indecorously in the wind; and ere they had sense of our business we were side by side with them under the light of the moon. At the first sight of my firearm the young buck upon the hither side drew up his reins with dispatch, and his

beast came down upon its haunches, while the other opened his mouth and gaped vacantly at me.

"Hold, my pretty culleys," said I smoothly, "for my lord and I have a little catechism for your ears."

I tell the tale to my own discredit, but I was nigh mad with excitement and the humours of the evening had drove all my wits afloat. But the truth is that I saw the fellow fumbling at his holster, and my own pistol was at the other's head; and so, with never a thought, I called merrily to the Bishop to stop him. "Show your mettle," says I, laughing. "Show your mettle, good my lord."

"Why in sooth, with all my heart," says the Bishop smartly. And with that, all of a sudden—I blush to tell it, sure!—there was a cold nose at my temple, and the Bishop's face, looking devilishly wicked, smirking into mine!

The thing took me sharply aback, and there was I, staring like a fool, and, for once in my life, with never a word to say for myself. But not so the Bishop. "'Tis a pretty sort of triangular duel," says he pleasantly, "in which it seems I have the least to lose. But I trust it may be averted with a little discretion and humility. Drop your weapon," says he sharply.

He had me as safe as a fowl trussed for the table, and I could do nothing but follow his order. Thereupon the two cravens, coming to themselves, and eager to be quit with sound skins and full purses, whipped round their horses and made off; and the Bishop and I were left together in the road. My lord regarded me maliciously, and at last, breaking into a something foolish laugh, I found my tongue. "Why, one gentleman of the road to rob another!" says I. "'Tis monstrous, my lord."

"You will have a better knowledge of the etiquette than myself, who am but a novice, Ryder," says he, mightily pleased with himself.

"For a guest to rum-pad his host!" I urged. "'Tis beyond all manners."

"Faith, I am so new to the trade that you must pardon me if I am blind to these delicate distinctions," said the Bishop, chuckling.

"Come," I remonstrated, "this jest is after all in ill season. Put down that pistol."

"The thought came into my head of a sudden," mused the Bishop. "Indeed, it was of your own inspiration."

"An' you do not," I cried angrily; "the devil take me but I will shortly blast your ugly head from off your shoulders."

"And 'twas well I took lessons from so excellent a master as yourself," returned the Bishop. "It had been disastrous to have mistook the barrel."

"Well," said I sulkily, "if you will act with this gross dishonour, pray, what terms are you pleased to make?"

"Why, here is reason," says the Bishop smiling, "and a very proper spirit of contrition. And, for the night does not mend and my bones are old, I will not keep you longer. First, and to secure the good name of the Church which stands committed in myself, you shall return me all those purses."

"Half had been your share without this foolish piece of comedy," I interrupted moodily.

"Which," he went on, still smiling, "I will endeavour to restore to their several owners. Secondly, you will retire to the foot of the crossways, and I myself will watch you gallop out of sight within three minutes of the clock. Thirdly—", quoth he.

"Thirdly," said I, with a laugh. "Why here is all the fashion of a sermon!"

"And this," he observed, "is a point to which I will entreat your best attention—you will rescind my invitation to the Palace, which, you will recall, was bespoke in general, not in particular. And, for corollary to this same item, Ryder," says he with a whimsical look, "should we meet, as by some strange chance of Heaven we may, I exact that you shall not hail me for a boon fellow before the world."

"Offered," said I suddenly, "like a worthy Bishop, and accepted like a good highwayman. And here's my hand on it," said I.

And at that, flinging off Calypso, I sprang up at him and clutched the wrist that held the pistol.

The Bishop was fat and old and awkward, but for all that he was no child at pap, and he made a gallant wrench or two for liberty. He struggled with my hands, heaving his poor old shoulders up and down with stiff ungainly motions till I fell to laughing again, and had well-nigh desisted for laughter. But then, all of a sudden, there came a sharp little crack, a hard smack fell on my leg, and the flesh of it pinched and burned and tingled as if it had been scratched by the devil. I hopped and danced upon the snow, and swore out my soul; and then, jerking out my sword, I limped forward, and, seizing the Bishop's bridle, put

the point swiftly to his breast. He never blenched, but looked critically and with interest at my leg. "That," said he mournfully, "is but my second shot, and the pity of it is that both hit of accident."

I could not have helped it; his face and the words set me off once more; and dropping my blade I put my knuckles in my hips and shouted with laughter. The Bishop waited, and when at length I came to a pause he looked at me with interrogation. "I suppose," says he, "that I shall not now have even my own half of the booty?"

"Take it," I shouted, bursting out afresh, "take it all, and go in God's name, or whoever be your master. I would not rid the Establishment of such a pillar—no, not for salvation from the Pit."

And, flinging the bags at his apron, I mounted Calypso and rode off, laughing still.

H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

THE GARDENER

FOR the light heart or heavy heart
 Medicine. Set thou a time apart,
 And garden-wards thyself betake
 With pot and hoe and spade and rake.

Mark thou thy garden,—neither spare
 Thyself as honest labourer.
 Break thou the earth, and turn withal,
 So the live airs thereon shall fall.

Then set thy little seeds in rows,
 With the kind earth for swaddling clothes;
 And these shall presently awake
 And into life and praise shall break.

Hoe, thin, and water then, that these
 May spread their growing limbs at ease;
 And prune the vaulting boughs lest they
 Should dwindle for the warmth of day.

Soon shall the sweet Spring trumpets ring,
And all the world sing songs for Spring ;
Then from the wormy bed shall rise
Creatures that wear the peacock's eyes.

No man shall childless go who hath
Raised these sweet babies out of death.
O peachy cheeks and goldilocks,
And maids in rose and scarlet frocks !

Here shall resort the butterfly,
The birds set up their loves hereby.
The mealy-mouthèd bee shall come
For honey for his queen at home.

Brown shall the man grow, being wooed
With the sun's kisses, brave and good,
Shall be an-hungered and, being fed,
Shall find his bed a golden bed.

Squirrels and hares and gamesome things,
With all sweet folk that go on wings,
Shall sit with him when he shall eat
And ask a blessing on his meat.

The wonders of the skies for him
Shall open, nor his eyes be dim ;
And sceing the first leaf unfold,
He shall praise God an hundredfold.

Yea, he shall learn from his employ
How God turns mourning into joy,
And from earth's graves calls up at last
His flowers when all the Winter's past.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE TEACHING OF NAVAL HISTORY

THE recent great revival of intelligent interest in the Navy is having its effect on the book trade. It is again beginning to be thought worth while to encourage the writing of studies of Naval History. Much has been done by Admiral Colomb to make us all understand that no estimate of any value can be formed of what will happen except by arguing from what is known to have happened, which—again—can only be learned by the reading of Naval History. The flat, uninspired, almost brainless character of the works on the subject produced by our own writers had made the study repulsive; but Captain Mahan has shown that there is no necessity that a Naval History should be a mere dull chronicle, arranged in no order except the chronological, enlightened by no discussion of principles, and brought into no connexion with the general march of the world's affairs. Captain Mahan, who possesses in a remarkable degree the faculty of looking at all the evidence, and of reasoning coherently thereon, has raised the level of all writing on Naval History. He is more quoted than read, to judge by the use which is often made of his name; but he has given an impulse to the study of Naval History, which is already beginning to have its effect.

We have at last begun to turn seriously to the consideration of this great part of our doings in the world; and that, not only to find picturesque incidents, stirring adventures, or even heroic figures of fighters but, in order that we may understand the nature and the growth of the most effectual of all our instruments of Empire. The formation of the Navy Records Society is a long step in the right direction. The first thing to do is to collect evidence. This is the function of the Society, and it has begun well with two very presentable, or even handsome, volumes, edited by Professor Laughton. Captain Robinson, R.N., has in the meantime been at work on lines of his own. His stout volume, *The British Fleet* (London: Bell), will do much—will do, indeed, far more than any book with which I am

acquainted—to explain what “the growth and achievements” of the navy have been and what its “duties” are. Captain Robinson has not undertaken to write a history of the Navy, but a description of it, as it has been and as it now is. This includes, indeed, a very sound and clear estimate of its work in the main lines as well as an account of its organisation, both civil and military, its “ships, persons, customs, and social life.” The “150 reproductions of paintings, prints, and drawings” will bring the old navy and the new within the ken of many to whom they have been exceedingly obscure. Few more industrious pieces of compilation have been executed in our time. Moreover, it is no mere compilation; for Captain Robinson has ideas, has principles, a sense of humour, a good faculty for arranging, and he writes English which is very far indeed beyond the reach of the book maker.

As books always come with a rush as soon as any subject has once established a reputation for popularity, it is almost a matter of course that Captain Robinson has not been working alone. Mr. Hamilton Williams, “Instructor in English Literature to Naval Cadets in H.M.S. Britannia,” has run almost a neck-and-neck race with him. Mr. Williams makes so little pretence in his “Preface” that it would be a pleasure to speak well of his little book. Unfortunately *Britain's Naval Power, a Short History of the Growth of the Navy from the earliest time to Trafalgar* (London: Macmillan), is only another attempt in what one cannot help calling the old almanack style. There is no longer any need—nor, for that matter, any sufficient excuse—for a history of our Navy, whether short or long, which says nothing of organisation and inner life, does not even divide the fighting into campaigns, and makes no effort to show how the successful, or unsuccessful, use of a naval force acts on the growth of commerce, on the formation of colonies, and serves to make or unmake the power of nations.

With more or less success, then, the work of writing our Naval History as it most assuredly deserves to be written has, at length, begun. It is not a task which will be soon exhausted: for the harvest, in this case, is much like that which Drake went to reap on the Isthmus of Panama—a harvest of the mines. There is digging to be done, and much of it. Meanwhile, the more attention we pay to even as much of the history of our Navy as is accessible, the better. No study, for one thing, gives more frequent occasion to praise our famous men and the fathers who begat us: a most wholesome practice. And then, to turn to humbler but still important uses, the more we know of what has

been, the better chance we shall have of winning some clue to guide us through the multitude of debates, assertions, warnings, prophecies, and what not which go on over the condition of our Navy, the strength of our Navy, and the use of our Navy. No presumption of the future which is not based on memory of the past can be more than guess work. We have no means of judging what naval force will suffice our needs, unless we argue from what has sufficed them. We cannot guess how victory is to be won, or what the consequences of defeat will be, unless we gather knowledge from the contemplation of old victories and old defeats. This use of the records is never at once easy and honest. Mr. Froude said (and proved in his example) that the facts of history are like the letters of the alphabet: you can make any word you like with them, provided you select exactly those you want. But if we are to argue to any purpose from the evidence we have as to the past, we must take all the known facts and the conditions into account.

That any such use is made of our Naval History will not, I am sure, be maintained by anybody knowing much about it, who watches contemporary controversies with due attention. Examples in numbers might easily be quoted, but one or two will suffice. There has been a lively discussion of late, among persons writing letters to *The Times*, over the cause of Sir John Jervis's retreat from the Mediterranean in 1796. Much was said as to the influence of the advance of the French armies in Italy, with other high "strategical" matters, on the English Admiral's decision. Nothing was said of the very simple—not high nor anywise "strategical"—influence which finally induced Jervis to get outside the Straits of Gibraltar. His subordinate, Rear-Admiral Man, stung by some gadfly or other, went off to England with seven out of his twenty-two ships of the line: so weakening him that he could not possibly strike his blow at the united French and Spanish fleets. We know what Jervis did with fifteen sail against twenty-seven Spaniards on St. Valentine's Day in 1797. We know that the French ships were in a wretched condition, manned by mobs which had lost the habit of obedience, and officered by the kind of unwashed ruffian described by Lady Elliot in her letters from Corsica. Jervis knew it too, and would not have retreated if he had had twenty-two fine ships to expose to thirty-eight "regular built privateers," and they not even concentrated. But with fourteen to thirty-eight the odds against him were too long. Surely all arguments based on a review of these transactions, which omit

the inexplicable mistake of Man, are not worth pen and ink? That officer's unexpected return home in disobedience to orders was the determining circumstance, and it proves nothing "strategical" at all: it only shows that subordinate officers who go off with the third part of a force may leave their superiors in a very disagreeable position—which is a self-evident proposition.

Again, when large deductions are drawn from events in our Naval History, as to the numbers needed for this work or for that, no notice is ever taken of those hide-bound principles of tactics on which our Admirals fought for a century. The two old formulas—"van to van, centre to centre, rear to rear" and "every man his bird"—sum these up, and they made any kind of decisive fighting impossible. Jervis himself, who was able and fierce, wrote to Jackson of the Admiralty after Keppel's battle with d'Orvilliers, that no such thing as a decisive naval battle was possible unless both Admirals were agreeable, or unless one of them "bitches it so as to misconduct his line." This was a confession that in naval warfare there was no such thing as making your enemy come down and fight; yet Howe proved conclusively that such a thing there was, in that series of masterly manœuvres by which he forced Villaret-Joyeuse to give him battle on June 1st. Are we to take it for granted that our Admirals are to be blinded by pedant rules? History, too, must be curiously read by those who take it for granted, as everybody appears to do, that every naval war must end in the supremacy of one side or the other. It is true that, owing to financial and political causes, our enemies at sea have generally ended by falling prone. The exhaustion of France by the wars of Louis XIV, the exhaustion of Holland by the French attack on her frontier, the withering of the brains and energy of Spain, have done half our work in the past. Will the same conditions be repeated? Who can answer that they will? We know, also, from the example of the American War of 1778-1783 that a long naval struggle may be fought out to the supremacy of neither party. What has happened once may happen again. This instance, too, is not without encouragement to us. It is constantly said that, unless we are "supreme," we must be ruined. Well, in that war we were *not* supreme: we had to recognise the independence of the Plantations, to disgorge Minorca and Florida. But the trunk of our power was uninjured; we gained in the East as much as we lost in the West; and within three years we had taken such a leap forward as landed us at a higher pitch of wealth and power than

we had reached in the triumphant Seven Years' War. What has happened once may happen again.

Properly done, it were an excellent and a useful work to subject to critical examination the terms too often used in controversies on the state and use of the Navy. What, for example, is "an expert"? Which is the expert when Lord Howe and Lord St. Vincent differ? It would be serviceable, also, to have a precise definition of the word "blockade." Sometimes it is used as meaning the maintenance outside an enemy's ports of such an overwhelming force as makes it impossible for him to come out; sometimes as meaning only the keeping there of such a force as can fight him if he does come out; the two things are very different. It would lead one very far a-field to take the whole vocabulary word by word; but there are two, which are much in vogue, of such importance that it is worth while to consider them at some length. They point to the root of the matter, and in the long run everything depends on the meanings we read into them.

The first is the common and, on the face of it, simple word "equal." It is constantly said that our Navy must be "equal" to the next two, or the next three, as the case may be. Now, precise as it looks, the term is as badly in need of definition as any. Two twelve-stone men are in no wise "equal" in the ring if one of them has a marked superiority of condition, skill, and pluck; and, even if they were "equipollent" in those respects, they would still not fight on an equality if one of them were condemned to have the sun in his eyes. Again, two average boxers of, respectively, nine and eight stone weight are not, and cannot be, "equal" to one first-class bruiser scaling seventeen. Nobody who possesses even a slight knowledge of the history of war by land or sea will say that this last comparison is unfair, for only one thing has been more conclusively proved by experience than this: that a coalition is at a disadvantage as compared to a homogeneous force. When, then, we are told that the English Navy must be "equal" to the next two, a great deal remains to be said. If the phrase mean that it is to be "equal" in ships and guns, and also to possess that general superiority in skill, enterprise, and confidence which the English Navy has commonly had, well and good! In that case the English Navy may be trusted to make an example of any probable coalition which shall dare to meddle with England. But if "equality" includes not only quantity but quality as well, then no such capacity as is implied in the term will give us supremacy, nor anything approaching to supremacy. For the one thing which is more

conclusively proved than any other by the history of war is just this : that victory falls to quality, and not to quantity. Napoleon, who lied freely about matters of fact, but who never talked falsely about the principles of his art, said that, in war, moral force is to physical as three is to one. Moral force is another name for the confidence which comes from conscious superiority. The foundations of it are natural courage and skill. Where it exists, even a decided inferiority of numbers can be made good ; where it is wanting, not even a large superiority will give supremacy. Nay, there are innumerable instances to show that it will not avert defeat.

This ought to be platitude ; but, platitudinous as it should be, it is habitually forgotten. In all the immense mass of writing about our Navy, scarce anybody is ever found arguing for the need there is to make it essentially better than our neighbours'. Now and then, indeed, it is said that more ships imply more men : which is perfectly true, and is very necessary to be insisted upon. But it is equally true that no effort should be spared to make the men better. Unluckily, there is reason to believe that this also is necessary to be said. The subject is a difficult one to handle. There is even a certain appearance of impertinence about the layman who expresses an opinion on a matter which he has not been professionally trained to judge. But I believe that the impertinence is only in appearance. In saying that the officers and the men of to-day are not allowed sufficient opportunities of learning their business where alone it is to be learnt—namely, at sea—I am but repeating what the most of those who can judge from personal experience assert to be the truth. It is a notorious fact that an immensely disproportionate amount of a young officer's, or a young blue-jacket's time is spent in harbour, and in one or another kind of schoolroom work. The answer is familiar to us all. It is generally a variation on this theme : that we live in a scientific age, and that the one thing needful is science. To this the one sufficient rejoinder is : that until the whole nature of things is changed from top to bottom, the man who has to fight and live on the sea must be trained on the sea. Harbour practice is all very well for harbour work ; but it will not train the men who are to be trusted " in a storm, and in the dark." A Navy that is not to be trusted in those conditions can neither use the superiority it may have nor make good an inferior strength. It is characteristic of this " mechanical age " that so many of us are found to take it for granted that safety lies in the possession of a very great many machines. It is rarely said in so

many words, that habitual skill and that habit of working at sea, which can only be formed by long practice begun early, are of subordinate value; but nine out of ten writers about the Navy appear to take it for granted that they are, since they do not think them worth talking about. Infinite pains are taken to prove that one coalition or another has thirty-three battle-ships to our thirty-two, and so forth; the changes are rung—rung even to weariness—on lists of ships built, building, and ordered to be built; French vessels which have been broken up, or are not half finished, or are not even designed, are constantly held up *in terrorem*. But, meanwhile, no effective or intelligent interest is excited by this essential question: are the crews we have put in the way of learning how to make the very utmost use of the ships we have? It would be a change for the better, as well as a novelty, if somebody, instead of moving for a return of the several strengths of European navies, would call for a return showing what amount of time is spent at sea—not, be it observed, in a “seagoing ship,” but actually at sea and on an average—by an officer before he becomes a lieutenant, and by a blue-jacket before he becomes a seaman gunner.

Through nearly all the writing on the Navy which has come in my way, there runs a curious tacit assumption that we must expect to find our next enemy afloat quite equal to ourselves in skill and in the habit of the sea; but nothing ought less willingly to be taken for granted. With superior skill and a better habit of the sea in the crews, ships can be made to last longer and to stay out longer, which makes them equivalent to greater numbers. And we can secure that advantage if we like. A Navy which gets its men by voluntary enlistment, and keeps them—at least in considerable numbers—for long service, has itself to blame if it do not attain to a higher level of efficiency than a navy recruited by conscription. A long-service army may be swamped by the strength of an army raised under the universal service system. But that system cannot be applied to a navy. Multitudes of men taken at the age of twenty cannot be turned into crews of ships. Therefore, perfection of training has its full advantage on the sea, and we are better able to attain to it than any Power in Europe. Our potential enemies must keep their men for a comparatively short time—they are even constrained to employ a certain number for the summer months alone; and the fault will be wholly ours if our crews have not as great an advantage over them as the choice crews of the American frigates in 1812 had over the

ill-manned and ill-practised complements of some of ours. If Naval History have any lesson to teach at all it is that, if this be the case, a superiority in mere ships on the part of a coalition will go for very little. It is not at all necessary to let the supposed coalition have that superiority: seeing that we build ships about twice as fast as anybody else, we have the means to prevent it if we like. But the great thing is the quality of the crews. As long as we have that advantage we can afford to look on mere numbers with comparative indifference. If any hostile Power shall choose to emulate the mistakes of the Spaniards in the last century: namely, to build twice as many ships as it can properly man: that hostile Power will see its fleets disposed of, as the Spaniards were at St. Vincent. Nor is this a solitary example. For everyone who has looked into the history of the war of 1778-1783 knows that, in exact proportion as the French increased the number of their ships, they degraded the quality of their crews, till in spite of experience and the encouragement to be derived from what for them was very successful sea-fighting, their squadrons were less formidable at the end of the war than they were at the beginning. The reason is obvious: they commissioned more ships than they could man, and therefore they lost them.

I do not know what evidence there is to show that Russia could man all the ships she is said to be building. Italy, which is a maritime nation, of the Mediterranean order, certainly could not find trained men enough for all her modern ships; and it is unlikely that Russia, which is the reverse of maritime, could do better. We have only to take care of our efficiency, and those Russian ships which are sent against us will come to their destruction. In truth, no element in our periodical naval panics is more stale than the clamour raised over the Russian strength at sea. Just before the fall of the French Monarchy of July we were threatened with a Franco-Russian alliance, and dreadful pictures were painted of the Czar's fleet sweeping out of the Baltic to exterminate the hapless, helpless English Navy. But in the Crimean War this terrific instrument of offence turned out a mere bug to scare children withal. It ran behind Cronstadt, and never dared to fire a shot at Sir Charles Napier's fleet, which was not numerically stronger than itself, and in the hurry had been shockingly ill-manned.

My second instance is plain: the word "defence." At first sight it would seem as little in need of explanation and comment as "equal" itself. Indeed, at this time of day it should need them less, for excellent

things have been said about it by Admiral Colomb, by Captain Mahan, and more recently by Captain Robinson. Yet, by the sequel, there appears to be the strongest necessity for a general understanding. Lord Wolseley has told the world, in his *Marlborough*, that a navy is a very uncertain protection; also, he is reported to have said of late that it is wicked to maintain that an army is not necessary for the "defence" of the country. Now, if by "the country" he mean the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, it is none the less a mere literal statement of fact, that the army is useless for defensive purposes. A town is not any longer being "defended" when the whole circuit of its fortifications is in possession of the enemy and a remnant of the garrison is fighting in the barricaded church!

The "country" to which Lord Wolseley and the rest of us belong is scattered all over the world, from Hong Kong to Halifax, N.S., so that to go from one to another part of it is impossible, except by sea. The British Isles, which form the centre, live by exporting goods to pay for food and raw material, imports and exports alike going over the water. There is no need to talk of the risk of starvation, for it is hardly possible to conceive of the formation of a coalition which could blockade the coasts of Great Britain all round; and so long as the sea to the north of Ireland is open, food could be poured in on us in any quantity. The United States, which refused to allow corn to be treated as contraband of war in 1794, when they were very weak, will hardly allow it to be put on that footing now, when they are very strong. So long, then, as we are not at war with the United States, in addition to a great European coalition which is strong enough to blockade our whole coast line, there is no fear of starvation. But, long before things got to that pitch, we might be so severely distressed by the presence of an enemy's cruisers on the routes leading to and adjacent upon our ports that we might be driven to accept peace on bad terms. This would happen, that is to say, for all the army, with the best will in the world, could do to prevent it. Lord Wolseley himself, with a quarter of a million of the most approved good soldiers at his back, could not prevent a merchant ship from being taken ten miles off shore; and whenever we are at war with a serious naval enemy, there will always be the risk of his cruisers raiding up to our ports. In 1760, for instance, when the great fleet of France had been hammered to pieces by Boscawen at Lagos and by Hawke at Quiberon, the corsair Thurot made a dash at Carrickfergus, and would have done us a great

deal of mischief besides, if he had not been taken in hand by Captain Elliot. We must always be on our guard against the appearance of other Thurots, against whom there is no protection but other Elliots. And if we can keep the waters clear of any enemy who comes to plunder ships, we can keep him away when he comes for other purposes. If we cannot keep him off when he comes for those other purposes, neither can we protect our commerce. And inasmuch as a certain amount of damage to our trade would certainly bring us to terms, the question—Why should an enemy put himself to the risk and the cost of landing?—remains unanswerable.

There is, one cannot but think it, in the mind of some soldiers an angry feeling that their service is belittled, when we say that it cannot defend the United Kingdom. If that be so indeed, they are mistaken. The function of the Army—a sufficiently glorious one—is to attack our enemies on their own ground, or to keep the frontier in our dependencies over sea. It has nothing, nor can it have anything, to do with our frontier at home, for that is upon the waters where only ships can act. The day that an enemy lands, this home-frontier has been pierced, and our defences will have broken down; nor would immediate victory over the invader make that other than a hideous disaster. Therefore the ships come first, and, if the ships are neglected, all money spent on fortifications, or on troops, is money spent in waste. If the ships are adequate, the fortifications are superfluous, and the troops will only fight abroad. Surely no English soldier can want to fight in England? Whoever tells his countrymen that this great Empire, which lives by command of the water joining her scattered parts, can be defended on land, is—within the limits of his capacity—doing that Empire mischief. It would little avail a hamstrung man that he had a bullet-proof breast-plate. Once for all, we needs must trust to the quality and the strength of our Navy—and to the quality more than to the strength. That is the last word in this dispute.

DAVID HANNAY.

INDIA : IMPRESSIONS

IV.

I WILL lay aside the amphibious attempt to show side by side the two Indias in one view, and say what few words I have to say of the original India and of the lives of the natives. I know no touch of *Mâhâbhâratas*, or *Puranas*, or *Upanishâds*, and I leave *The Light of Asia* to those to whom it may appeal. But I came once upon a book which I wonder has not had a larger public of the "intelligent-reader" species. It was in German, certainly, but German is not a dead language to most. This book was a metrical translation of the *Rig Veda* by one Grassmann. I have read or tried to read other translations of the Vedic hymns. But this is the only one that remains with me, and this, at the time I read it, haunted me so much that I was moved to attempt a translation of a translation, the rendering of the verses into English in the same metre.

No past thing has any existence which is without a place in the wide demesne of literature. Conversely, therefore, it is impossible to dissociate anything historic from the poetry of its age: impossible, if you have read these Vedic poems, to help transplanting into their atmosphere the pictures of Indian life which you see to-day, if these pictures seem to belong equally to the antique past. It has even seemed to me that the cadences of the verses themselves chime in with some of the familiar primitive sounds of Indian life. If you should ever have the good fortune to light upon Herr Grassmann's book and see India afterwards, I am sure you will be of the same mind with me.

There are certain familiar objects of sight and sound belonging to the country which are peculiarly impressive. I will signalise two—the water-wheel and the bullock cart. I do not mean that either is a monopoly of Hindustan. The genuine water-wheels, I imagine, are universal. These wheels are upright and carry a long chain of pipkins fastened on to a band, which dip into the water, rise up, and at the due point overset their contents into the channel; the upright

wheels are cogged near the axle, and so are turned by another horizontal wheel at right angles ; the horizontal wheel is turned by a bullock. The creatures move round in a circle for ever with equal foot, constantly as the planets revolve round the sun. And for ever the wheels make with each other the same groaning creak, which at a distance becomes not so unmusical, but like a harsh chanting.

The white dusty road runs on ahead. But here in a corner, standing just on one side of it, the people have got their well and their water-wheel, which are overshadowed, say, by an immense pipul (Buddha's fig-tree) or a still more beautiful banyan. The pipul is, indeed, botanically a fig, but in appearance it is allied to the poplar and aspen tribe: it has heart-shaped leaves set upon tender stalks, and even in a light breeze keeps up a certain whispering, whence comes, I guess, its religious character. The banyan everyone knows. Its leaves are oval, large, and thick, giving a massive shade. On all sides the lower branches let drop tendrils, which would be roots if they could reach the ground. The strongest do, and then another tree with a separate individuality springs up. Sometimes it severs the branch which connects it with the parent trunk ; at others, a dozen several trees remain united in one, so that under the biggest banyans a thousand or two thousand men may find shelter. This tree deserves to be held more sacred than the pipul : it is so apt a symbol of the family life, the foundation of all society in India. Under one or other of them we place our well and its water-wheel. Behind, if you are in pretty cultivated ground, the broad leaves of a plantain (banana) spread themselves against the sunlight. Or you may have to be contented with only a tuft of high jungle grass, which overtops and overshadows the little group beside the well. The women are veiled, and are trousered in a dusky red. Their silver nose-rings and white eyeballs and white teeth shine out of the half gloom. And as they emerge into the light the brass water-pots they carry catch the sun's rays and glitter like stars. The groaning hum of the wheel goes on through all.

There is another way of getting water which is, I believe, commoner throughout India than the water-wheel. A huge water-skin is fastened to a rope passing over a rundle, and goes down into the well. The other end of the rope is fastened to a bullock, which walks down an inclined plane dragging up the water-skin as he goes. The skin empties itself into its trough, and the bullock, now freed of the counter-poise, marches up the plane again.

Behind the well are patches of cultivated ground—growing barley, say—all in little squares; for the fields are made up of these little squares, about the size of a good-sized room and separated by banks a few inches high, so that each can be flooded in turn. Next, maybe, comes a patch of cotton which, at a little distance, looks like a field of white standard roses where the buds are opening here and there. But the most beautiful products of all are the sugar-cane brakes. These raise broad light-green leaves shading near the stalks to yellow, eight or ten feet above the ground. Dotted about above their mass of leafage are to be seen, here and there, wooden scaffoldings, on which the natives take their stand (or seat) to drive out with stones and shouts the wild beasts, which have a fancy for the sugar cane, they themselves being out of danger.

Even in the case where the foreground of the picture is, as I have imagined it, cultivated ground, the trees soon begin to shut in your view,* and the distance is in appearance much the same, whether it be jungle or tilth. It presents a succession of trees, a very large proportion of which are tamarisks: that is to say, on trees with peculiar feathery leaves of a bluish green, which, as your eye wanders farther and farther away (more especially if you are looking sunwards), grow so light and misty in the distance as hardly to seem solid things. Or will you have a more arid scene? Still the same succession of feathery trees growing misty and unreal towards the sun. But near at hand there are, between the trees, great spaces of barren earth, bearing nothing but thorny bushes (of the mimosa tribe, I believe), which the people here call camel bushes. And if your mind is full of the Darwinian doctrine, you cannot but pause to reflect how in all the barren regions of the earth the vegetation protects itself against destruction—the demand over-balancing the supply—by clothing itself with thorns and prickles. Such grass as you find in these jungly parts has leaves almost as hard as steel pens. To regions of scant vegetation belong cactuses, aloes, prickly pears, and all their tribe. And the camel has found means to defeat this hostile trick of nature. He can strip these mimosa-like bushes by passing his teeth down the stumps and tearing off the thorns as he goes, and he now seems to be especially fond of this plant—whence its name.

Amid all this barrenness and half barrenness, where there runs a

* These pictures for the reason stated below are drawn more especially from the Punjab.

road, it is scarce distinguishable, and looks at best like a track among the trees and bushes. And now along this track passes a bullock cart, most primitive of human forms of conveyance, and yet till yesterday, when railways began to be built, the usual mode of carriage in India. The bullock cart in its true primitive shape is no more than a plain boarding of wood. It has but two wheels, massive and half solid, that is with the felloes reaching up one third of the radius: such wheels as you may see on the chariots in Assyrian sculptures, or on early Greek vases. The short spokes are eight in number, made up of double pairs crossing each other and forming a square around the axletree—a very primitive design. Two oxen draw this antique chariot; the pole rising from beneath goes upwards, and is attached to a span across the necks of the beasts: the bridle is through their nostrils, and the man who drives sits in the right hand corner. Behind him crouch his wife and children. The heavy wain moves almost noiselessly over the dust-smothered road, save for the low continuous creaking of the axle, the sound of it lower than, but not unlike to, the creaking of the water-wheels.

One can follow these carts, in fancy, moving slowly but almost endlessly over the vast field of India, under the sun, under the sunset and the brief silent twilight, when only the evening star is visible: then again under the illimitable sea of stars, under Venus who shines like a lesser moon, under Cassiopeia riding in the zenith, with the smaller Wain packed away to the north, the greater one not noticeable, and under Orion slowly rising up the arch of heaven. Now the great square of Pegasus holds the sky, and still the wagon creaks on. Though Pegasus is blazing still, eastward the stars have on a sudden all gone out, and a streak of red lies along the horizon. Almost immediately after, the edge of the sun himself appears, and then it is again broad day.

This, I take it, is Indian life of the prime, the ground-bass to the music of the Vedic hymn. And here, in the words of one hymn, is the mythic counterpart of the terrene journey I have pictured: the course of the Chariot of the Sun downward to earth.

Savitar,* the god, arose, in power arose,
His quick deeds and his journey to renew.
He 'tis who to all gods dispenses treasure,
And blesses those who call him to the feast.

The god stands up and stretches forth his arm,
 Raises his hand, and all obedient wait ;
 For all the waters to his service bend,
 And the winds, even, on his path are stilled.

Now he unyokes the horses who have borne him ;
 The wanderer from his travel now he frees ;
 The serpent-slayer's fury now is stayed ;
 At Savitar's command come night and peace.

And now rolls up the spinning wife her web ;
 The labourer in the field his labour leaves ;

And to the household folk beneath the roof
 The household fire imparts their share of light.

He who to work went forth is now returned ;
 The longing of all wanderers turns towards home ;
 Leaving his toil, goes each man to his house ;
 The universal mover orders so.

And, as he can, each fish in the womb of water
 (Who, restless, flits about) seeks now his rest ;
 The bird makes for his nest, cattle for their stall ;
 To their own home all beasts the sun god sends.

But you must add one more element to these pictures. They say the Vedic hymns began to rise from the soil of India when the Aryan ancestors of the modern Hindus had not long come from the countries beyond the Upper Indus. A great portion was composed before they had reached the Ganges, for there are only a few mentions of this river in the whole collection. So that if one were to choose a special setting for the early Vedic worship, one could not choose better than the northern plains, somewhere about Umballa. And if you place yourself on these plains, you will find, as I have said, one thing more to add to your picture. You have the open country, as I tried to picture it, bare or cultivated, and shimmering away into unreality towards the horizon and towards the sun. On the side to the north, by straining your eyes, you may perhaps make out in the far distance a dark outline of hills; then above them, quite separate from the low piles and poised in the blue, something white or rose-white; clouds at first sight; but, at a second view, too steady for clouds, and in contours (as I thought) too angular. In early morning, when the air is clear, you can see quite well that they are the tops of mountains. But they seem to spring out of the blue, the intermediate

hills being quite lost. They are, in truth, the immensely distant Himalayas.

V.

For another fragment out of the remote past, you have the village. In the west it is the miniature of the town, save that here you rarely see one storey upon another ; and all the houses are, outside, of a monotonous dust-colour. Round these villages runs a wall ; which, except where houses a little higher are built into it, is only some eight or ten feet high. There is an entrance gateway of more pretensions ; and in the porch are sitting or standing one or two men ; this at any rate when it gets near evening, and the cooking fires outside the houses send up their acrid smoke here and there. In central India the villages lie more open. Here, too, they have generally pitched roofs thatched. They lie in a richer country, and have about them more suggestion than the others have of the European farmstead and the stability of immemorial husbandries.

Foreign powers have contended, and conquering nations come and gone, but the village remains unchanged in its antique constitution. Beneath it lies the still more primitive social unit of Indian life, the family. There are no workhouses, no outdoor relief in India ; there are starvation and beggary, but no organised pauperism. And that this is so is due to the fact that you have to deal not so much with individuals as with families. If you dismiss your servant he draws upon the family fund till he gets another place : afterwards all his wages above mere necessities go into that family fund. So he will never care to do double work for double hire, and the bitterness of competition is not felt here. But unfelt, too, is the possibility of change and the chance of a rise ; and the pulse of life beats to a tune which is, if not as old as the hills, at least as old as the time to which I would take you back, that of the time of the coming of the Vedic Aryans.

If, then, you will pause once more beside the village in the plains, where, in the evening from outside the houses, the blue smoke mounts into the still air, beautiful to see but ill to smell ; while the cooking fires shine on the dark faces gathered round them, and in the fields abroad, bonfires of brushwood are blazing up and dying down, and the pye-dogs* begin to bark more loudly than during the day ; you may

* Pariah-dogs.

invoke this other hymn as the consecration and the epitome of the scene. It is addressed, as it seems, to a sort of divine watch-dog—or two watch-dogs—Sârameyas by name.* The two Sârameyas are often called in the Vedic hymns the watch-dogs of Indra.

Destroyer of sickness, guard of the house, O thou who takest all shapes, be to us a peace-bringing friend.

Bay at the robber, Sârameyas; bay at the thief. Why bayest thou at the singer of Indra? Why art thou angry with me? Sleep, Sârameyas.

The mother sleeps, the father sleeps, the hound sleeps, the clan-father sleeps, the whole tribe sleeps; sleep thou, Sârameyas.

Those who sleep by the cattle; those who sleep by the wain; the women who lie upon couches, the sweet-scented ones—all these we bring to slumber.

After their first descent upon the northern plains the Aryans grew and multiplied, became great conquerors, and extended their rule over all India. But, alas! they commingled with the people which they conquered: they polluted their own blood with the dark stream of the primitive races—Dravidean races as they are called—and their own creed with dark superstitions and puerile fancies which were not born of the Caucasian mind. Wherefore the simplicity and greatness of their early poetry departed from them. All later Sanskrit literature (by what I could ever learn of it) is for the learned and the curious; the Vedic hymns are for mankind. But, still, about the Hindu religion there lingers this unique fascination: that it is the only religion among a people at all civilised that has any touch of the heathenism of the ancients. The rites of savages may be put on one side; of Chinese religion which is not Buddhism I know nothing almost. Buddhism itself is not a religion of rites and ceremonies—so far as it is this, it is a mere graft on Brahmanism; Mohammedanism and Christianity belong to the “other side,” the creeds which descend from Judaism. There remains, then, only the Hindu or Brahminical religion to give us some picture—say, rather, some faint or dying echo—of the classical faiths which once covered so large a space on the surface of the globe. It is (to my thinking) worth almost anything to cheat yourself, even for one half moment, into the fancy that you have rolled back the world two thousand years. To see oxen and sheep brought along wreathed with garlands, and ready for sacrifice, to see shrines before which libations have been poured and blood spilt: that touches.

* The word is both singular and plural.

VI.

Yet, as the experiences which I relate are individual and personal, I must record that my own most vivid impressions in that kind came from rather a bastard offspring of Brahmanism, and were received at the Sikh Temple of Amritsar. The truth is, that in genuine Hinduism, you hardly get what may be called temples, but rather shrines in the midst of sacred enclosures: *temenoi*, as the Greeks called them. (Perhaps the Greeks themselves would never have had temples if they had not learnt of them from the Egyptians.) And you are scarcely allowed to be present at any of their ceremonies. Now, the Golden Temple at Amritsar is a genuine temple, though a vast way off the classical type. And, standing there, I was able for a few brief moments—But I can hardly hope to cheat your senses in the same way by a mere description.

You drive into the middle of the town, and alight before the outer wall. Then, ascending some steps, you find yourself beside a marble tank or lakelet. The border is of beautifully inlaid marble; so are the walls and cloisters which shut in this basin. From one edge a marble causeway leads to a platform of marble in the midst of the tank; upon this stands the Golden Temple. On that to which it owes its name one cannot lay much stress. The scornful compare it—the golden portion of the temple, the upper part of the walls, and all the roof—to sardine tins. This is but a misfortune in the association of ideas: because (as Ruskin says somewhere) our vulgar and lavish use of gilding has spoilt our appreciation of the beauty and the majesty of gold. All this gold part is, however, barbaric in design and in everything. The only outer links which unite the Amritsar Temple to the temples of classical days are its marble settings, the marble base, the marble platform, the causeway, and the marble basin in which it stands. It is quite small: none of its magnificence is in its size. This, again, partakes of the classical, most so of the Greek. The temple is open on all four sides. But it is a shut-in building as compared to a mosque, which has no front at all, and is often only like a sort of indentation in one of the walls of its vast enclosure. So that in the Amritsar building there reigns a certain holy gloom. When you have grown accustomed to it, you see before you an aged priest—a man so old that all speculation and human light have gone out of his eyes. He stands before a low seat or ottoman. Perhaps I should rather say, he stands *behind* it;

in itself it has neither front nor back; and he waves continually backwards and forwards a fly-brush, as a servant does standing behind his master's seat. Now, this ottoman is indeed an altar. It is covered with flowers, the offerings of the religious. In front of it, moreover, lies a sheet, or cloth, covered likewise with offerings. Minute by minute someone comes bearing a little basket of flowers or rose leaves. Then the aged priest leaves off his swishing, and takes the basket and scatters the flowers over the altar. And from underneath the altar he takes out a small object—I think it is a little cake of sugar—which the votary carries away.

Meanwhile, upon one side a group of two or three are strumming upon a guitar and beating with one hand upon a drum: all the while monotonously chanting verses from the sacred book of the Sikhs, the *Garanth*. Fresh votaries come in, who throw their offerings down upon the cloth stretched over the floor of the temple; these offerings are of grain or of cowries—cowries have still a currency among the natives; the votaries linger a little while after they have given their gift, and kneel and pray, or else they join in the monotonous nasal chant. Doves fly down from the upper gallery, peck among the grain, and ascend again, lowly cooing. Some sparrows from outside chirp and twitter.

The thing most needed to make the scene a classical one is a statue in place of that ottoman or seat. Say of Cytheræ; and let these be her doves! By the aid of strong imagination that statue may rise before you; the chanting, no less simple, grows more melodious. You think away that vaulted upper storey of the temple, and the water outside is the water of the sea—of the Greek sea washing the marble steps upon a promontory of Cythera. Thus, with the marble at your feet, the flowers scattered about, the reflex of the water, the quiet, the half gloom—I vow, for my part, I had almost made that leap of twenty centuries: more nearly than ever before, or than I ever hope to do again. Even, as I have said, to have cheated fact for a moment, or a half moment, that was worth all the pains of coming to India.

Enough, now, for the Ancient World.

VII.

India has no longer a national religion. But she still guards that which has always distinguished her—her religiosity. We in the West understand nothing of that universal religiousness of feeling. Religion

is for us—except in matters of mere formality—a growth entirely of individual feeling and personal taste: like a taste for music or a taste for poetry. We specialise. We have our selected poets, laureate or not laureate, and having recognised their existence, we, the mass, go on our way about our own more natural avocations, war or sport or the making of money. People more primitive have not their poets; but they have their national poetry—we have seen of what character the Indians' was in their prime. The same sort of comparison holds for religions.

The ground-substance of all religions is the worship of power. I suppose that the Hindus might have begun before now to worship the British *Raj*, if they had not seen that we did not worship it ourselves—had not, in fact, discovered that we were as a nation profoundly irreligious. The result of this discovery has been to sap the religiousness of the people, of Brahmins and Mohammedans alike. Everywhere the ancient shrines are falling into decay. The *sâhib* is allowed to walk into mosques with his boots on, or to stand by, handling his *Murray*, while prayers are chaunting beside the grave of some famous saint. It is not, first of all, the fear of our rule which has wrought this change: it is love of our *bakshîsh*. In Egypt the same thing is going on: Arabis and Mahdis arise to protest against it. The most degrading element in the worship within the temple at Amritsar was that I, a palpable unbeliever, was presented with one of the little sugar cakes, as also with a marigold flower, and was expected to give a rupee as my offering in return.

Of such things the Anglo-Indian (the average one) knows nothing, and cares not more: and the passing of no "higher standard" in Hindustani or Persian would enable him to know or care for these things. We stand here as professed Galleos holding an equal balance between the creeds. With earlier conquerors it was not so. The Hindu suffered persecution at the hands of his Mohammedan conquerors, which he has never had from us. But then, these conquerors gave him splendid evidence of their godlike power, evidence of a kind he could appreciate. Immense citadels arose to house the conquerors, immense mosques in honour of their Allah. Wherefore, after a while, and when the latter Mohammedan Sultans had left off persecuting, the new creed drew over many converts, and the Hindus became divided into two camps—the Mussulman and that of the ancient faith.

But, though religion is being sapped in India, it is still one of the chief occupations of the people. It fills—among other unlooked-for effects—the trains with native travellers, a very large proportion of whom are bound upon some pilgrimage. This, be it said in passing, is one of the surprises in India—to find the trains packed full of natives. In most European countries how little the genuine peasant travels! But here in every train the natives are in crowds. They squat for hours outside the bars of the station, in the paved court walled out for them, while the sweetstuff sellers walk among them, calling their wares with shrill cries; and when the train comes they throng the platforms, these dusky, fluttering figures in white, looking, by night, very strangely, as they pass in and out of the circle of light which the vendor's candle sheds, and with the stars shining on them from above.

All over the country by the banks of rivers are the sacred places for bathing with flights of steps down to the water's edge, which are called *ghâts*, whereof the name of one, the Suttee, or Burning Ghât, at Cawnpore, will for ever resound with tragical significance upon the English ear. Above these *ghâts* are little temples or shrines. Those who make the pilgrimage to these places and offer due offerings are, by the priest of the shrine, marked with a seal—a dab of paint upon their foreheads—and this signet becomes for them a mark of distinction. Besides the sacred rivers, there are innumerable sacred tanks, some mere basins, others as large as lakelets. These have, like the *ghâts*, their flights of steps—all or only part way round—and little temples standing here and there at the top. And nature gains where religion has shrunk. There are tanks still sacred enough to make the ground about all holy, and thereby to warn away the sportsman, where, notwithstanding, the temples are fading into decay, and grass and shrubs are beginning to displace the steps that enclose them. At one end, maybe, there are still places for worshippers, but the other end of this little lake fades away into marshes, and is haunted by a vast company of wild birds, wild duck of many kinds, black wild geese, pelicans. White herons sit in the trees, and little grey kingfishers hover continually above the water as humming birds hover above a flower darting down from time to time. The other kingfishers are there likewise, passing in blue flashes before your eyes. It is a very feast of natural sights.

C. F. KEARY.

(To be continued.)

R. L. S.

J E me souviens clairement de l'espèce d'émoi d'imagination où me jeta le premier livre de Stevenson que je lus. C'était *Treasure Island*. Je l'avais emporté pour un long voyage vers le Midi. Ma lecture commença sous la lumière tremblotante d'une lampe de chemin de fer. Les vitres du wagon se teignaient du rouge de l'aurore méridionale quand je m'éveillai du rêve de mon livre, comme Jim Hawkins, au glapisement du perroquet : "*Pieces of eight ! pieces of eight !*" J'avais devant les yeux John Silver, *with a face as big as a ham—his eye a mere pin-point in his big face, but gleaming like a crumb of glass*. Je voyais le visage bleu de Flint, râlant, ivre de rhum, à Savannah, par une journée chaude, la fenêtre ouverte ; la petite pièce ronde de papier, découpée dans une Bible, noircie à la cendre, dans la paume de Long John ; la figure couleur de chandelle de l'homme à qui manquaient deux doigts ; la mèche de cheveux jaunes flottant au vent de la mer sur le crâne d'Allardyce. J'entendais les deux ahans de Silver plantant son couteau dans le dos de la première victime ; et le chant vibrant de la lame d'Israel Hands clouant au mât l'épaule du petit Jim ; et le tintement des chaînes des pendus sur Execution Dock ; et la voix mince, haute, tremblante, aérienne et douce s'élevant parmi les arbres de l'île pour chanter plaintivement : "*Darby M'Graw ! Darby M'Graw !*"

Alors je connus que j'avais subi le pouvoir d'un nouveau créateur de littérature et que mon esprit serait hanté désormais par des images de couleur inconnue et des sons point encore entendus. Et cependant ce trésor n'était pas plus attirant que les coffres d'or du Capitaine Kidd ; je connaissais le crâne cloué sur l'arbre dans *The Gold Bug* ; j'avais vu Blackbeard boire du rhum, comme le Capitaine Flint, dans le récit d'Oexmelin ; je retrouvais Ben Gunn, changé en homme sauvage, comme Ayrton dans l'île Tabor ; je me souvenais de la mort de Falstaff, agonisant comme le vieux pirate, et des paroles de Mrs. Quickly :—

"*A parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at the turning o' the tide ; for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his*

fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way: for his nose was as sharp as a pen and 'a babbled of green fields." . . . "They say, he cried out of sack."—"Ay, that 'a did."

J'avais entendu ce même ballottement des pendus noircis par le hâle, dans la ballade de François Villon; et l'attaque de la maison solitaire, au milieu de la nuit, me rappelait le conte populaire, *The Hand of Glory*. "Tout est dit, depuis six mille ans qu'il y a des hommes, et qui pensent." Mais ceci était dit avec un accent nouveau. Pourquoi, et quelle était l'essence de ce pouvoir magique? C'est ce que je voudrais tâcher de montrer dans ces quelques pages.

On pourrait caractériser la différence de l'ancien régime en littérature et de nos temps modernes par le mouvement inverse du style et de l'orthographe. Il nous paraît que tous les écrivains du quinzième et du seizième siècles usaient d'une langue admirable, alors qu'ils écrivaient les mots chacun à leur manière, sans se soucier de leur forme. Aujourd'hui que les mots sont fixés et rigides, vêtus de toutes leurs lettres, corrects et polis dans leur orthographe immuable comme des invités de soirée, ils ont perdu leur individualisme de couleur. Les gens s'habillaient d'étoffes différentes: maintenant les mots, comme les gens, sont habillés de noir. On ne les distingue plus beaucoup. Mais ils sont tous correctement orthographiés. Les langues, comme les peuples, parviennent à une organisation de société raffinée d'où on a banni les bariolages indécents. Il n'en est pas autrement des histoires ou des romans. L'orthographe de nos contes est parfaitement régulière; nous les façonnons suivant des modèles exacts.

"The actors are, it seems, the usual three"

dit George Meredith. Il y a une *manière* de raconter et de décrire. L'humanité littéraire suit si volontiers les routes tracées par les premiers découvreurs que la comédie n'a guère changé depuis la "maquette" fabriquée par Ménandre, ni le roman d'aventures depuis l'esquisse que Pétrone a dessinée. L'écrivain qui rompt l'orthographe traditionnelle prouve véritablement sa force créatrice. Or il faut bien se résigner: on ne peut jamais changer que l'orthographe des phrases et la direction des lignes. Les idées et les faits restent les mêmes, comme le papier et l'encre. Ce qui fait la gloire de Hans Holbein dans le dessin de la famille de Thomas Morus, ce sont les courbes qu'il a imaginé de faire décrire à son calame. La matière de la Beauté est restée identique depuis le Chaos. Le poète et le peintre sont des inventeurs de

formes : ils se servent des idées communes et des visages de tout le monde.

Prenez maintenant le livre de Robert Louis Stevenson. Qu'est-ce ? Une île, un trésor, des pirates. Qui raconte ? Un enfant à qui arriva l'aventure. Odysseus, Robinson Crusoe, Arthur Gordon Pym ne s'en seraient pas tirés d'autre manière. Mais ici il y a un entrecroisement de récits. Les mêmes faits sont exposés par deux narrateurs—Jim Hawkins et le Docteur Livesey. Robert Browning avait déjà imaginé quelque chose de semblable dans *The Ring and the Book*. Stevenson fait jouer en même temps le drame par ses récitants ; et au lieu de s'appesantir sur les mêmes détails saisis par d'autres personnes, il ne nous présente que deux ou trois points de vue différents. Puis l'obscurité est faite à l'arrière plan, pour nous donner l'incertitude du mystère. Nous ne savons pas exactement ce qu'avait fait Billy Bones. Deux ou trois touches de Silver suffisent pour nous inspirer le regret ardent d'ignorer à jamais la vie de Captain Flint et de ses compagnons de fortune. Qu'était-ce que la négresse de Long John, et dans quelle auberge de quelle ville d'Orient retrouverons-nous, avec un tablier de cuisinier, *the seafaring man with one leg* ? L'art, ici, consiste à ne point dire. J'ai eu une triste déception le jour où j'ai lu dans Charles Johnson la vie de Captain Kidd : j'aurais préféré ne la lire jamais. Je suis sûr de ne jamais lire la vie de Captain Flint ou de Long John. Elles reposent, informulées, dans le tombeau du Mont Pala, dans l'île d'Apia.

*And may I
And all my pirates share the grave
Where these and their creations lie!*

Ces espèces de silences du récit, qui sont peut-être ce qu'il y a de plus passionnant dans les fragments du *Satyricon*, Stevenson a su les employer avec une extraordinaire maîtrise. Ce qu'il ne nous dit pas de la vie d'Alan Breck, de Secundra Dass, d'Olalla, d'Attwater, nous attire plus que ce qu'il nous en dit. Il sait faire surgir les personnages des ténèbres qu'il a créés autour d'eux.

Mais pourquoi le récit même, en dehors de la composition, et des coupures de silence qui y sont ménagées, a-t-il cette intensité particulière qui ne vous permet pas de déposer un livre de Stevenson quand vous l'avez pris en main ? J'imagine que le secret de ce pouvoir a été transmis de Daniel Defoe à Edgar Poe et à Stevenson, et que Charles Dickens en a eu quelques lueurs dans *Two Ghost Stories*.

C'est essentiellement l'application des moyens les plus simples et les plus réels aux sujets les plus compliqués et les plus inexistantes. Le récit minutieux de l'apparition de Mrs. Veal, le compte-rendu scrupuleux du cas de M. Valdemar, l'analyse patiente de la faculté monstrueuse de Dr. Jekyll, sont les exemples les plus frappants de ce procédé littéraire. L'illusion de réalité naît de ce que les objets qu'on nous présente sont ceux que nous voyons tous les jours, auxquels nous sommes bien accoutumés ; la puissance d'impression, de ce que les rapports entre ces objets familiers sont soudainement modifiés. Faites croiser à un homme l'index par-dessus le médium et mettez une bille entre les extrémités des doigts croisés : il en sentira deux, et sa surprise sera beaucoup plus grande que lorsque M. Robert-Houdin fait jaillir une omelette ou cinquante mètres de ruban d'un chapeau préparé à l'avance. C'est que cet homme connaît parfaitement ses deux doigts et la bille : il ne doute donc point de la réalité de ce qu'il essaie. Mais les rapports de ses sensations sont changés : voilà où il est touché par l'extraordinaire. Ce qu'il y a de plus saisissant dans *The Journal of the Plague*, ce ne sont ni les fosses prodigieuses creusées dans les cimetières, ni les entassements de cadavres, ni les portes marquées de croix rouges, ni les appels de cloche des enterreurs des morts, ni les affres solitaires des fuyards, ni même *the blazing star, of a faint, dull, languid colour, and its motion very heavy, solemn, and slow*. Mais l'épouvante est extrême dans ce récit : Le sellier, parmi le profond silence des rues, entre dans la cour de la maison de poste. Un homme est au coin ; un autre à la fenêtre ; un autre à la porte du bureau. Tous trois regardent, au centre de la cour, une petite bourse de cuir, avec deux clefs qui y pendent ; personne n'ose y toucher. Enfin l'un d'eux se décide, saisit la bourse avec des pincettes rougies au feu, et l'ayant brûlée, fait tomber le contenu dans un seau plein d'eau. *The moncy, as I remember, dit Defoe, was about thirteen shillings, and some smooth groats and brass farthings*. Voilà une pauvre aventure des rues—une bourse abandonnée—mais toutes les conditions d'action sont modifiées—et aussitôt l'horreur de la peste nous entoure. Deux des incidents les plus terrifiants en littérature sont la découverte par Robinson de l'empreinte d'un pied inconnu dans le sable de son île, et la stupeur du Dr. Jekyll, reconnaissant, à son réveil, que sa propre main, étendue sur le drap de son lit, est devenue la main velue de Mr. Hyde. Le sentiment du mystère dans ces deux événements est insurmontable. Et pourtant aucune force psychique n'y paraît intervenir : l'île de Robinson est inhabitée—il ne devrait y avoir là

d'empreinte d'autre pied que du sien ; le Docteur Jekyll n'a pas au bout du bras, dans l'ordre naturel des choses, la main velue de Mr. Hyde. Ce sont de simples oppositions de fait.

Je voudrais en arriver maintenant à ce que cette faculté a de spécial chez Stevenson. Si je ne me trompe, elle est plus saisissante et plus magique chez lui que chez tous les autres. La raison m'en paraît être dans le romantisme de son réalisme. Autant vaudrait écrire que le réalisme de Stevenson est parfaitement irréel, et que c'est pour cela qu'il est tout puissant. Stevenson n'a jamais regardé les choses qu'avec les yeux de son imagination. Aucun homme n'a la figure comme un jambon ; l'étonnement des boutons d'argent d'Alan Breck, lorsqu'il saute sur le vaisseau de David Balfour, est hautement improbable ; la rigidité de la ligne de lumière et de fumée des flammes de chandelles dans le duel du *Master of Ballantrae* ne pourrait s'obtenir dans une chambre d'expériences ; jamais la lèpre n'a ressemblé à la tache de lichen que Keawe découvre sur sa chair ; quelqu'un croira-t-il que Cassilis, dans *The Pavilion on the Links*, ait pu voir luire dans les prunelles d'un homme la clarté de la lune, *though he was a good many yards distant* ? Je ne parle point d'une erreur que Stevenson avait reconnue lui-même, et par laquelle il fait accomplir à Alison une chose impraticable : "*She spied the sword, picked it up . . . and thrust it to the hilt into the frozen ground.*"

Mais ce ne sont pas là, en vérité, des erreurs : ce sont des images plus fortes que les images réelles. Nous avons trouvé chez bien des écrivains le pouvoir de hausser la réalité par la couleur des mots ; je ne sais pas si on trouverait ailleurs des images qui, sans l'aide des mots, sont plus violentes que les images réelles. Ce sont des images romantiques, puisqu'elles sont destinées à accroître l'éclat de l'action par le décor ; ce sont des images irréelles, puisqu'aucun œil humain ne saurait les voir dans le monde que nous connaissons. Et cependant elles sont, à proprement parler, la quintessence de la réalité.

En effet, ce qui reste en nous d'Alan Breck, de Keawe, de Thevenin Pensete, de John Silver, c'est ce pourpoint aux boutons d'argent, cette tache irrégulière de lichen, stigmaté de la lèpre, ce crâne chauve avec sa double touffe de cheveux rouges, cette face large comme un jambon, avec les yeux scintillants comme des éclats de verre. N'est-ce pas là ce qui les dénote dans notre mémoire ? ce qui leur donne cette vie factice qu'ont les êtres littéraires, cette vie qui dépasse tellement en énergie la vie que nous percevons avec nos yeux corporels qu'elle anime les

personnes qui nous entourent? Car l'agrément et l'intérêt que nous éprouvons dans les autres est excité, la plupart du temps, par leur degré de ressemblance avec ces êtres littéraires, par la teinte romantique qui se répand sur eux. Nos contemporains existent avec d'autant plus de force, nous apparaissent avec d'autant plus d'individualité, que nous les attachons plus étroitement à ces créations irréelles des temps anciens. Cette haleine littéraire fait fleurir toutes nos affections en beauté. Nous vivons rarement avec plaisir de notre vraie vie. Nous essayons presque toujours de mourir d'une autre mort que de la nôtre. C'est une sorte de convention héroïque qui donne de l'éclat à nos actions. Quand Hamlet saute dans la tombe d'Ophélie, il songe à sa propre saga, et s'écrie—

“*It is I, Hamlet the Dane!*”

Et combien se sont enorgueillis de vivre de la vie d'Hamlet, qui voulait vivre de la vie d'Hamlet le Danois. Souvenez-vous de Peer Gynt, qui ne peut pas vivre de sa propre vie, et qui, revenu dans son pays, vieux et inconnu, voit vendre à l'encan les accessoires de sa propre légende. Nous devrions être reconnaissants à Stevenson pour avoir élargi le cercle de ces amis de l'irréel. Ceux qu'il nous a donnés sont stigmatisés si vivement par son réalisme romantique, que nous risquons fort de ne jamais les rencontrer ici-bas. Souvent nous voyons Don Quichotte, *de complexion recia, seco de carnes, enjuto de rostro*; ou Frère Jean des Entommeures, *hault, maigre, bien fendu de gueulle, bien advantaigé en nes*; ou le Prince Hal, avec *a villainous trick of his eye and a foolish hanging of his nether-lip*: tous traits de visage et de corps que la nature a mis en réserve pour nous, et qu'elle nous montrera souvent encore. Leur valeur imaginative résulte du choix et de la couleur des mots, de la coupure de la phrase, de leur appropriation au personnage qu'ils décrivent; et cette combinaison artistique est si miraculeuse que ces traits communs et fréquents dénotent pour l'éternité Don Quichotte, Frère Jean, le Prince Hal: ils leur appartiennent, c'est à eux que nous sommes obligés d'aller les demander.

Rien de pareil pour ceux que nous a créés Stevenson. Nous ne pouvons modeler personne à leur image, parcequ'elle est trop vive et trop singulière, ou qu'elle est liée au costume, à un jeu de lumière, à un accessoire de théâtre, pourrait-on dire. Je me souviens que lorsqu'on fit jouer ici la pièce de John Ford, *Annabella and Giovanni*, nous supposâmes qu'il faudrait piquer sur le poignard de Giovanni un vrai cœur sanglant. A la répétition, l'acteur entra, brandissant au bout de sa

dague un cœur de mouton frais. Nous demeurâmes stupéfaits. Au-delà de la rampe, sur la scène, parmi les décors, rien ne ressemblait moins à un cœur qu'un vrai cœur. Ce morceau de viande avait l'air d'une pièce de boucherie, toute violette. Ce n'était point le cœur saignant de la belle Annabella. Nous pensâmes alors que puisqu'un vrai cœur paraissait faux en scène, un faux cœur devait paraître vrai. On fit le cœur d'Annabella avec un morceau de flanelle rouge. La flanelle était découpée selon la forme qu'on voit sur les images saintes. Le rouge était d'un éclat incomparable, tout à fait différent de la couleur du sang. Quand nous vîmes paraître cette seconde fois Giovanni avec sa dague, nous eûmes tous un petit frémissement d'angoisse, car c'était bien là, à n'en pas douter, le cœur sanglant de la belle Annabella. Il me semble que les personnages de Stevenson ont justement cette espèce de réalisme irréel. La large figure luisante de Long John, la couleur blême du crâne de Thevenin Pensete s'attachent à la mémoire de nos yeux en vertu de leur irréalité même. Ce sont des fantômes de la vérité, hallucinants comme de vrais fantômes. Notez en passant que les traits de John Silver hallucinent Jim Hawkins, et que François Villon est hanté par l'aspect de Thevenin Pensete.

J'ai essayé de montrer jusqu'ici comment la puissance de Stevenson et de quelques autres résultait du contraste entre l'ordinaire des moyens et l'extraordinaire de la chose signifiée; comment le réalisme des moyens chez Stevenson a une vivacité spéciale; comment cette vivacité naît de l'irréalité du réalisme de Stevenson. Je voudrais aller encore un peu plus loin. Ces images irréelles de Stevenson sont l'essence de ses livres. Comme le fondeur de cire perdue coule le bronze autour du "noyau" d'argile, Stevenson coule son histoire autour de l'image qu'il a créée. La chose est très visible dans *The Sire de Malétroit's Door*. Le conte n'est qu'un essai d'explication de cette vision: une grosse porte de chêne, qui semble encastrée dans le mur, cède au dos d'un homme qui s'y appuie, tourne silencieusement sur des gonds huilés et l'enferme automatiquement dans des ténèbres inconnues. C'est encore une porte qui hante d'abord l'imagination de Stevenson au début de *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Dans *The Pavilion on the Links* le seul intérêt du récit c'est le mystère d'un pavillon fermé solitaire au milieu des dunes, avec des lumières errantes derrière ses volets clos. *The New Arabian Nights* sont construites autour de l'image d'un jeune homme, qui entre la nuit dans un bar avec un plateau de tartes à la crème. Les trois parties de *Will o' the Mill* sont essentiellement faites avec une file de poissons

argentés qui descendent le courant d'une rivière, une fenêtre éclairée dans la nuit bleue (*one little oblong patch of orange*), et le profil d'une voiture, *and above that a few black pine tops, like so many plumes*. Le danger d'un tel procédé de composition, c'est que le récit n'ait pas l'intensité de l'image. Dans *The Sire de Malétroit's Door*, l'explication est fort au-dessous de la vision. Quant aux tartes à la crème du *Suicide Club*, Stevenson a renoncé à dire pourquoi elles étaient là. Les trois parties de *Will o' the Mill* sont juste à la hauteur de leurs images, qui semblent ainsi être de véritables symboles. Enfin, dans les romans, *Kidnapped*, *Treasure Island*, *The Master of Ballantrae*, &c., le récit est incontestablement très supérieur à l'image, qui cependant a été son point de départ.

Maintenant le créateur de tant de visions repose dans l'île fortunée des mers australes.

'Εν νήσοις μακαρῶν σέ φάσιν εἶναι.

Hélas ! nous ne verrons plus rien avec *his mind's eye*. Toutes les belles fantasmagories qu'il avait encore en puissance sommeillent dans un étroit tombeau polynésien, non loin d'une frange étincelante d'écume : dernière imagination, peut-être aussi irréaliste, d'une vie douce et tragique. "*I do not see much chance of our meeting in the flesh*," m'écrivait-il. C'était tristement vrai. Il reste entouré pour moi d'une auréole de rêve. Et ces quelques pages ne sont que l'essai d'explication que je me suis donnée des rêves que m'inspirèrent les images de *Treasure Island* par une radieuse nuit d'été.

MARCEL SCHWOB.

THE GREAT DEMOCRATIC JOKE

FOR sixty-two years this fortunate country has been sailing on the full tide of Progress ; for the last ten it has run free, with sails swelling and sheets out, before the winds of Democracy. Government of the People, for the People, by the People, is understood to have been founded by the Reform Act of 1832, and builded, to the last corner of the coping-stone, by the Reform Acts of 1884. There has been an end long since to everything in the shape of privilege, oligarchy, class government, save and except in so far as these things survive, to the sorrow of the more Progressive, in the existence of an effete Second Chamber, soon to be swept away by the triumphant besom of that remarkably ardent Democrat, the Earl of Rosebery. Otherwise, and apart from this unhappy anomaly, we are all free and equal in our opportunities. The career is open to the talents ; and the Government of this great Empire, no longer the monopoly of a small and favoured class, is wiclded by the elect of the People, who are, of course, the ablest, the most gifted, and the most influential representatives of all classes of the community. For this is Democracy on the administrative side ; and this whoso shall deny is no Democrat.

That is the theory. To the looker-on of a critical temperament it is a huge joke to compare it with the facts. There must be quite a large number of respectable and moderately intelligent Englishmen who believe that a beneficent change in this respect has been in gradual progress during the past two generations, and has been completed during the last few years. When they read in their history text-books of the way in which Government used to be the monopoly of the great Whig houses or the Tory cliques, then Britons heave the sigh of complaisant virtue, as when they hear of the horrors of the slave trade or the atrocities of the Turk. They feel that satisfaction, spoken of by Lucretius, which expands the bosom of the good man when he sees others tossing on the troubled waves of error. How nice to live in a country where public office and political success are the just rewards of merit ; where the poor, clever man has as many chances as the dull, rich

one ; where honours and power are practically thrown open to competition instead of being distributed by private interest or purchased by wealth of birth, as they still are in some less felicitous States, and as they used to be in our own. The critical looker-on wonders what the contented elector would say if it were really brought home to him that the management of politics is just as much in the hands of a class as it ever was, and that Democracy has almost as little to say upon the supreme Government of this Empire as it had in the days of the Pelhams and the Temples.

Such, however, is the case, as anyone must own who will consider, in their due relation, some very sensible and very well-known facts. Whether the legislation of the year 1894 is much more Democratic than the legislation of 1844, 1834, or even 1824, is a point on which there is room for an abounding difference of opinion. There are people who may think that Sir William Harcourt is a Finance Minister not so very much more progressive than Pitt ; and that the Municipal Corporations Act and the New Poor Law were quite as Democratic as, let us say, the Parish Councils Act and the Employers' Liability Bill. But if we turn from measures to men, there is not much room for controversy. After all, the test of a system—at any rate, from the point of view of Democracy—is to be found in the class which administers it. And looking at the matter in that light, it is a safe assertion that Democracy has just as little to do with the composition of the ruling bodies in the 58th year of the Queen's reign as it had to do in the first ; further, that the Government of Britain is still an aristocratic oligarchy, largely tempered by plutocracy.

Even in the House of Commons the victorious march of the People has not made itself felt to any conspicuous extent. The Parliament of 1892 is perhaps a little less wealthy and a little less aristocratic than its predecessors ; yet it continues in the main an assembly of persons who have either made or inherited a fortune, or who are connected with the landed and territorial classes. A professor or two, a few journalists, and a handful of (mostly obscure) Labour agitators, may well be set off against the diminished number of barristers. The clever professional man always did get into Parliament ; but in former times there was only one really genteel and gentlemanly profession, which was that of the law ; consequently, when the governing class wanted to buy brains it usually had to go to the Inns of Court ; now it may occasionally go to Fleet Street or the Universities. As for the Labour men, they are so

few in numbers, and show so little tendency to increase, that they hardly count. Take the assembly as a whole, and its composition is, as I have said, pretty much what it was twenty, thirty, or fifty years back. I take the first thirty names in an alphabetical list of the House as it was constituted after the General Election of 1892. I find that nine of the men had been at Eton or Harrow and sixteen at Oxford or Cambridge. Ten are landowners or are associated with the "county" interest; nine are wealthy brewers, manufacturers, or ironmasters; there are four Q.C.'s; and four had been in the army or the diplomatic service—two of them after a career at Eton and Oxford. There is not much trace of Democracy in all this; and the result would be much the same if we went through the whole tale. "Country gentleman," brewer, colliery proprietor, banker, "J.P. and D.L.," are descriptions which continually meet the eye: descriptions slightly checkered by the occasional "journalist," "miners' agent," and "trade union secretary"; and one man in about every four in the House has been to school either at Eton or Harrow. Now, the People has not yet taken to sending its boys to those two seminaries; and, roughly speaking, it may be said that fathers, whose sons are educated there, are either tolerably well-to-do, or else belong to the class which in every country but England would be called aristocratic. It is part of the Great Democratic Joke that one man in every four in the great Democratic Assembly has had more than enough money spent on his education as a boy to supply a working man's family with a comfortable and sufficient income for life.

But it is when we ascend from the Commons to the Cabinet that the inner merit of the Jest becomes visible. For if you look at the body which really rules the Empire, you see at once that it mainly represents one portion of the House, and that the undemocratic, aristocratic, plutocratic, Eton-and-Harrow portion. It is the one man in four who is over-represented in the Cabinet; the remaining three are under-represented; and the "miners' agents," the journalists, the tenant-farmers, the middle-class people generally, make a very poor show indeed. And this is not the case with the Conservatives alone, who might perhaps be expected, naturally, to have more indulgence for the aristocratic and plutocratic element in public life: the tendency is quite as visible in the Liberal Ministries—if, indeed, it is not more so. Let us take two Cabinets—those of 1886 and of 1892: the one that of a highly progressive Conservative Administration, the other that of a

particularly "advanced" Radical Government. Here is Lord Salisbury's Cabinet, as first constituted and with the subsequent additions:—

		<i>Status or Occupation.</i>
Marquess of Salisbury	Great peer and landowner; head of ancient, wealthy, and noble family.
W. H. Smith	Enormously wealthy business man.
Earl of Idlesleigh	Peer; member of old county family.
A. J. Balfour	Nephew of Lord Salisbury; wealthy landowner.
Lord Halsbury	Lord Chancellor.
Viscount Cranbrook	Peer; member of wealthy landowning family.
Lord R. Churchill	Son of a Duke.
G. J. Goschen	Head of great financial firm; Rugby and Oxford.
H. Matthews, Q.C.	Successful lawyer.
Edward Stanhope	Member of a great aristocratic and landowning family; Harrow and Christ Church.
Lord Knutsford	By birth a baronet; Harrow and Trinity.
Viscount Cross	Peer; Lancashire landowner and Chairman of Quarter Sessions.
Lord Ashbourne	Distinguished Irish lawyer.
Colonel Stanley	Afterwards Earl of Derby; heir to a great title and huge rent-roll.
Sir M. Hicks-Beach	Baronet and landowner; Eton and Christ Church.
Lord G. Hamilton	Son of a Duke.
Lord John Manners	Now Duke of Rutland.
Henry Chaplin	Landowner and country gentleman.
W. L. Jackson	Wealthy manufacturer.
C. T. Ritchie	Wealthy business man.

Not much Democracy there! And matters would not be altered if we took the subordinate members of the Administration: Sir W. Hart Dyke, Mr. Akers-Douglas, the Hon. G. N. Curzon, the Hon. St. John Brodrick, Mr. J. W. Lowther, Mr. Walter Long, Lord Harris, Lord Dunraven, the Earl of Onslow.

And now let us turn to the Cabinet of the People's Party, and see whether *that* is Democratic either. Here are the Radical members of the 1892-94 Administrations:—

		<i>Status or Occupation.</i>
Mr Gladstone	Son of a wealthy merchant; landowner; country gentleman; Eton and Christ Church.
H. J. Gladstone	His son.
Earl of Kimberley	Peer.
Lord Herschell	Lord Chancellor.
Sir William Harcourt	Member of a great county family.
Earl of Rosebery	Peer; landowner; married a Miss Rothschild.
James Bryce	Distinguished jurist and professor.

Mr. Asquith, Q.C.	Successful lawyer.
Marquis of Ripon	Peer.
H. Campbell-Bannerman	Son of the late Sir J. Campbell ; inherited large property from his father and uncle.
Baron Tweedmouth	Peer ; owns large interest in great brewery.
Sir George Trevelyan...	Baronet ; county gentleman ; Harrow and Cambridge.
Earl Spencer	Peer ; head of great noble family.
John Morley	Journalist and man of letters.
Arnold Morley...	Son of the late Mr. Samuel Morley, a very wealthy manufacturer.
A. J. Mundella...	Wealthy manufacturer.
G. J. Shaw-Lefevre	Nephew of one Peer ; married the daughter of another ; Eton and Trinity.
H. H. Fowler	Wealthy solicitor.
A. H. D. Acland	Member of a well-known county family ; Rugby and Oxford.

Even with Mr. Bryce and Mr. J. Morley to represent the "masses," this knot of peers, landowners, and highly-affluent *bourgeois* is not exactly Democratic ; nor do we find much more Democracy as we look lower down the Ministry, and light upon such names as those of Lord Sandhurst, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. H. C. Gardner, the Marquess of Lothian, and Mr. Sydney Buxton. In point of fact, the compositions of a Liberal Cabinet and a Conservative Cabinet seem to differ very little. Both Administrations are made up in the main from the aristocracy and the wealthy mercantile classes. If the Liberals have rather fewer peers and sons of peers, they compensate for that by putting the money-bags somewhat the more in evidence. As for the occasional professor and clever lawyer, both parties, as I have said, have to use the brains of the professions occasionally. That an able professional man, with little money and no great family connexions, should be found in the Cabinet is not a modern Radical innovation. Such persons became Cabinet Ministers before the last Reform Bill, and even before the first. If the Radicals promoted Mr. Asquith (who is now, by the way, connected by marriage both with the territorial, and the manufacturing, aristocracy), the Conservatives had previously conferred the office he now administers so well on Mr. Matthews ; and if the Radicals have made Mr. John Morley, Secretary for Ireland, the Tories made Benjamin Disraeli Chancellor of the Exchequer and Prime Minister some time ago, and long before that had found a leader in George Canning. In point of fact, the *personnel* of this present Ministry, in spite of the literary gentleman who is Secretary

for Ireland, the Welsh professional politician who is Treasury Whip, and the well-meaning Labour delegate who is Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, is made up very much in the same way as any of the Whig Administrations of the early part of the century. The lord of Althorp, the head of the house of Ripon, the Earl of Kimberley, young Lord Sandhurst, young Sir Edward Grey, Mr. G. W. E. Russell—all these are highly respectable and proper persons, and will rule over a public department as well as anybody else. But if it is a case of Democracy, of the open career, of the supremacy of talent, one may well ask what these noblemen and gentlemen are doing in the high Ministerial galley. For one must repeat that this is not supposed to be an old Whig Administration, or anything of that kind. It is the Government that has floated in on the roller-wave of Democracy's flood-tide. Officered in this fashion, it shows what the Democratic Idea is worth in practice.

In fact, despite the Reform Bills, and the Franchise Act, and the rise of the Caucus, and the other "popular" improvements, the English political system has changed less than people, outside the inner circle of affairs, commonly suppose. Our Government always was an Oligarchy: an Oligarchy, to a large extent, it is still. That is to say, the effective power continues to be retained in the hands of a comparatively small body of persons, most of them born to politics and brought up to it. There is a class of well-born and well-endowed professional politicians, which is really not much less influential than it was in the days of pocket boroughs, unreformed corporations, and the limited franchise. Roughly speaking, this class is composed almost entirely of persons who form part of what is called Society. It includes a considerable proportion of the Peerage, with a certain number of members of the older county families, which are rich enough to keep good houses and live in style in London, as well as a few of the wealthy industrial, mercantile, and financial magnates, who have the same qualifications. These are the people who can, and do, "boss" politics: not so much because they are clever, or noble, or even rich as, simply, because they are at the centre of affairs and have convenient opportunities for getting their hands upon the levers. The case is similar to that which constantly happens at a public meeting, or a large committee, called to discuss and transact any kind of business. A knot of active and busy persons will gather round the table at which the Chairman and Secretary sit, and propose the

motions, draft the resolutions, suggest the amendments, and generally carry matters as they please. There is nothing to prevent any individual in the body of the hall or near the door from taking his fair share in the proceedings, beyond the fact that he is isolated, unsupported, and locally sundered from the focus of activity. If he can speak, trumpet-tongued, he may command a hearing; but if he is only an ordinarily quiet and modest person without those gifts that take a popular assembly by storm, he never gets his chance. The fussy wire-puller at the table can do more with a whisper than he could with a burst of eloquence. So it is with *la haute politique* among us. The governing cliques can govern because they see one another daily: they are always calling on each other, or lunching, or dining, or attending receptions together; they have been at the same schools and colleges, they have shot together, hunted together, yachted together; they stay at the same country houses, when they leave the dozen or so of fashionable streets and squares in London in which they all live; and about half of them are more or less closely connected by the ties of blood or marriage. In fact, it is almost like one great family party, and the outsider who happens upon a gathering of Ministerial personages, and finds them all cousins, and brothers-in-law, and all more or less intricately related, or at any rate on such terms of intimacy that the wives are calling each other by their Christian names, and the younger men are "Bobby," and "Jack," and "Dolly" all round, is apt to entertain the idea that English politics is still controlled by a sort of Family Compact. Of course, the outsider does get in, just as he may contrive to make his voice heard at the public meeting; but he has to be an outsider of unusual ability and force of character, and even then he does not, as a rule, win his chance till he has either married into the proper set or acquired sufficient wealth and social *prestige* to be assimilated by it. The system is not a bad one, and it has worked on the whole extremely well. But it is an admirable piece of satire to call it Democratic, or to say that the election of the persons who rule us is really determined by the Democracy of the Realm.

The Democratic Joke assumed superb proportions in the early part of last year when the "People's William" (who never in his life was anything but a close associate of the landed aristocracy, and is connected by marriage with several noble families) resigned, and it fell to the members of the Radical party to find him a successor. Here we had an admirable example of the manner in which English politics

are "worked" by those who are at the centre of activity. Did the representatives of the Electorate assemble in public meeting and vote for the leader of their choice? Not a bit of it! The electors and their representatives were not consulted. Who chose Lord Rosebery? It would be difficult to say; but certainly not the electors, who were never asked, nor the majority of the House of Commons, which was not asked either, and which, if it had been permitted to express an opinion, would have said that it wanted Sir William Harcourt. But then, as it happened, Sir William, chiefly for personal reasons, was not welcome to the Liberal Family Party. The other members of the Cabinet, with that influential group in the West-End of London which pulls the political wires, objected to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. There were quiet little meetings and select conclaves in Berkeley Square, Piccadilly, and elsewhere, and certain negotiations, and arrangements, and transactions, with which the House of Commons and the Democracy generally had as much to do as the members of the Royal Astronomical Society; and in the result it was made known that Lord Rosebery was to be regarded as the future chief of the Liberal Government. The Queen "sent for" that statesman; and "the Party" tranquilly accepted the new leader, who had been dropped upon it from the clouds as it were—the leader who had never led it, who had never sat in the Popular Assembly (a piece of activity which is, by a pleasant fiction, supposed to make and unmake Ministries), who, alike as Peer and as Imperialist, was regarded with suspicion by the bulk of House of Commons Radicals. No Premier of the last or the present century was ever elevated to the supreme post in a manner that had less savour of Democracy in it.

Indeed, Lord Rosebery's position is altogether remarkable, particularly when it is tested by the principles which are supposed to animate the party he leads. His very admission to the Cabinet of Mr. Gladstone, in 1892, is a negation of the Democratic Theory; for it is well enough known that he came to the Foreign Office in that year, not because he was popular (politically popular, I mean) with the majority of the Radicals but, because he was *not*! It is an open secret that great pressure was put upon Mr. Gladstone, from very august and influential quarters, to entrust Lord Rosebery with the seals of the Foreign Office. The late Premier yielded reluctantly, and amid the open murmurs and threats of his rank-and-file, who growled angrily that Lord Rosebery was a disciple of Lord

Salisbury, and no better in foreign politics than a Tory. Once in office, the powerful influence which had helped to place him there, was constantly used to encourage, support, and enlighten him; and while Mr. Gladstone was kept in absolute ignorance of the course of our diplomacy, and curtly and peremptorily refused information when he asked for it, his nominal subordinate was, in fact, acting as "Prime Minister for Foreign Affairs," and conducting the external relations of the Empire under what it is not, perhaps, too much to call Royal patronage. The history of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet has not yet been written: it cannot be written till certain confidential memoranda, and notes of private conversations, are disclosed. But when these are placed before the world, they will reveal that, almost from the beginning, there were very serious dissensions among Ministers; and they will probably suggest the conclusion that something, besides the weakness of his eyes—which, after all, have not proved weak enough to compel more than a brief and temporary retirement—led to Mr. Gladstone's sudden determination to throw off the burden of office. It will be found, maybe, that there was a cleavage in the Cabinet, and that the line of division was that of Foreign and Imperial affairs. The crisis may have been accentuated by the resolution of Mr. Gladstone's favourite Whig peer, in the autumn of 1893, to take a strong line on the Navy. Lord Rosebery, aware that the European situation was becoming more and more threatening for this country, strongly supported Lord Spencer's view that additions must be made to the Navy at all costs. Mr. Gladstone, with his reckless contempt for "bloated armaments," and Sir Wm. Harcourt, anxious for a popular budget and a reduction of taxation, vehemently opposed the projected expenditure; and a break-up of the Cabinet was more imminent some fifteen months ago than most people supposed. Probably the wise and statesman-like influence I have referred to was brought to bear, and the sounder view was that which ultimately prevailed. But it was to the mortification of the Gladstonian section and to the disgust and annoyance of Mr. Gladstone himself, who, after a threat or two of resignation, received with less alarm than he had expected, was not sorry to accept the advice of his physicians, and retire—not for a few weeks as he might well have done, but finally and definitely—to his classics and his theology.

This is not the place to discuss the details of that foreign policy which Lord Kimberley has pursued under Lord Rosebery's direction;

for the present Premier, unlike his predecessor, is Prime Minister for external, as well as domestic, affairs. But I shall note that, from the Democratic point of view, it has one specially interesting side. It has introduced a startling novelty, or revived an ancient practice long in abeyance. For the first time for many decades, a member of the Royal Family has been conspicuously put forward in politics, and has been permitted to take an open and active part in Imperial diplomacy. A few weeks since all the newspapers were engaged in a chorus of acclamation at the success of the Prince of Wales's Mission to Russia. It was everywhere acknowledged, and not contradicted anywhere, that His Royal Highness had for once been permitted to go beyond the bounds of mere ceremony and courtesy; that he had talked of politics, alliances, European relations, in conversation with the chief of a great friendly state; that (so it was said) he had even gone far to arrange, if not an alliance, at any rate a general understanding with this ruler. It is what foreign princes and sovereigns—German Emperors, Russian Czars, Austrian Kaisers and Crown-Princes—are constantly doing or trying to do. But for the heir to this Constitutional Throne of ours, whose occupant is popularly (and erroneously) supposed to reign without ruling, it was new and striking enough. The novelty was at any rate received with general approval. If the Prince had proved that to his social tact he added some of the shrewdness and political talent of his family, if he had shown that he could do smoothly and easily the work commonly done much more clumsily by formal ambassadorial conversations and Foreign Office Notes and despatches—why, everybody was well pleased. The precedent was accepted; and it is likely to be followed.

I hope I do not deal too flippantly with a serious subject, when I suggest that an added piquancy is bestowed on this remarkable development by the fact that it is part of the Great Democratic Joke; and that this reversion to eighteenth century and continental methods, this re-introduction of the Royal Signet into our Imperial diplomacy, is due to the Prime Minister who figures as the leader of an advanced and popular Radicalism, the opponent of aristocracy and oligarchy, the patron of the Progressives, the "Mr. Rosebery" of the London County Council, and the nominal nominee of the latter-day Democracy.

OUTIS.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

WHEN, a few months since, the Charity Commissioners were obliged to refrain from certain objectionable and unwarranted changes in the administration of the funds of St. Paul's School, there was not a student of our educational needs who would not gladly have flipped his fingers in their faces. Dean Colet's Foundation had vigorous friends who were not afraid to voice their objections. But long before St. Paul's School left the shadow of the Cathedral for West Kensington, it had a neighbour, not many years its junior nor many yards away, which had even then endured the proceedings of various Commissioners with a troubled mind. It was a time when all such institutions were being warned, not so much to put themselves in order as to let all and sundry see how far they were from order of any sort; when it was assumed that they had departed from the lines of their proper usefulness; and when all that was needed was to appoint inquisitors who, in the course of a month or two, would fit them with a new constitution that should satisfy all the needs of the next millennium. It was in this spirit that the University Statutes were revised; it was in this spirit that Christ's Hospital was to be "reconstructed." The colleges were dealt with speedily, and, their contributions to the University chest being reckoned on the understanding that the value of land was on the up-grade, they have slowly been getting poorer ever since. Christ's Hospital was given five and twenty years of suspense, and was metamorphosed from within, and three years under the *Scheme* of 1890 have landed her in an annual deficit of £10,000. And now to connect that first state of inquiry and this last of insolvency.

Rather more than thirty years ago, in August, 1863, the Board of Charity Commissioners empowered Mr. Hare, one of their inspectors, to inquire into "the foundation, endowment, and objects of Christ's Hospital, otherwise called the Blue-coat School, in London; and whether any or what improvements might be made in the management thereof." Mr. Hare did his work well, and his report was printed as a

public document. (*House of Commons Papers*. Sess. 1865. No. 382.) He gave a concise account of the state of the funds and the working of the Foundation; but his suggestions as to the future were mostly quixotic and impracticable. By the end of 1864 both Mr. Hare and his masters were thrust out by a second inquisition, with the style and title of the "Schools Inquiry Commissioners." Of these no one could afford to make light: a body of twelve, which counted the late Lords Taunton, Derby, Iddesleigh, and Lyttelton, Dean Hook, Bishops Temple and Thorold, Sir Thomas Acland and Mr. W. E. Forster among its members, must at least inspire respect. Their official inquirer, Mr. Fearon, visited the school in February, March, and April, 1866, and his masterly report was before them when they gave an account of their commissionership. It requires some knowledge of the singular conditions of boy-life and master-life in Christ's Hospital to know how observant and how independent Mr. Fearon was. He gave himself full time; he exercised free judgment; his suggestions for the future were as romantic as Mr. Hare's. But his perception of existing evils was more acute. It may be worth while to note what salient faults he found:—

- (a) The chief of them was the want of a Head. The "Upper Grammar Master," whether from fear or from failing, was unwilling, and was perhaps not authorised, to interfere in any department save his own, which consisted merely of a few upper classes.
- (b) The boys learned too much classics; the system of "bifurcation" into classical and non-classical schools was unreal; there was no genuine "modern side."
- (c) The domestic discipline, as directed by an independent Warden, secured good order, but would be better safe-guarded if it were more under the control of the Head Master.
- (d) Boarding-schools were not wanted within the 12-mile radius; but day-schools were badly wanted at various centres within a radius of about 40 miles. Let the Commissioners cut up the Foundation into five, and set down a piece at such places as St. Albans, Chelmsford, Sevenoaks, Guildford, and Maidenhead.

These were the main points to which Mr. Fearon directed his Commissioners, and their decision is printed in the *Schools Inq.*

Com. (vol. i, chap. v, headed, "Eight of the Largest Endowments," pp. 474-491). They admit the individual faults denoted by their inspector, without, however, accepting all his suggestions. Thus:—

- (a) The state of "acephalous anarchy" must cease. The Head Master must be Head Master.
- (b) On the several purely educational points the school authorities were referred to Mr. Fearon's suggestions.
- (c) The Warden should continue to discharge his present duties: "yet in subordination to the Head Master, and subject to his directions."
- (d) Mr. Fearon's sub-division was put on one side. It was recommended that the Hertford Preparatory School should be given up, and the cost of it used to found day-schools in London; and, further, that "the Hospital be retained on its present site."

"It may be added," say the Commissioners, "that some consideration seems to be justly due to the past history of so remarkable a school, and to the attachment which it has inspired in the hearts of many of its scholars. Christ's Hospital is a thing without a parallel in the country, and *sui generis*. It is a grand relic of the mediæval spirit, a monument of the profuse munificence of that spirit, and of that constant stream of individual beneficence which is so often found to flow around institutions of that character. It has kept up its main features, its traditions, its antique ceremonies almost unchanged for a period of upwards of three centuries. It has a long and goodly list of worthies. It is quite as strong as Eton or Winchester in the affection of those who have been brought up in the school." Nothing less could justly be said, but nothing like so much apparently has ever been contemplated by the authors of the new and triumphant *Scheme*.

Lord Taunton and his fellows gave in their account to Her Majesty in 1868. They had their day, and they ceased to be; the Endowed Schools Commission had its day, and made its recommendations, and ceased to be likewise. It never seemed to occur to responsible Government officials that to institute inquiries and make reports, and then to forget the inquiries and to disregard the reports, does more than stultify a Government, in that it seriously unsettles the institution under the knife. But through all these anxious years the Hospital went on its quiet way: not, of course, launching out into

great expenses, for it knew not what a day might bring forth, but gently adapting itself to modern needs. A new head master, the Rev. G. C. Bell, took the place of Mr. Fearon's too-elastic Doctor; and during his tenure of office, and still more under his successor (1876-1894), "acephalous anarchy" insensibly changed into well-ordered monarchy, yet was still accompanied by all deference due from the Head Master to the Treasurer; while the minds of the staff became imbued with the idea—unknown to their predecessors—that loyalty to one's chief is the sole condition of health and well-being for the institution in his charge. The growth of this idea was gradual; but its ultimate maturity was never for a moment doubtful, and, that much accomplished, away go the grounds of Mr. Fearon's chief complaint. So, too, was it with the other objections. The Modern School became more modern: with less Latin, but with German, English history, and continual English composition. Best of all, in regard to the future of the endowment, the ground was greatly cleared and its face was changed by the triumph of the Board-School system. It could no longer be urged that there were no stepping-stones to education for the shoeless child. It began, not unnaturally, to be urged on behalf of the middle classes that there was more need than ever for such schools as the Hospital. The development, by which elementary education became free, has done nothing to lessen that need. The poor can eat of the fruits and be satisfied. And are you going to make no provision for the gentler poor, whose sole distinction is their willingness to pay the Board-School rate that other people's children may be fitted to excel their own?

It was with no regard to these altered circumstances without, with no allowance for spontaneous reforms within, that in the August of 1890 the Charity Commissioners—in this more fortunate than their predecessors—induced Her Majesty in Council to approve the scheme they had laboured so long over. That was the real beginning of evil. It was bad enough to be in suspense for five and twenty years; but the torture of anticipation is as nothing to the torture of the fact; and it is in the hope of a deliverer that the whole question has been forced before the public. Last year *The Times*, not usually the exponent of passing grievances, gave two columns and more of valuable information on the present distress; so that Lord Salisbury would have been less than human if, in addressing himself to the readiness with which definite bequests are "confiscated in obedience to the dominant

crotchets of the day" (*The Times*, January 26th, 1894, p. 4, col. iii), he had passed the example by. "Have you not," said the ex-Premier, "an illustration of that danger at this moment? Has anyone followed the fate of Christ's Hospital, which is now being starved and hampered and almost paralysed by certain most amiable and estimable but most doctrinaire philosophers, who thought they might despise the engagements into which they had entered with benevolent persons, and deal with the contributions of private individuals as if they were entirely at their own disposal?" After such sympathy as that the Hospital had no more need to bewail its fortunes in a corner (as it were), and it was no matter for wonder that its grievances were soon being voiced at a public meeting in the Mansion House (*The Times*, July 12th, 1894), at which the Duke of Cambridge—identified with Christ's Hospital for a generation—expressed his hatred of the gross injustice they involved.

As for the *Scheme* itself, a chief and indeed an essential feature is the abolition of what is called the Donation Governor, in connexion with which it will be well to explain that the income of the Hospital was, until recently, derived from two distinct sources. The larger part of it consisted of endowment, not the gift of Edward VI, but the result of centuries of munificence: all done on a definite understanding that the constitution of the Hospital would remain intact. Mr. Hare's report shows that from this source alone there was derived, in or near 1864, a sum of £64,000 per annum, only £49,000 of which could be directly used for educational purposes, the rest going to the management of the estates and the furtherance of "specific objects other than the original charity." Also, there was a further stand-by in the shape of the donations made by charitable men during their own lifetime. Thus, it was usual for the donor of not less than £500 to be elected a Governor of the House, with the privilege of taking a share in its administration, of voting in the election of the Council of Almoners, and—above all—of "presenting" or procuring the admission of a boy to the School once in so many years (generally about three and a half). In nearly every case the money was given out of goodness of heart and on grounds of general philanthropy, and to make it a matter of mere arithmetic, and reckon in how many years "it may fairly be said that he has fully received the value of his money" (*Schools Inq. Com.*, vol. i, p. 484), is utterly to misrepresent a donor's object. The present writer, for instance, owed his entry to the Hospital to one who was, and still is, among the kings of our banking community, and who can scarce have

been under the necessity of passing from Lombard Street to Newgate Street in search of a good investment. On the contrary, here was so tangible and real a form of benevolence that it recommended itself to hundreds, and Mr. Hare's estimate that £5,000 a year resulted from it to the Hospital funds can hardly be an exaggeration.

Well: the *Scheme* of 1890 has wiped out the Donation Governor. True, it permits him to exist, but it offers him no inducement to choose the condition of existence. On the contrary: by the introduction of twenty-one outsiders, who may or may not have an interest in the School, direct provision is made for out-voting his nominees on the Council of Almoners. And, chiefly, in regard to his power of presentation, he is reduced to the shadow of his former self. He can have but one child on the Foundation at any one time (*Scheme*, par. 93 [1]), and that even may be only "as the Council of Almoners shall determine." And whereas he was once responsible for most of the twelve hundred inmates of the house, he is henceforth responsible for a poor fourth at the outside.

There lies before me as I write the circular prepared in answer to applications for admission. In thick and unmistakable type it gives the sorrowful announcement that "As no Donation Governor is in future to have more than one child on the Foundation by direct presentation, no presentations or nominations for boys, and very few for girls, are likely to be issued to such Governors for some years to come." As a natural consequence, donors of £500 have practically, ceased to be: indeed, since the day of signing, there has been "a total drying-up" of this "source of income" (*The Times*, January 15th, 1894). Yet even now it is not too late to ask if there was any serious objection to the Donation Governor. Given honest returns of income, &c., on the part of parents, participation in the benefits of the Foundation was scarce possible for any who could really afford to educate their children otherwise. Many, indeed, have felt that here was the best and simplest way of *nationalising* the endowment; for Donation Governors might and did spring up in every corner of the Kingdom, with such a knowledge of local and deserving distress as the present Almoners could never compass.

In fine, you abolish a method that was in every way admirable; and what do you put in its room? The device is two-fold. In the first place there is (1) the Entrance on Nomination by the Council of Almoners (*Scheme*, par. 100); but, inasmuch as such children must be

“sons and daughters respectively of persons distinguished in literature, science, or art, or in the service of the Crown, or for services rendered to the public or to Christ's Hospital,” it applies only to a small section of the community, which section has refused, as a rule, to avail itself of the proffered advantage: and, in the second place, there is (2) Entrance by Competition: (a) From public elementary schools in the Metropolis, and (b) from endowed schools (*Schemè*, paras. 102 and 103). One hundred and seventy-nine places are to be at the disposal of scholars in Board Schools, of three years' standing and in the Sixth Standard, with special privileges to certain specified parishes. This is indeed the very acme of “doctrinaire philosophy.” Anyone but a reformer would remember that a sixth standard boy is a possible breadwinner; yet here you are asking poor parents to put off his breadwinning for five or six years, and to have him on their hands during the three months of every year consumed in holidays! What wonder that the first youth thus admitted was not secured by less than £50 worth of advertisements, and that after a year or two his father is anxious to withdraw him? What wonder if hitherto his successors have been few? What hope that they will ever be other? As to the second schedule (b), under which any places remaining shall be competed for by children for two years at schools under the Endowed Schools Act of 1869: the Almoners deciding which schools shall benefit at a particular time, it has brought some bright and promising lads into the Hospital, but it puts a premium upon brain power which is poles apart from the design of founders and benefactors: as for that matter, it is antagonistic to the ideal of any benevolent institution whatsoever. And this is not all. The revolution culminates in the provision of paragraph 85: that, provided one-third of the children be educated free of cost, the Governors may decide whether the parents or guardians of the rest are or are not able to contribute a yearly sum, “being not less than £10 nor more than £20,” towards their maintenance. The effect of this huckstering arrangement is to prevent the Hospital from being generous, at the same time that it presents no possibility of adding seriously to its income or to the means of increasing its usefulness.

To sum up: for the *nationalising* system of presentation by Donation Governors there has been substituted a series of enactments for the benefit of certain *classes* and certain *places*, so that what was universal and national in its operation is made local and municipal as it never was before; and to achieve this miserable result Christ's Hospital has

been landed on the very verge of financial disaster, and must sell out capital year after year. The Report of the Governors for 1892 puts the resultant and "permanent loss of income" at "not less than £15,000 a year," with no prospect of an increase of assets, and with the reality of a steady decrease in the number of children advantaged by the funds. Instead of the twelve hundred found by Mr. Hare in 1864, instead of the twelve hundred still profiting by the Foundation in 1890, there are but eight hundred and fifty on the books to-day. Yet the *Scheme* (para. 65), in an absurd anticipation of a good time coming—when there shall be, not only Hospital Schools for seven hundred boys and three hundred and fifty girls, with a Preparatory School for one hundred and twenty boys but also, Day-Schools for six hundred boys and four hundred girls—most nobly permits the Governors to apply to these said ends a "sufficient sum of money" out of "capital endowment" which will not maintain eight hundred and fifty! It is fair to add that something will accrue from the sale of the site, which, if it was worth £600,000 in 1870, is certainly not to be priced at less than £500,000 in 1895.

Last of all, as if to make ruin doubly ruinous, the Commissioners have permitted the Council to purchase a site at Horsham. The cost was £53,000. A battle royal has been waging round the bargain ever since it was made. A paragraph in *The Times* (December 7th, 1894) seems to imply that victory rests with the Council, which has obtained permission to begin building, with a view to accommodating such a limited number as its shattered finances will support. There is no doubt that the search for a site was sufficiently exhaustive and by no means hasty; and it is probable that the final selection, whatever it was, would have been subject to criticism from divers quarters. But the faults found with the Horsham estate have certainly been both many and grievous; and the Council seems to have lent some colour to the alarmist view by not publishing the sanitary reports known to be in its possession many months ago. All doubts, in so far as the nature of those reports is concerned, have now been removed by the printing of large extracts in *The Times* of December 27th, 1894. Those who have been so patient as to follow me thus far will have long since made up their minds that the Hospital is under infinite obligations to our greatest newspaper. Thanks to *The Times*, the public can now judge for itself of the fitness or the unfitness of the Horsham site. It can follow Mr. Rogers Field's plain statement of facts right on to his conclusion: that "clay

soil such as this cannot under any circumstances be a desirable site for a large school, and therefore it is of the utmost importance that the under-drainage should be carried out in the most perfect way possible." It can make up its mind as to the fairness of the words in which *The Times* summarises Mr. Field :—"The water supply is doubtful, the soil is unsuitable, and the drainage difficult." And if it still hankers for Horsham after that, it may take such comfort as it may in the fancies of Dr. Kelly, who deduces from "the general health of the sparse agricultural population inhabiting the district" the probable health of large numbers of young people, strange to the district and physically ready to "catch" anything. Now, this very ground was inspected and approved by an emissary from Spring Gardens, and the ultimate responsibility for its selection lies with the Charity Commissioners. It is of them that the account must be demanded, for it is they that have reduced the Council of the Hospital to those monetary circumstances under which you catch at any bargain. Either the Council must be released from the choice which it was allowed to make, or it must be rendered financially capable of reconstructing the soil and making it habitable. Which will the Charity Commissioners do?—And when?

One boon the *Scheme* has indeed conferred upon the School: a capable Representative Council, whose zeal is equal to that of the Governing Body it supplanted. But the Commissioners have set that Council a hopelessly impossible task: they have told it to build without giving it the wherewithal to finish; they have framed a constitution in the spirit of the noble lord who said that "The pious founder must go to the wall," and they are sending his pious Foundation after him. They are bound by every moral consideration so to modify their monstrous conception that there may be a recrudescence of generosity in the public. Let them put aside their "doctrinaire philosophy" and help in a practical spirit to mend what they have nearly succeeded in ending.

E. H. PEARCE.

THE LAST CONQUEST OF CHINA

I.

THE decay of the Ming dynasty, which had lasted through sixteen emperors, from the year 1368, was all but complete when Ts'ung Chêng succeeded to the Empire in 1628. This purely eastern and capricious despotism was, together with the Court and its monarch, completely in the grasp of the all-powerful eunuchs of the palace, then the secular curses of Chinese history. Justice and injustice and all access to the throne were in their hands: in Chinese phrase, the path of remonstrance was never clear, and a general had rather assault a Tartar fort than present a memorial to the Son of Heaven. An excellent picture of the evil state of this dynasty can be obtained (even a century earlier) from Dr. Legge's *Rambles of the Emperor Chêng Teh*, circa 1512, and from the contemporary account of its downfall by the Spanish statesman-bishop, Don Juan de Palafox y Mendoza, Viceroy of Mexico, who had a narrow escape of canonisation. The corruption of the judges and chief officers and ministers of state was "scarce to be paralleled in the whole world." Their avarice, extortion, and cruelties, from the highest to the lowest, were inexpressible. The very phrase, "the sick man," applied by Nicholas of Russia to the Porte, was current about the state of China. The martial spirit and calling were despised, and a wooden bookiness was the only passport to the office of thief and Mandarin, which, in the proverbial saying, meant one and the same man. The imposts upon the people were enormous, the revenue was all embezzled, and the defrauded army got neither pay nor provisions.

The matter had, in Chinese phrase, become great as the heavens, and hereupon, amid universal rottenness and discontent, arose in 1640 a revolt. The history of China is full of such revolts and of their savage repression—they are going on at this moment; but this one led to the ruin of the dynasty also. There was a brace of rebel chiefs, to whom the starving soldiery flocked in

general mutiny, to try and live by plunder ; and they were soon masters of the five northern provinces bordering on Tartary. One of them, Lih, a man of low extraction, more greatly ambitious than the other, whom he put out of the way, actually proclaimed himself an emperor in the Shensi province. There and thence did he plot so effectually to be master of Peking that, parcel by fright and parcel by guile, he made the chief eunuchs his chief fellow conspirators. By the connivance of these weakened traitors, he got some of his most valiant lieutenants into the capital in the guise of mart-keeping merchants, while on their part his confederates gradually diminished the garrison, guards, and sentries. Lih then suddenly and quietly appeared, found the gates open, and marched in and took possession. Whereupon the face of the Emperor Ts'ung Chêng became like earth, with fear : he went out into his gardens and cut his only daughter's throat, while his consort hanged herself on a tree. He then, this King Log, at the age of thirty-five, hanged himself to another tree, near by. A number of the more loyal courtiers, complying with the rigid old rite of "following the dead," put themselves to the last sleep also, in order to give their master a respectable funeral. Black despair, too, seized upon many of the most eminent in the kingdom, and they "did, without any hesitation, destroy themselves by divers sorts of violent Deaths. Some cut their own Throats, others strangled themselves, others drank Poison, and others precipitated and drowned themselves in Wells and Holes." This wholesale suicide *in extremis*, this "negation of the wish to live," is natural to the Chinese, as to the Jews, in persecution dire.

Lih straightway showed himself a King Stork ; began squeezing the surviving mandarins, and tortured to death great numbers who could not satisfy his demands. But this great catastrophe, happening as it did in the far north of China, upon the borders of their own vast tracts, could not escape the gaze of the Manchus, and Lih soon found that he had caught a Tartar. For long before this disruption, the Tartars had been overflowing the frontier as more or less peaceful settlers and unsettlers—just as the Italians and the Belgians swarm in their thousands into modern France—and the evil condition of China could not but be a potent attraction for their princes. And when the famous Chinese General Wu, to whom Ts'ung Chêng had committed the guard of the Great Wall, invited a Tartarian force to come to his aid against Lih, he found one nothing loth.

II.

Meanwhile, upon the death of Ts'ung Chêng, a prince of his blood was proclaimed in the southern provinces, which were beyond Lih's rebel power, and the Tartars came in at the north in the year 1643, when the said Lih had been playing the intolerable tyrant for some three or four years. Four centuries earlier, Jenghis Khan and the Mongols had undertaken a similar conquest, and his fifth successor, Kublai, seated himself and the Yüan dynasty on the throne of China in 1280, when, and not before, he could "a stately pleasure-dome decree." But, through long anterior ages, the Tartars had been the natural enemies of China, and during the first Han dynasty, about 48 years B.C., the effeminacy of the Court and the weakness of the government gave rise to the propitiation of those barbarians by a regular tribute. Long after it merged in the conquest by the Mongols (as above) who, after some hundred and fifty years, were overturned by the Mings: one of them, however, the Emperor Ting Ts'ung, actually a prisoner of the Tartars from 1450 to 1457. There had been sub-acute disturbances between China and the rising Manchus at least from 1616; and in 1619 the Ming Emperor obtained the aid of Korea against them. But they destroyed the Korean forces, and then, as a strategic forerunner to an attack on China, the Manchu Khan, in 1627, crossed the Yalu River on the winter ice, and made a real assault upon Korea, which he rapidly did what he liked with, for that country by bending to every storm has long managed to lead the supine existence of the reeds. In 1638 the Manchu, with the subordinate help of the Mongols, who were now submissive, had to give the Korean King another dressing, and in 1642 that same pliant monarch had to export grain to provision the Tartar hordes in their contemplated attack upon his suzerain, China.

The Manchu Khan who was to become the Emperor Shun Chi, the founder of the present Ta Ts'ing or "All Serene" dynasty—a title assumed in 1638—was not a dozen years of age, but he was regented by a trio of able "uncles" (a familiar matriarchal arrangement), "each one of whom had the courage of 10,000 men." Their family village was Ghioro, in the Shaling Hills, about thirty miles west of the present Ninguta, in the country of the Kin. The invading forces were strong, especially in horse, and were magnified still further by the terrors of the Chinese. The Tartars were, it is

stated, wholly without firearms, and this is very probable. In a well-known Chinese play the Khan is made to speak thus:—"I am the oldest inhabitant of the sandy waste, the sole ruler of the northern regions. Our twanging bows are our provision; the wild chase is our trade; battle and conquest are our chief commerce." And though they had no aid from "villanous saltpetre," like flights of locusts they subdued without effort, every place they summoned yielding to their threats without a blow; so they were soon masters of the northern provinces. The rebel Lih took flight when they were still three days' march from Peking; on which, however, he wreaked his rage and cruelty to the full, before he made the best of his way back again to Shensi, taking with him all the plunder of the imperial treasuries, and so disappearing from history. Shun Chi then peacefully entered Peking, and awoke one morning to find himself Emperor of the Golden Kingdom and the Dragon Throne. So ended the year 1644; and the new emperor calling the Tartar chiefs about him, Manchus and Mongols swarmed into China, while the Chinese were ordered out of both Peking and Nanking, the northern and southern capitals; although a proportion of Chinese officials was necessarily retained in posts which were not of the first rank or of justice. General Wu was sent to pacify the west, and carried his arms beyond the Burmese frontier. Three more provinces were easily subdued in 1645, and three more taken over without strife; so that twelve out of the eighteen, into which this dynasty divided China, were made amenable in two years from the invasion.

As a body, the Chinese at the first showed that apathy due to the "any change must be for the better" state of opinion, and a basest cowardice wherever they did fight. Thus, the Tartars kicked them about as they would, and in a Tartar table-of-values of those days, one Mongol was worth ten Koreans, and one Manchu equal to ten Mongols: no quotation for Chinamen, who were "in the condition of the teeth when the lips are destroyed." But the Manchus had been careful to enlist in their forces all the semi-Tartarian Chinese of the northern border, who were then supposed to be the best fighting men of the Empire, and among these were the famous frontier princes, the three Generals Wu, Shang, and Kêng, all natives of Manchurian Liaotung, and by some accounts the "uncles" of the Emperor, as aforesaid. All Chinese heads had to be shorn "upon pain of life within three days," and Tartar costume had to be universally worn.

Many of the better sort of Chinamen elected to lose their heads with their tails, or, as a contemporary account unconsciously jokes with it, "they loved them so passionately that they would rather dye than be deprived of their hair." They retained, too, the privilege of being buried in their national dress, and its tradition survived upon the stage.

III.

It was in the south, contrary to all expectation, that the Chinese, as we then called them, first plucked up a heart. The prince of the blood already mentioned had been proclaimed at Nanking, but his position was so ridiculous that he fled "like falling flowers on flowing water," when the Tartars approached, and they found Nanking as they did Peking, an open city. He was quickly followed, overtaken, and slain. Further south, another scion of the Mings proclaimed himself in Fuhkien, and yet another in Canton. *Non deficiunt*; and from first to last some seven or nine of these princes were put up to be knocked down. One or other of them was upheld by the great hero of the situation, who now showed to the front. This was the terrible pirate and freebooter Fei-hwang, the Flying King, long execrated by the Dutch and the Portugals (for "his fame had reached the barbarians") in a corruption of his *sobriquet*, as "Iquon." Every great revolution upthrows the heroes of its fitful hours; and Iquon, also known at home by his name of Chêng Chelung, with his son by a Japanese wife, "Coxinga" (*pidgin* for Chêng Ch'êngkung), were the blazing stars that appeared at the downfall of the Mings.

Iquon, the only real obstacle the Tartars encountered, was born in a seaside village near Amoy, and lived for years in a Japanese settlement on the great island of Taiwan (or Formosa) which lies off that coast. He adventured himself early to Macao, where the Portuguese missionaries baptised him Jasper, and gave him a very thin Christian veneering. From Macao he went to Japan in the employ of some great China-merchant, who sent him out in charge of ships trading to Cochin-China and Cambay. Iquon enriched himself rapidly, annexed his master's fleet when he died of the plague, bought ships and yet more ships on his own account; and, finding himself built that way by nature, he turned his mind gradually to privateering, and boldly flew the Jolly Roger. Such were his naval strength and ability and his own innate hard grit, that he faced round upon the imperial

flect and destroyed it, and thus became sole master of the China Seas. His artillery was the best that could then be looted or honestly come by, and his crews were all hammer-and-tongs daredevils who stuck at nothing. He fought another corsair who was put up by the Mandarins to challenge his supremacy, ran his ship aboard of him, and killed him with his own hand on his own deck. This was before the downfall of the Emperor Ts'ung Chêng, whose weakly government was so intimidated that it made Iquon Captain-General of the Coasts, or Lord High Admiral of the Empire.

Thenceforth he could rob loyally under the national flag, so he steered down upon the Hollanders in Formosa, and burned their ships until they paid him an annual tribute of some £7,000 sterling of those days. His imperial salary of some £6,000, secured upon the trade of Canton, being once in arrear, he landed as many pirates as there were pounds due, and enforced its payment; and the Dutch not alone sent their agents to him instead of to Peking, but incited him to assume the rule of China, and, to that end, presented him with a crown and a sceptre of gold. The Portuguese also placed their ships under his protection, "for a consideration," as an English phrase of the day ran (in *The Fortunes of Nigel* and elsewhere); and in the south for years Iquon remained all-powerful by sea and land. And his ambition, or his prudence, was satisfied with power: he declined all ideas of a throne, and when the Tartars broke loose, and he was made general of the still loyal land-armies, he ever put forward an Imperial prince (as above) for a stalking-horse, and showed fight, and his own fealty, against the Tartars, whom he awaited in his native Fuhkien. There they sent him an offer of the kingship of that province and of Kwantung, with Canton and all their other great towns, if he would have and hold them as vassal of the new Manchu dynasty. The pirate, well fitted for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, would by no means "come into their parlour:" replying (or such was the speech lent him) that he was neither so credulous as to trust himself to thieves, nor such a traitor as to betray his country to tyrants.

"Prave orts:" right on the top of which one of the Manchu "uncles" came down against Iquon in 1646, with a vast army of chosen troops—horse, foot, and artillery; for the Tartars had immediately annexed all the Chinese guns and matchlocks, with their European and native cannoniers. But in truth they trusted more to the swarms of their own native cavalry, with which, and with the lightest of ladders, they sur-

prised and stormed every rampart that resisted: surrounding and overwhelming every rabble rout of Chineses, insomuch that it was well said that the conquering Tartars were all four-legged. Of course they met with a more stubborn resistance from the pirate, even though his gangs were naturally not so good land-rats as they were water-rats. It took them a whole year to reduce Fuhkien, and then they only succeeded when Iquon, who was in every fight, at last, by the fortune of war, fell into their hands as a prisoner. Thereupon the greater part of his forces joined, or rejoined, the pirates at sea, and Kwantung and its capital, Canton, soon yielded: the city being actually occupied one day in January 1647-8 by a handful of twenty Tartar horsemen, in an incidental manner, with the loss of but four of their number. This, however, was a few hours only before the pirates, coming round by sea in a great fleet of strong ships, sailed up the river to its assistance. Enraged at the loss of the town, these desperadoes set it on fire, and the greater part of its new quarters was reduced to ashes. This was said to be the first exciting cause of all the Tartars' subsequent outrageous violence in those parts. It began with the sacking for three days of Canton itself, burned and unburned: when untold masses of "gold, silver, pearls, musk, silk, and such other like things of high price," swiftly changed hands, and "that great city, the riches whereof did before surpass the wealth of divers kingdoms and nations," was utterly brought low.

IV.

There followed upon this catastrophe a still more envenomed struggle between "four eminent pirates" and the Tartars. Small outbursts became continual all over three of the southern provinces: the rovers continually made descents; the hapless populace were every day and night between the Tartar devil and the pirates of the deep sea. But now the Tartars, least seafaring of tribes, put to sea on their own account, and instead of proving mere horse-marines, as might have been expected, they very soon showed mettle there too. Their first move was to take and garrison Hainan, the big island south of the Kwantung province, which had been a safe resort of the freebooting ships. Negotiations followed upon this, the Tartars treacherously laying two of the four "eminent" leaders by the heels at a conference; so that "fire raged in the lungs and gall" of the other two, and indeed "there was no Bull nor Tyger exasperated, nor Serpent trampled upon,

more enraged than these corsairs were." They swarmed in tens of thousands like angered bees, and pharaminal statistics of the place and time gave them (including galley oars) two hundred thousand men and two thousand "ships"; which they may have had, counting junks, gigs, and dinghies. To be yet more precise, they were "innumerable as the sand of the sea," and "the seas and rivers were covered with ships and men, as if it rained armed men from heaven." However, the Tartar chief, himself turned admiral, and put out from Canton with fifty junks of some sixteen guns apiece, surprised the "pyrates" in a channel of the river, where the multitude of their vessels proved a block and a hindrance, boomed up their retreat down channel, took a hundred of their best craft, and set the rest ablaze. This great victory seems to have been (but all the dates are inexact) in February 1647-8, a month after the taking of Canton.

Thence did the Tartars hotly advance upon the town of Shaoking in Kwangsi, where another brace of royal princes had set up in business as ephemeral sovereigns, and at once had fallen to loggerheads. One of them showed more pluck than any Chinese leader except Iquon. He and "his bloody and desperate Wolves" actually advanced to meet the Tartars, the first and only time (said the relations sent to Europe by the missionaries) that such a manœuvre was tried by the Chinamen; and not alone that, but his pikes withstood the Tartar horse, he beat them at lance and scimitar, played upon them with his artillery, and—neither Tartars nor Chinese could at first believe it!—actually routed the Manchus in great disorder. But the Tartars soon came again in greater force; the Chinese quarrel developed into a split; and at the second attack upon Shaoking, the one half the defenders wouldn't fight, and the other half ran away: the Tartars entering the town "pel-mel with them," and reducing the doomed place to "a meer Shambles of Humane Flesh." And then continued without surcease that terrible time for the harried non-combatants of this South. Whenever they submitted themselves to the Manchus, the corsairs soon afterwards descended upon them, re-plundered and tortured them, and forced them to resume their Chinese dress. Scores of small walled towns were pillaged and burned by Tartar and by pirate in turn; so that those rich southern provinces were laid waste, "and the putrid corpses did so infect the air that it occasioned a cruel plague."

The greater portion of the corsairs being from Canton and its province Kwantung, they were constantly attacking or alarming

that city by night, and once they burnt half the Tartar fleet at the wharves. Being repulsed, they would return a few days later, in equal force and freshness. The Tartars, as often as they could, got to them on the water; but it was a tough and lengthy struggle. The pirates would appear suddenly, seize some fort or town on the Canton River, fortify themselves, land and mount their guns, of which they had any number, and beat off the Tartars and lay about them as long as there was a shot in the locker. When their powder ran out, they ran too, and got to sea again. And so did this interminable warfare continue, off and on, for a long, long while. But, apart from this, and from this alone, the whole vast Empire of China was reduced to obedience by the Manchus in less than four years: which was a remarkably business-like achievement.

V.

It is impossible here to relate in detail events which belong to subsequent history. For example, the Generals Kêng, father and son, had to be sent down to re-subjugate Kwantung and Fuhkien in 1649. In the following year General Shang, the pacificator of the South, had, with the Kêngs, to besiege Canton again for ten months before they could screw themselves to the storming point. And in 1674, the famed and honoured General Wu (who invited the Tartars in), with Kêng junior and the son of General Shang, rebelled and raised the same two turbulent provinces against the Manchus. It was a dangerous insurrection for the present dynasty, but it was overcome by the help of the newest cannons, cast for the Manchu rulers by the scientific Jesuits, then so full of renown at the court of K'anghi. The Portuguese, it should be added, contrived, with infinite pains, to maintain their neutrality (and their Macao) during all the contest; although their far-Eastern trade was for a long time destroyed by it and by the contemporary closing of Japan, and although they had lent artificers and gunners to the Chinese, who afterwards went over (under instructions, perhaps) to the Tartars. The Portugals had also had to satisfy the blackmailing of Iquon, that is, Fei-hwang, until his downfall.

When that great Irregular was caught by the Tartar, he changed his skin for a time with wonderful boldness and versatility. He at once costumed himself in Tartar splendour, and offered his prowess to the conqueror. He lavished money and presents in all directions, and was, for polity, continued in his (now nominal) great office. A

part of his forces seems actually, and by his orders, to have joined the Tartar army. Brave mercenaries who love and live by a fight, and are not particular to a shade or a side, are to be found in all ages and all nations of mankind. Iquon's body-guard, of some two hundred negro slaves from Macao, is an instance. They had been all christianised by the missionaries (and much good it did them), and had then escaped from their Portugal masters into China. They took service under the victorious Tartars, and fought against the corsairs as well and truly as they had previously fought for those corsairs' great chief, who was eventually executed by the Tartars at Peking in 1661. But Fei-hwang's deeds and misdeeds were eclipsed by the exploits and renown of his son "Coxinga," that is, Chêng Ch'êngkung who was sent as a youth by his father to the Hollanders in their East Indian possessions. There he acquired a perfect knowledge of the European military and naval arts; and then, putting himself at the head of his father's rovers, he expelled his Dutch teachers from Formosa (where he had been born, of a Japanese mother), and made himself ruler of the whole island, which he held against all comers, Dutch or Tartar, until the year after his father's beheading, when he too died, at thirty-nine, and Formosa lapsed to the Manchu dynasty.

That dynasty straightway brought "the Chinese Mandarin" low, cut off his privileges everywhere, or else his head; dispersed and further annihilated the eunuchs; and made the roads of the Empire safe. Tartar garrisons were placed, and their descendants still to this day abide, in all the important centres. But even as early as four years after the conquest, Bishop Palafox, citing the reports of the Christian missionaries, pointed out that the intermarrying of the Tartars with Chinese families, which was even then becoming general, must inevitably make them all one people and one nation ere many years were over. It is, as we all know, what has happened. The conquerors have been assimilated by the conquered. The degeneration, corruption, and impotence of the Chinese government and governors is now, and has long been, as great as it was before the great Tartar conquest of 250 years ago; and they are being doubled up before our eyes—at all events, so far, and in the hard north too—just as they were in the 17th century. But they have, at the time of writing, one resource. Chinese Gordon (of Khartûm) was asked for advice in 1880 at Peking, by Li Hung Chang; and his counsel to the impossible Chinese army was that it should trust wholly to the traditional irregular warfare of

the country. That is what the Chinese are even now essaying in Manchuria and Korea—where there are still plenty of disbanded soldiers: a harassing of the invader by an unrelenting and unintermitted guerrilla of the endless, ubiquitous, and enduring Manchu horses and horsemen.

And who shall tell us what the Chinese Secret Societies are now doing? It may be highly important to know, and doubtless the Japanese have better means of information than ourselves. The great Triad brotherhood, which has, or had, its headquarters in the Straits Settlements, and was strong about Amoy (Fei-hwang's birthplace), has long been suspected of concentrating the embers of an ever-smouldering desire for the Tartar's downfall. Two of its watchwords hark back to the dynasty of the Ming or "Light," and the Chinese government punishes its members, when it discovers them, with death. But it may be conjectured that these societies would certainly not work now, wittingly, in any direction which would favour the detested Japanese.

JOHN O'NEILL.

THE NEW CURE

THE public mind is never more surely excited than by the announcement of a new cure for a deadly disease. Of this the journalist is well aware. He is ever among the doctors; he sometimes anticipates their declaration of results; he seldom fails to mistake or to mislead. These ills are, perhaps, inevitable, and the medical profession itself is not always guiltless of premature publication. But when the strictly scientific question of the value, or the promotion, of a new mode of treatment is freely discussed by the lay press in words without knowledge, there follows a general darkening of counsel, with injury to the credit of scientific inquiry and practical medicine. The irresponsible critic is, perhaps, never more impertinent, or more mischievous, than in dealing with matters proper to science; for of the very grammar of his subject he is usually as unintelligent as are those for whom he writes. Wherefore his pronouncements on highly specialised questions must, of necessity, proceed from ignorance or prejudice alone, and his praise of scientific work must be worthless as his blame. For the rest, in the matter of new remedies for disease there are now two classes of persons to create a demand for exaggerated or distorted accounts of scientific discovery which the newspaper is swift to supply. On the one hand are the many who, from the mere instinct of life, are ever eager to welcome any chance of cure. On the other is a motley group of mystics and faddists, united only by a common spirit of hostility to exact science in loudly decrying the trial, and in disingenuously denying the value, of remedies revealed by experimental research. Of this circle the so-called Anti-vivisectionist is the eponymous hero.

It needs not to dwell here on the mischievous readiness of the ignorant of all ranks to rise to the lures of either vulgar or respectable quackery. It is more important to note, that further ill may befall the cause of scientific medicine (which is that of the public good) from indiscriminate enthusiasm about any new remedy, on the sole ground of premature reports of its certain success. And this consideration

especially applies, to those remedial agents which are the outcome of physiological experiment, and must be widely tested on the human subject before they can be duly registered as established cures. However great their promise of permanent value, all new remedies must be, and are, subjected to an extensive trial on that subject as a condition of their lasting credit. Experimental treatment within certain limits is, indeed, essential to progress in such an art as medicine, and is no less demanded by individual needs than by the advance of knowledge. But a strict limit to experimental medicine is none the less clearly set, and it may be said that the justification of the tentative use of remedies consists in a strong likelihood of success, combined with a practical certainty of harmlessness. Under such conditions, and especially in the case of dangerous diseases, the trial of a new remedy is not only a medical right but also—and eminently—a medical duty, whether the ultimate result be success or failure. Such a trial, moreover, needs no more than other medical action either the special consent of the patient or the special sanction of the uninstructed public. It is important for the present purpose to bear in mind that the ultimate success of a novel remedy is not needed for the justification of its prolonged trial, and that in seeking public support or state aid in carrying out this trial, as may occasionally be advisable or necessary, there is neither need nor right to magnify by one jot the probability of a successful result, provided the stated conditions be observed. Outside the limits here laid down no experimentation with new remedies is permissible without the patient's full consent; and in the teeth of Anti-vivisectionist libellers and other irresponsible sectarians it is demonstrable that this is the canon observed in both hospital and private practice in England. It follows from these conclusions that rash pronouncements on the full success of new modes of treatment should be strongly deprecated, and that scientific credit must necessarily suffer at the hands of enthusiasts who, while welcoming a new cure from any source on the ground alone of its promised success, would be the first to join the ranks of the open enemies of medical inquiry, should the said cure be in the end discredited.

In many quarters other than medical the new treatment of Diphtheria, by the injection under the skin of what is known as "Anti-toxin," has already been announced as beyond the stage of probation, and as being firmly established as a cure; while in others the trial of Anti-toxin is attacked as premature, or denounced as unwarrantable, by persons whose

motives, confessed or concealed, are clearly foreign to any interest in the value of the treatment in itself. By the following attempt to set forth, very shortly and in terms as little technical as may be, the present state of knowledge on the matter, ignorant and possibly premature enthusiasm in favour of Anti-toxin may be sufficiently rebuked and controlled. But the justification claimed for its extended trial will involve a few concluding words on that studied perversion of fact which marks the tactics of its hostile and self-appointed critics.

The proof of the dependence of many diseases on the poisonous agency of minute vegetable organisms is, perhaps, the most signal triumph won in recent times by the use of scientific method in matters of practical medicine. It was the character and the habit of maladies of the infectious class, with the conditions of their rise and spread, which led to the suspicion, first, and then to the definite hypothesis, of such a mode of origin. The actual discovery of organic germs, which are constant factors in the causation of certain diseases, has been the brilliant product of the scientific imagination in union with enduring observation and laborious experiment. Not even a compendium of this chapter in the history of scientific research can be here set forth ; but at the head of all that could be written thereon must always stand the great name of Pasteur. Since his beginnings in the field, the labour of many followers has been incessant and fruitful ; and at last a clear conception has been gained (1) of what is meant by a specific disease, and (2) of the conditions which justify the attribution of causality to a given micro-organism. Further than this, it has been shown, by means of experiments suggested by analogical reasoning, that in certain cases of infective disease—including some where no distinctive organic germ has been as yet discovered in the body of the sufferer—poisonous agents exist in the blood, or the tissues, which can, and do, convey the disease to other animals by means of inoculation. Indeed, it is generally held that the baneful effect of the living organisms, which are the prime causes of many diseases, is wrought by the activity of a poison produced by those organisms at their place of entry, and sooner or later absorbed into the body and taken up by its circulating fluids. Such poisons are technically described as "Toxins." And here I shall place a word as to the test which an organic germ must pass in order that its claim to be the cause of a given disease may be established: or, to speak more technically, before it can be raised to specific and pathogenic rank. To this end, then, an organism must be in constant association with the

disease of which it is the alleged cause, and must be capable of development outside the body, by a process known as "Pure Cultivation," apart from all contamination by other organisms. Thus cultivated, and then inoculated into healthy animals, it must produce effects similar to those of the original disease; it must be once more recoverable from these fresh subjects; and it must be once more capable of cultivation in media outside the body. To such a test as this the organism, or bacillus, found in what is known as "Tubercle," among many others, has been successfully subjected; and in quite recent times a similar result has been achieved from experiments with an organism now generally accepted as an essential agent in the causation of most cases hitherto recognised as Diphtheria.

Now, the specific organism, on which in all probability depends a very large class (at least) of the cases hitherto described as Diphtheria, is known after its discoverers as the "Klebs-Loeffler" bacillus; and current knowledge allows the assertion that, whether or no there be other organisms, of equal or less importance, which play a similar part in the production of some cases hitherto classed as Diphtheria, there exists a specific disease—for the present to be called True Diphtheria—which is caused, and only caused, by the poisons arising from the activity of the Klebs-Loeffler bacillus. It has been further shown that the poison, or Toxin, in the blood of infected animals has the power of causing by inoculation, apart from the presence of the generating bacilli, the symptoms of the said disease. For the right understanding of the question raised by recent discoveries concerning both the cause and the cure of Diphtheria, it is important to bear this point in mind, and to recognise that no claim is made that the disease caused by the Klebs-Loeffler bacillus, and alone tractable by the new-found remedy, is necessarily co-terminous with all affections hitherto described as Diphtheria.

There are, doubtless, cases in most respects similar to those in question—some of the gravest kind—which are probably in no way dependent on the agency of this particular organism; and thus much may be at once conceded to such as oppose the use of the new remedy on the ground that it cannot be curative of "Diphtheria" in the most comprehensive use of the term. This objection by itself is merely a verbal quibble, and its apparent plausibility would instantly disappear, if men agreed for the nonce to let drop the equivocal word. For the purpose of upholding the importance of the Klebs-Loeffler

organism in the production of the disease, and the consequent necessity of trying all means within our reach to counteract its working, it is enough to understand that, in at least a large majority of the cases usually regarded as Diphtheria in its most serious form, this bacillus has been proved to be present and to possess the qualities of a true cause. The question of the causation of "Diphtheria" in its widest sense—including cases where other baneful organisms are present at the same time (known as instances of "Mixed Infection"), as well as those above-mentioned, whence the Klebs-Loeffler organism may be absent altogether—is not only complicated and strictly medical; but also it is quite alien from the main purpose of these remarks. That purpose is, to set forth the claims of Anti-toxin as a remedy for a disease which, however called, is serious and common, and to justify its extended trial, even in view of the possible invalidation of such claims by the ultimate test of experiment.

Touching, then, the treatment of "Diphtheria" by "Anti-toxin," let it be understood that there is the strongest evidence from observation and experiment that it is the "Toxin" produced by the specific bacilli which hurts and kills, and that rational treatment up to now has been directed, albeit mostly in vain, towards destroying the organisms at their seat of entry into the body, with the object of preventing the further production of the poison. It was this new knowledge of the nature of the diphtheritic process—combined with certain inferences drawn from researches into the causation of the immunity to fresh infection produced by an attack of many of the specific diseases—that led to the discovery of the method now known as treatment by Anti-toxins. It was Roux, in France, who discovered the Toxin of Diphtheria; and it was Behring, in Germany, who showed that an antidotal element exists in the blood of those infected, and conceived the notion of the novel mode. The insusceptibility to subsequent infection, which is largely insured by an attack of such diseases as small-pox, scarlet fever, and others, has long been known. The actual demonstration of its cause is still to seek, but it may be hoped that the truth about this matter lies not far from those who work and wait. The theory which now holds the field, and is largely supported by the results of multiform and careful experiment, is one of the formation of a certain substance, which accumulates in the blood, and prevents, for a longer or shorter time, the further growth of the pathogenic organisms or their poisonous products.

It is not possible, nor is it necessary, here to enter into the difficult question of the nature or the genesis of this Anti-toxic principle: it is enough to know that the "Serum," or permanently liquid element of the blood, contains it: as is shown by the neutralising effect of the Serum of animals, rendered insusceptible to a given disease, on the poisons produced by the organisms on which that disease depends. By a series of graduated injections, containing increasing quantities of the active poison of disease, an animal is in time accustomed to the poison, and so is rendered immune, or incapable of infection by that disease in any form. It is believed that by this means the Anti-toxic principle is incited to great development; and it has been shown that the Serum obtained from the blood of an animal thus treated, not only is protective for a while against the infection of a healthy animal into whose tissues it has been injected, but also—and this is the most important point—is counteractive, or destructive, to disease already existing. The chief diseases, in which the preventive and antidotal qualities of Anti-toxic Serum thus produced have been hitherto shown, are Tetanus (lockjaw) and Diphtheria. The Anti-toxin of Tetanus has an eminently preventive action, but that action is but slightly curative: the symptoms of Tetanus being only recognised when the effect of its Toxin is already seriously advanced. But in Diphtheria the curative action is more conspicuous, by reason of the presence of local evidence of the disease, in the shape of the well-known "Membrane," before the poison has attained a high degree of activity. In the case of Diphtheria, the horse has, thus far, been used for the preparation of a Serum endowed with Anti-toxic power. And for these reasons: that his serum is not injurious to other animals, and that he tolerates the Toxin well, or in other words, is not very ready to take Diphtheria.

The activity of Anti-toxic Serum in neutralising the poison of Diphtheria has been sufficiently demonstrated in the case of animals artificially infected: guinea-pigs and rabbits so poisoned dying in the course of four to six days unless they are treated with Anti-toxin, and almost always recovering in the event of such treatment; the experiments further showing that the sooner the treatment by Anti-toxin is instituted, the greater the probability of complete recovery. It is clear, however, for many reasons which need no statement here, that Anti-toxin, as a remedy for human Diphtheria, must ultimately stand or fall by its effects on the human sufferer from Diphtheria; and from what is already known of its action in this direction its claims on further trial and on public

recognition may well be adjudged. There is a vast consensus of opinion among those who have used it, that it greatly reduces the diphtheritic mortality, and that convalescence proceeds far more rapidly after its injection than in cases which recover under any other method. Statistics, too, which are increasingly abundant, unmistakably support the high probability that its early use is in most cases actually curative. In such a complicated question, however, as the effect of a certain specific remedy on a notably variable disease, statistical evidence must be present to a far greater extent, and in far greater detail, than in this case it is, before it can be adduced in final proof, or disproof, of the value of a mode of treatment. It is universally recognised by physicians of experience that what is known as Diphtheria is a malady of multiform expression, varying much in aspect and severity in different regions and at different seasons, in different epidemic visitations, and, very especially, at different times of life. So great, indeed, is the contrast between its mortality in the first few years of life and its mortality in after periods, that the ultimate test of any remedy must practically refer to cases occurring in children under three or four years old. What is wanted—what, indeed, is essential—is an accurate history of large numbers of such cases, treated by Anti-toxin over large areas and in various seasons. Complete fulfilment, therefore, of the high promise of the new treatment is still to seek ; for its trial has been scarcely year-long. But that a stronger case has been established on its behalf than on that of many time-honoured remedies is simply beyond question. Of the only two reports which shall be quoted, one is by Roux, of the Institut Pasteur : it shows that the percentage mortality in 300 cases of children treated with the Serum between the months of February and July, 1894, was almost exactly half the percentage mortality recorded among all those admitted into the same wards during the four previous years, and, what is still more striking, was much less than half that observed, during the same months of 1894, among 520 children in another Paris hospital, where the new treatment was not used. Of Roux's 300 cases in the Hôpital des Enfants Malades, the mortality per cent. was 26 as against 60 per cent. among the 520 concurrent cases in the Hôpital Trousseau. The other report was made but last December, to the Clinical Society of London, by Drs. Goodall and Washbourn, and was based on 72 cases treated by Anti-toxin at the Homerton Fever Hospital : it shows a mortality of somewhat over 19 per cent. as contrasted with a mortality of over 38 per cent. among 72 immediately precedent cases otherwise

treated, as well as among other 797 cases admitted before the introduction of the Anti-toxic method. It may be repeated here that, apart from all statistical evidence, positive observation of individual patients has hitherto shown that the Serum-injection is followed by a remarkably rapid disappearance of that Membrane in the throat which is the chief local evidence of the disease, and that relief of other symptoms and complete restoration to health are also markedly hastened. Also, as touching the question of the harmlessness of this new treatment or, at least, the absence of any unwelcome effects at all commensurate with the gravity of the disease: it is the conviction of nearly all observers of numbers of cases that, with the frequent exception of a transient rash, it can be credited with no undesirable result whatever. And again, it must be added, there are some who express an opinion, based on the observation of but few cases, that certain complications confessedly common in untreated Diphtheria are rendered more frequent by it.

Two other points. Those who deplore the sacrificial function of the horse in this procedure may be assured that he suffers but slightly from illness, eats well, and needs no forcible restraint at any stage of the proceedings; and those who wonder why public regulations, and public aid, perchance, are advisable or requisite for the furtherance of the Anti-toxic method may be told that the supply of the material is a matter of time, skill, and cost, and, as yet, is often neither sufficient nor opportune. In view, too, of the great promise of the Anti-toxic treatment for one of the gravest among human diseases, and of the fact that several medical authorities, doubtful at first of its theory and unhopeful of its success, have felt bound by the results already announced to counsel its universal trial: it is clear that no rational opposition can be raised to its wider use or to the grant of public aid towards a final appreciation of its claims. If the use of Anti-toxin is legitimate, and if it has been shown to conform to the conditions laid down above for medical experiment, its public promotion is a social duty.

This position is generally held; and the Metropolitan Asylums Board, into whose many hospitals large numbers of Diphtheria cases are received, is organising an extensive trial of Anti-toxin, supplied from the laboratories of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons. The enemies of this procedure, and of the use of the remedy itself, are practically impotent and inconsiderable; but their quality and their methods may have a passing interest for the curious. Generically, as was said at the beginning, they are informed by that spirit of fear and

hatred of scientific method which, consciously or unconsciously, is active in a multitude of minds, devout or epicene. Specifically, the noisiest sect is sworn to reject, at all hazards and in scorn of truth, all such results, however beneficial to humanity, as are achieved by scientific experiment on animals, however painless the conduct of such experiment may be. The mendacity of these fanatics is always in proportion to the clarity of the evidence which science can oppose to their "damnable iterations"; and their choicest manoeuvre is to cite as acknowledged leaders of science the few, or the one, to be found, whose utterances they may pervert into seeming accord with their own views. In the case of Anti-toxin, a journal which voices this sect pretends to argue the matter on grounds of fact, but quotes alone, and with all distortion and exaggeration, the views of certain persons who are not in agreement with the vast majority of investigators, nor are they rightly regarded as authorities. By way of complement, the medical profession is accused of "forcing a filth-cure of unknown value and proved danger on the suffering children of the poor," and of "outraging humanity and personal liberty": the sole motives possible for these enormities being naively admitted to be desire of advertisement and lack of moral sense on the part of their authors. With such opponents as these it is as useless to reason as it is with their grander, but more elusive, kindred in the ranks of "Theosophy" or "Psychical Research." But of this clap-trap appeal to humanity it may be said, in passing, that, in the matter of Anti-toxin, the rich have hitherto wanted what the poor have enjoyed; for it is in private practice that the difficulty of obtaining the therapeutic material has been worst and most acutely felt. Another line of attack depends on the utterly erroneous assumption, that treatment by Anti-toxin is based on the same principle as the prevention of small-pox by vaccination, or as the failure to cure consumption by the injection of the substance known as "Tuberculin." Prejudice against the one and the acknowledged failure of the other lead, first, to the falsehood that all methods of treatment by injection of animal fluids consist in the "inoculation" of disease, and, next, to the falsehood that, because one has failed, all others are vain. Should medicine suffer by such attacks, the premature enthusiasm of some in the matter of Tuberculin would be more than deservedly punished. There is much, indeed, to regret in the manner of the publication of that ill-starred remedy; but the medical profession is wholly guiltless of whatever "boom" there be in the case of Anti-toxin, which alone concerns us here.

As an extreme instance of the *non sequitur*, not less than of the flabbiness, of uninstructed criticism in such matters, some journalistic utterances are perhaps unrivalled. "As far as doctors are concerned," says a paragraphist, "the matter has passed out of the stage of discussion already, and the efficacy of the treatment has been acknowledged with extraordinary unanimity. The discovery is no doubt wonderful and highly beneficial." But, hard at the heel of this very inaccurate statement, there comes a charge against the medical profession, with certain public authorities, of "undue precipitancy in deciding to try this remedy on a large scale by forcing it on diphtheritic patients under their care"; so the writer "feels that there is something in the attitude of the deputation of ladies and others who asked the Metropolitan Asylums Board to take no part in the trial of this new treatment." It was Lord Coleridge who led the said deputation. It consisted of Anti-vivisectionist ladies and clergymen, and it sought to persuade the Metropolitan Asylums Board to reject the proposed co-operation with the College of Physicians in testing the uses of Anti-toxin on an extensive scale. Better leading was that of Canon Gore, in a certain university sermon at Oxford. Counselling the clergy to redeem their time from the errors of the past, he told them that there is now no conflict between religion and science. God, he said in effect, has given us no revelation on matters which pertain to scientific research. Such wise and fruitful teaching comes fitly from the mouth of a dignitary of that historic Abbey* where an age-long conflict ceased with the truce that was signed at Darwin's grave.

H. B. DONKIN.

* In this context the following quasi-prophetic words of another Westminster churchman regarding the value of certain experiments on animals may be of some interest. I take the quotation from the recent Harveian Oration delivered by Dr. Lauder Brunton before the College of Physicians. In his history of the Royal Society of London for the Improving of Natural Knowledge, of which he was one of the earliest members, Dr. Sprat, sometime Dean of Westminster and afterwards Bishop of Rochester, mentions Christopher Wren as the "first author of the noble experiment of injecting liquors into the veins of animals, long since exhibited to the meetings at Oxford and thence carried by some Germans and published abroad. By this operation divers creatures were immediately purged, vomited, intoxicated, killed, or revived according to the quantity of the liquor injected. Hence arose many new experiments, and chiefly that of transfusing blood, which the Society has presented in sundry instances, that will probably end in extraordinary success."—H. B. D.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

THERE is assuredly but one opinion as to the poet who has lately passed from earth, though that opinion varies in degree.

All who have human hearts confess her to be a sad and a sweet poet, all who have a sense of poetry know how rare was the quality of poetry in her—how spiritual and how sensuous—somewhat thin, somewhat dispread in her laxer writing, but perfectly strong, perfectly impassioned in her best. To the name of poet her right is so sure that proof of it is to be found everywhere in her “unconsidered ways,” and always irrefutably. How does this poet or that approach the best beauties of his poem? From the side of poetry, or from the side of commonplace? Christina Rossetti always drew near from the side of poetry: from what to us, who are not altogether poets, is the further side. She came from beyond those hills. She is not often on the heights, but all her access is by poetry. Of few indeed is this so true.

Poetry is the rarest thing in the world. Moreover, being rare, it has its own rarities, which are to the poem what the poem is to “customary life’s exceeding injocundity.” We do no wrong to a fine poet in speaking of his rare great moments. His manner of approaching these—his direction—gives us the pleasure of giving him a long welcome. It is the daily life of his muse. Even poets who are not great have had fine moments: approaching them, doubtless, through commonplace, but certainly reaching them. And approach is so important, so significant of origin, so marked with character, so charged with memories, so full of preparation, so indicative of sequestered life, that one might well consider it the history of all that lives and grows. It is, in short, life with direction. And, even if so to consider it be to yield to some temptation to digress, let a few words, to set it forth, be excused here. Approach is fit to dwell upon, and has leisure, and no beaten or definite pathways. It is the day by day, the waking and sleeping, the temper and the nature. In love it is all the justification, for without a whole approach, love is profanity. In poetry approach is

as perceptible as the quarter of the wind. Whence comes this flight of song? Over soft seas or dry lands? Either flight crowns the same heights. See, too, how much is approach in the art of architecture. A great building may be held to be as it were organic beyond its apparent boundaries, and to have the land, the city, the street, for its approaches; for its accessories the climate and the cloud. And it is worth while to note that a people which has lost almost all besides in the building of its towns, has still the sense of access. Its architects of the Renaissance turned that sense too consciously to artifice. They were too much aware of their own instinct. They took too large and too deliberate, too courtly, a gesture. They swept too far, and trusted so little to the felicity whereby a great church makes itself a centre—somewhat as the sunset disposes the clouds radiant from a centre in its brows—that they seem now and then to work against the natural good luck and to convince you of over-much purpose. Bernini knew too well that he had the sense of distance, and by taking thought he added many a rood to the outposts of St. Peter's; and you wonder that the sky does not close with his design.

In poetry approach is, needless to say, far more subtle. It is the unapparent history of a poem. Some poets let us see but little of it. Others permit us to trace their way to their successes, and we sometimes see that they have trudged a common or a difficult path, and one that has known our own feet and our friends'. Christina Rossetti allows us to see how purely poetic was all her least success and her unsuccess. We willingly linger in an easy world which is, with her, not only easy but perpetually beautiful. No less easy was her supreme success: for it is impossible to think that she did herself any violence by close work upon her art. All she touches is fine poetic material, albeit material that is often somewhat scattered. She has no unhandsome secrets of composition, or difficulties of attainment. She keeps the intimate court of a queen. The country of poetry is her home, and she is a "manifest housekeeper," and does nothing out of it. As for the stanzas and passages—but they are oftener whole brief lyrics—in which she reaches the point of poetic passion, they have the stress of purpose which, when it knows how to declare itself, is art indeed. The moment of poetic passion solves all doubts as to art. Not that it can possibly take the place of art or make amends for art absent, as some strange criticism would have us think. It proves art present, and present

essentially. Not a verse that *manifests* the life with which it was written can be a verse of less than triumphant art.

When we are judging the work of any poet under the rank of absolute greatness, we can hardly do otherwise than judge the technique with a more or less separate judgment. It may be a paradox to some readers, nevertheless it seems to be a great truth: that the more splendid the poetry the more august in importance is what, with lesser work, would be called the "mere form." It rises to such dignity that in the highest poetry the verse, the versification, is the very Muse. But fine poetry of a lower rank is to be judged in parts; and what I claim for it here is that some little failure, or fault, of mere technique by no means prevents or bars the art of a true expression. We are not to reverence the versification of Christina Rossetti as we have learnt to reverence that of a great and classic master. She proves herself an artist, a possessor of the weighty matters of the law of art, despite the characteristic carelessness with which she played by ear. That thought so moving, feeling so urgent, as the thought and feeling of her *Convent Threshold* are communicated, are uttered alive, proves her an artist. This is to be insisted upon, because during her life it was said with hesitation, by a critic of evident authority, "At its best her work is almost art": so conspicuous had the obvious and as it were external faults seemed to him. To hazard another paradox: technique is not all external. In this poem—it is impossible not to dwell on such a masterpiece—without imagery; without beauty except that which is inevitable (and what beauty is more costly?); without grace, except the invincible grace of impassioned poetry; without music, except the ultimate music of the communicating word, she utters that immortal song of love and that cry of more than earthly fear: a song of penitence for love that yet praises love more fervently than would a chorus hymeneal:

To-day, while it is called to-day,
Kneel, wrestle, knock, do violence, pray.

I turn from you my cheeks and eyes,
My hair which you shall see no more.
Alas for joy that went before!

My words were slow, my tears were few,
But through the dark my silence broke.

In *Amor Mundi*, also, there is terror, though it be terror that is not instant, but that flies and sings, as ominous as a bird of warning—terror

suggested, not suffered, as it is profoundly suffered in *The Convent Threshold*. In *The Three Enemies*, again, fear is uttered, not sharply but, with a constant sense of

The sadness of all sin
When looked at in the light of love.

And, by-the-bye, while the lax ways of Christina Rossetti's versification are matters of frequent criticism, the artistic perfection of these twelve stanzas of *The Three Enemies* should be insisted on. Equally perfect are *Uphill*, *Advent*, and some ten more: all pieces written with the full number of syllables. She has here a strong and gentle brevity without haste, a beauty of phrasing, a finality, a sense of structure and stability, with the freedom of life, scarce possible to surpass. Wherever she writes by rule, she uses that rule admirably well. It is only in the lax metres which keep—more or less—musical time rather than account of numbers, that one might wish she had more theory. Her versification then is apt to be ambiguous and even incorrect. Take the beautiful lyric at the end of *The Prince's Progress*, though many other passages might be cited. It seems, in one stanza, that the poet has chosen to let the beats of her time fall—punctually and with full measure of time—now upon a syllable and now upon a rest *within the line*; so that the metre goes finely to time, like a nursery song for the rocking of a cradle. But then the succeeding stanza is, as often as not, written with no rule except that of numbers and accents. One stanza throws doubt upon the others. Read the poem which way you will, there is no assurance as to the number of beats which she intended. It may be answered that ambiguity is difficult to avoid in a language which interchanges accent and quantity, and has few syllables which may not be used as long or short according to a writer's will; and that there is not much to hinder any man from reading Michael Drayton's *Agincourt* or his *Trent* as laxly dactyllic poems (one must, for convenience, take Coleridge's permission to use such words, made for quantitative verse, to describe the mixed verse of English poetry):

Fair stood the wind for France.

This is a line of four beats, and makes fine "march-music." But it may be read with two. If Drayton cannot help ambiguity, it is the fault of the language. This is true. But at least his ambiguity is just so much as is inevitable. He gives you the alternative throughout this *Ballad of Agincourt*.

Now, even if Christina Rossetti has more than the inevitable ambiguity, and really mingles her measures, she has done a very serious service to English versification by using afresh this voice of poetry—the voice that sings in musical time. It had been much neglected since Coleridge, and *he* used it so seldom! That is, he used redundant syllables freely, but a rest within the line most rarely:

Is the night chilly and dark?

This is one of the most beautiful of all lines written with a mid-line rest. Christina Rossetti sweetly wrote with rests in her unpremeditated art; and others have caught the sound of this metre and have used it beautifully—Irish poets especially, as it happens. The great iambic line, the national heroic line, need have nothing to fear from this young and elastic metre. For the two ways are separately right, as in another art are the ways of Gluck and Wagner. But it will be an excellent thing if poetry in the future, when in the mood for greater movement, shall spring upon such a fantastic foot as that of Coleridge's line, just cited, or of Christina Rossetti's three-beat line in *The Prince's Progress*:

Hark! the bride weepeth!

It will be well for our writers that they should take this strong, controlled, and leaping movement, that goes on living feet or living wings, instead of the precipitate, and therefore rather helpless, haste of metres for a long time too exclusively in use for the swifter lyrics:

Before the beginning of years,

for instance, or:

Cannon to left of them.

These two verses are those of great poets. But does not the metre of these even rather trip and fall? And in lesser hands we all know that these anapæsts and dactyls produce the most popular effect with a really vulgar music. They are so slight, too, that they flatter our national way of speaking slippingly, without taking hold. If Coleridge's hint comes to be better obeyed, it will be much for the sake of Christina Rossetti's lovely example.

Those last words seem to rebuke for their slightness all the things written in this brief article, as they suggested themselves to a lover of her poetry. Her lovelier example is in the motive of all her song. Its sadness was the one all-human sadness, its fear the one true fear. She,

acquainted with grief, found in grief no cause of offence. She left revolt to the emotion of mere spectators and strangers. When one of the many widows of the monarchs of France heard of the murder of her son and whispered, "I will not say, my God, that it is too much, but it is much," she told one of the secrets of sorrow. The poet and saint who has now passed from a world she never loved, lived a life of sacrifice, suffered many partings, unreluctantly endured the pains of her spirituality; but she kept, in their quickness, her simple and natural love of love and hope of joy, for another time. Such sufferings as hers do indeed refuse, but they have not denied, delight. Delight is all their faith.

ALICE MEYNELL.

THE TIME MACHINE.

IV.—THE GOLDEN AGE.

“**T**HERE was the sound of a clap of thunder in my ears. I may have been stunned for a moment. A pitiless hail was hissing round me, and I was sitting on soft turf in front of the overset machine. Everything still seemed grey, but presently I remarked that the confusion in my ears was gone. I looked round me. I was on what seemed to be a little lawn in a garden, surrounded by rhododendron bushes, and I noticed that their mauve and purple blossoms were dropping in a shower under the beating of the hailstones. The rebounding, dancing hail hung in a little cloud over the machine, and drove along the ground like smoke. In a moment I was wet to the skin. ‘Fine hospitality,’ said I, ‘to a man who has travelled innumerable years to see you.’

“Presently I thought what a fool I was to get wet. I stood up and looked round me. A colossal figure, carved apparently in some white stone, loomed indistinctly beyond the rhododendrons through the hazy downpour. But all else of the world was invisible.

“My sensations would be hard to describe. As the columns of hail grew thinner, I saw the white figure more distinctly. It was very large, for a silver birch tree touched its shoulder. It was of white marble, in shape something like a winged sphinx, but the wings, instead of being carried vertically at the sides, were spread so that it seemed to hover. The pedestal, it appeared to me, was of bronze, and was thick with verdigris. It chanced that the face was towards me; the sightless eyes seemed to watch me; there was the faint shadow of a smile on the lips. It was greatly weather-worn, and that imparted an unpleasant suggestion of disease. I stood looking at it for a little space—half a minute, perhaps, or half an hour. It seemed to advance and to recede as the hail drove before it denser or thinner. At last I tore my eyes from it for a moment, and saw that the hail curtain had

worn threadbare, and that the sky was lightening with the promise of the sun.

“I looked up again at the crouching white shape, and the full temerity of my voyage came suddenly upon me. What might appear when that hazy curtain was altogether withdrawn? What might not have happened to men? What if cruelty had grown into a common passion? What if in this interval the race had lost its manliness, and had developed into something inhuman, unsympathetic, and overwhelmingly powerful? I might seem some old-world savage animal, only the more dreadful and disgusting for our common likeness—a foul creature to be incontinently slain.

“Already I saw other vast shapes—huge buildings with intricate parapets and tall columns, with a wooded hillside dimly creeping in upon me through the lessening storm. I was seized with a panic fear. I turned frantically to the Time Machine, and strove hard to readjust it. As I did so the shafts of the sun smote through the thunderstorm. The grey downpour was swept aside and vanished like the trailing garments of a ghost. Above me, in the intense blue of the summer sky, some faint brown shreds of cloud whirled into nothingness. The great buildings about me stood out clear and distinct, shining with the wet of the thunderstorm, and picked out in white by the unmelted hailstones piled along their courses. I felt naked in a strange world. I felt as perhaps a bird may feel in the clear air, knowing the hawk wins above and will swoop. My fear grew to frenzy. I took a breathing space, set my teeth, and again grappled fiercely, wrist and knee, with the machine. It gave under my desperate onset and turned over. It struck my chin violently. One hand on the saddle, the other on the lever, I stood panting heavily in attitude to mount again.

“But with this recovery of a prompt retreat my courage recovered. I looked more curiously and less fearfully at this world of the remote future. In a circular opening, high up in the wall of the nearer house, I saw a group of figures clad in rich soft robes. They had seen me, and their faces were directed towards me.

“Then I heard voices approaching me. Coming through the bushes by the white sphinx were the heads and shoulders of men running. One of these emerged in a pathway leading straight to the little lawn upon which I stood with my machine. He was a slight creature—perhaps four feet high—clad in a purple tunic, girdled at the

waist with a leather belt. Sandals or buskins—I could not clearly distinguish which—were on his feet; his legs were bare to the knees, and his head was bare. Noticing that, I noticed for the first time how warm the air was.

“He struck me as being a very beautiful and graceful creature, but indescribably frail. His flushed face reminded me of the more beautiful kind of consumptive—that hectic beauty of which we used to hear so much. At the sight of him I suddenly regained confidence. I took my hands from the machine.

“In another moment we were standing face to face, I and this fragile thing out of futurity. He came straight up to me and laughed into my eyes. The absence of any sign of fear from his bearing struck me at once. Then he turned to the two others who were following him and spoke to them in a strange and very sweet and liquid tongue.

“There were others coming, and presently a little group of perhaps eight or ten of these exquisite creatures were about me. One of them addressed me. It came into my head, oddly enough, that my voice was too harsh and deep for them. So I shook my head, and pointing to my ears, shook it again. He came a step forward, hesitated, and then touched my hand. Then I felt other soft little tentacles upon my back and shoulders. They wanted to make sure I was real. There was nothing in this at all alarming. Indeed, there was something in these pretty little people that inspired confidence—a graceful gentleness, a certain childlike ease. And besides, they looked so frail that I could fancy myself flinging the whole dozen of them about like nine-pins. But I made a sudden motion to warn them when I saw their little pink hands feeling at the Time Machine. Happily then, when it was not too late, I thought of a danger I had hitherto forgotten, and reaching over the bars of the machine, I unscrewed the little levers that would set it in motion, and put these in my pocket. Then I turned again to see what I could do in the way of communication.

“And then, looking more nearly into their features, I saw some further peculiarities in their Dresden china type of prettiness. Their hair, which was uniformly curly, came to a sharp end at the neck and cheek; there was not the faintest suggestion of it on the face, and their ears were singularly minute. The mouths were small, with bright red, rather thin lips, and the little chins ran to a point. The eyes were large and mild; and—this may seem egotism on my part—

I fancied even then that there was a certain lack of the interest I might have expected in them.

“As they made no effort to communicate with me, but simply stood round me smiling and speaking in soft cooing notes to each other, I began the conversation. I pointed to the Time Machine and to myself. Then, hesitating for a moment how to express Time, I pointed to the sun. At once a quaintly pretty little figure in chequered purple and white followed my gesture, and then astonished me by imitating the sound of thunder.

“For a moment I was staggered, though the import of his gesture was plain enough. The question had come into my mind abruptly: were these creatures fools? You may hardly understand how it took me. You see I had always anticipated that the people of the year Thirty-two Thousand odd would be incredibly in front of us in knowledge, art, everything. Then one of them suddenly asked me a question that showed him to be on the intellectual level of one of our five-year-old children—asked me, in fact, if I had come from the sun in a thunderstorm! It let loose the judgment I had suspended upon their clothes, their frail light limbs and fragile features. A flow of disappointment rushed across my mind. For a moment I felt that I had built the Time Machine in vain.

“I nodded, pointed to the sun, and gave them such a vivid rendering of a thunderclap as startled them. They all withdrew a pace or so and bowed. Then came one laughing towards me, carrying a chain of beautiful flowers altogether new to me, and put it about my neck. The idea was received with melodious applause; and presently they were all running to and fro for flowers, and laughingly flinging them upon me until I was almost smothered with blossom. You who have never seen the like can scarcely imagine what delicate and wonderful flowers countless years of culture had created. Then someone suggested that their plaything should be exhibited in the nearest building, and so I was led past the sphinx of white marble, which had seemed to watch me all the while with a smile at my astonishment, towards a vast grey edifice of fretted stone. As I went with them the memory of my confident anticipations of a profoundly grave and intellectual posterity came, with irresistible merriment, to my mind.

“The building had a huge entry and was altogether of colossal dimensions. I was naturally most occupied with the growing crowd of little people, and with the big open portals that yawned before me

shadowy and mysterious. My general impression of the world I saw over their heads was of a tangled waste of beautiful bushes and flowers, a long-neglected and yet weedless garden. I saw a number of tall spikes of strange white flowers, measuring a foot perhaps across the spread of the waxen petals. They grew scattered, as if wild, among the variegated shrubs, but, as I say, I did not examine them closely at this time. The Time Machine was left deserted on the turf among the rhododendrons.

“The arch of the doorway was richly carved, but naturally I did not observe the carving very narrowly, though I fancied I saw suggestions of old Phœnician decorations as I passed through, and it struck me that they were very badly broken and weather-worn. Several more brightly clad people met me in the doorway, and so we entered, I, dressed in dingy nineteenth century garments, looking grotesque enough, garlanded with flowers, and surrounded by an eddying mass of bright, soft-coloured robes and shining white limbs, in a melodious whirl of laughter and laughing speech.

“The big doorway opened into a proportionately great hall hung with brown. The roof was in shadow, and the windows, partially glazed with coloured glass and partially unglazed, admitted a tempered light. The floor was made up of huge blocks of some very hard white metal, not plates nor slabs—blocks, and it was so much worn, as I judged by the going to and fro of past generations, as to be deeply channelled along the more frequented ways. Transverse to the length were innumerable tables made of slabs of polished stone, raised, perhaps, a foot from the floor, and upon these were heaps of fruits. Some I recognised as a kind of hypertrophied raspberry and orange, but for the most part they were strange.

“Between the tables was scattered a great number of cushions. Upon these my conductors seated themselves, signing for me to do likewise. With a pretty absence of ceremony they began to eat the fruit with their hands, flinging peel and stalks, and so forth, into the round openings in the sides of the tables. I was not loth to follow their example, for I felt thirsty and hungry. As I did so I surveyed the hall at my leisure.

“And perhaps the thing that struck me most was its dilapidated look. The stained-glass windows, which displayed only a geometrical pattern, were broken in many places, and the curtains that hung across the lower end were thick with dust. And it caught my eye that the

corner of the marble table near me was fractured. Nevertheless, the general effect was extremely rich and picturesque. There were, perhaps, a couple of hundred people dining in the hall, and most of them, seated as near to me as they could come, were watching me with interest, their little eyes shining over the fruit they were eating. All were clad in the same soft, and yet strong, silky material.

“Fruit, by-the-bye, was all their diet. These people of the remote future were strict vegetarians, and while I was with them, in spite of some carnal cravings, I had to be frugivorous also. Indeed, I found afterwards that horses, cattle, sheep, dogs, had followed the Ichthyosaurus into extinction. But the fruits were very delightful; one, in particular, that seemed to be in season all the time I was there—a floury thing in a three-sided husk—was especially good, and I made it my staple. At first I was puzzled by all these strange fruits, and by the strange flowers I saw, but later I began to perceive their import.

“However, I am telling you of my fruit dinner in the distant future now. So soon as my appetite was a little checked, I determined to make a resolute attempt to learn the speech of these new men of mine. Clearly that was the next thing to do. The fruits seemed a convenient thing to begin upon, and holding one of these up I began a series of interrogative sounds and gestures. I had some considerable difficulty in conveying my meaning. At first my efforts met with a stare of surprise or inextinguishable laughter, but presently a fair-haired little creature seemed to grasp my intention and repeated a name. They had to chatter and explain their business at great length to each other, and my first attempts to make their exquisite little sounds of the language caused an immense amount of genuine, if uncivil, amusement. However, I felt like a schoolmaster amidst children, and persisted, and presently I had a score of noun substantives at least at my command; and then I got to demonstrative pronouns, and even the verb “to eat.” But it was slow work, and the little people soon tired and wanted to get away from my interrogations, so I determined, rather of necessity, to let them give their lessons in little doses when they felt inclined. And very little doses I found they were before long, for I never met people more indolent or more easily fatigued.

V.

SUNSET.

“A queer thing I soon discovered about my little hosts, and that was their lack of interest. They would come to me with eager cries of astonishment, like children, but, like children, they would soon stop examining me, and wander away after some other toy. The dinner and my conversational beginnings ended, I noted for the first time that almost all those who had surrounded me at first were gone. It is odd, too, how speedily I came to disregard these little people. I went out through the portal into the sunlit world again so soon as my hunger was satisfied. I was continually meeting more of these men of the future, who would follow me a little distance, chatter and laugh about me, and, having smiled and gesticulated in a friendly way, leave me again to my own devices.

“The calm of evening was upon the world as I emerged from the great hall, and the scene was lit by the warm glow of the setting sun. At first things were very confusing. Everything was so entirely different from the world I had known—even the flowers. The big building I had left was situate on the slope of a broad river valley, but the Thames had shifted, perhaps, a mile from its present position. I resolved to mount to the summit of a crest, perhaps a mile and a half away, from which I could get a wider view of this our planet in the year Eight Hundred and Two Thousand Seven Hundred and One, A.D. For that, I should explain, was the date the little dials of my machine recorded.

“As I walked I was watchful for every impression that could possibly help to explain the condition of ruinous splendour in which I found the world—for ruinous it was. A little way up the hill, for instance, was a great heap of granite, bound together by masses of aluminium, a vast labyrinth of precipitous walls and crumbled heaps, amidst which were thick heaps of very beautiful pagoda-like plants—nettles possibly—but wonderfully tinted with brown about the leaves, and incapable of stinging. It was evidently the derelict remains of some vast structure, built to what end I could not determine. It was here that I was destined, at a later date, to have a very strange experience—the first intimation of a still stranger discovery—but of that I will speak in its proper place.

“Looking round, with a sudden thought, from a terrace on which I rested for awhile, I realised that there were no small houses to be seen. Apparently, the single house, and possibly even the household, had vanished. Here and there among the greenery were palace-like buildings, but the house and the cottage, which form such characteristic features of our own English landscape, had disappeared.

“‘Communism,’ said I to myself.

“And on the heels of that came another thought. I looked at the half-dozen little figures that were following me. Then, in a flash, I perceived that all had the same form of costume, the same soft hairless visage, and the same girlish rotundity of limb. It may seem strange, perhaps, that I had not noticed this before. But everything was so strange. Now, I saw the fact plainly enough. In costume, and in all the differences of texture and bearing that now mark off the sexes from each other, these people of the future were alike. And the children seemed to my eyes to be but the miniatures of their parents. I judged then that children of that time were extremely precocious, physically at least, and I found afterwards abundant verification of my opinion.

“Seeing the ease and security in which these people were living, I felt that this close resemblance of the sexes was after all what one would expect; for the strength of a man and the softness of a woman, the institution of the family, and the differentiation of occupations are mere militant necessities of an age of physical force. Where population is balanced and abundant, much child-bearing becomes an evil rather than a blessing to the State: where violence comes but rarely and offspring are secure, there is less necessity—indeed there is no necessity—of an efficient family, and the specialisation of the sexes with reference to their children’s needs disappears. We see some beginnings of this even in our own time, and in this future age it was complete. This, I must remind you, was my speculation at the time. Later, I was to appreciate how far it fell short of the reality.

“While I was musing upon these things, my attention was attracted by a pretty little structure, like a well under a cupola. I thought in a transitory way of the oddness of wells still existing, and then resumed the thread of my speculations. There were no large buildings towards the top of the hill, and as my walking powers were evidently miraculous, I was presently left alone for the first time.

With a strange sense of freedom and adventure I pushed up to the crest.

“There I found a seat of some yellow metal that I did not recognise, corroded in places with a kind of pinkish rust and half-smothered in soft moss, the arm rests cast and filed into the resemblance of griffins’ heads. I sat down on it, and I surveyed the broad view of our old world under the sunset of that long day. It was as sweet and fair a view as I have ever seen. The sun had already gone below the horizon and the west was flaming gold, touched with some horizontal bars of purple and crimson. Below was the valley of the Thames in which the river lay like a band of burnished steel. I have already spoken of the great palaces dotted about among the variegated greenery, some in ruins and some still occupied. Here and there rose a white or silvery figure in the waste garden of the earth, here and there came the sharp vertical line of some cupola or obelisk. There were no hedges, no signs of proprietary rights, no evidences of agriculture; the whole earth had become a garden.

“So watching, I began to put my interpretation upon the things I had seen, and as it shaped itself to me that evening, my interpretation was something in this way. (Afterwards I found I had got only a half truth—or only a glimpse of one facet of the truth):

“It seemed to me that I had happened upon humanity upon the wane. The ruddy sunset set me thinking of the sunset of mankind. For the first time I began to realise an odd consequence of the social effort in which we are at present engaged. And yet, come to think, it is a logical consequence enough. Strength is the outcome of need: security sets a premium on feebleness. The work of ameliorating the conditions of life—the true civilising process that makes life more and more secure—had gone steadily on to a climax. One triumph of a united humanity over Nature had followed another. Things that are now mere dreams had become projects deliberately put in hand and carried forward. And the harvest was what I saw!

“After all, the sanitation and the agriculture of to-day are still in the rudimentary stage. The science of our time has attacked but a little department of the field of human disease, but, even so, it spreads its operations very steadily and persistently. Our agriculture and horticulture destroy just here and there a weed and cultivate perhaps a score or so of wholesome plants, leaving the greater number to fight out a balance as they can. We improve our favourite plants and animals

—and how few they are—gradually by selective breeding; now a new and better peach, now a seedless grape, now a sweeter and larger flower, now a more convenient breed of cattle. We improve them gradually, because our ideals are vague and tentative, and our knowledge is very limited; because Nature, too, is shy and slow in our clumsy hands. Some day all this will be better organised, and still better. That is the drift of the current in spite of the eddies. The whole world will be intelligent, educated, and co-operating; things will move faster and faster towards the subjugation of Nature. In the end, wisely and carefully we shall readjust the balance of animal and vegetable life to suit our human needs.

“This adjustment, I say, must have been done, and done well: done indeed for all time, in the space of Time across which my machine had leapt. The air was free from gnats, the earth from weeds or fungi; everywhere were fruits and sweet and delightful flowers; brilliant butterflies flew hither and thither. The ideal of preventive medicine was attained. Diseases had been stamped out. I saw no evidence of any contagious diseases during all my stay. And I shall have to tell you later that even the processes of putrefaction and decay had been profoundly affected by these changes.

“Social triumphs, too, had been effected. I saw mankind housed in splendid shelters, gloriously clothed, and as yet I had found them engaged in no toil. There was no signs of struggle, neither social nor economical struggle. The shop, the advertisement, traffic, all that commerce which constitutes the body of our world, was gone. It was natural on that golden evening that I should jump at the idea of a social paradise. The difficulty of increasing population had been met, I guessed, and population had ceased to increase.

“But with this change in condition comes inevitably adaptations to the change. What, unless biological science is a mass of errors, is the cause of human intelligence and vigour? Hardship and freedom: conditions under which the active, strong, and subtle survive and the weaker go to the wall; conditions that put a premium upon the loyal alliance of capable men, upon self-restraint, patience, and decision. And the institution of the family, and the emotions that arise therein, the fierce jealousy, the tenderness for offspring, parental self-devotion, all found their justification and support in the imminent dangers of the young. *Now*, where are these imminent dangers? There is a sentiment arising, and it will grow, against connubial jealousy, against fierce

maternity, against passion of all sorts; unnecessary things now, and things that make us uncomfortable, savage survivals, discords in a refined and pleasant life.

“I thought of the physical slowness of the people, their lack of intelligence, and those big abundant ruins, and it strengthened my belief in a perfect conquest of Nature. For after the battle comes Quiet. Humanity had been strong, energetic, and intelligent, and had used all its abundant vitality to alter the conditions under which it lived. And now came the reaction of the altered conditions.

“Under the new conditions of perfect comfort and security, that restless energy, that with us is strength, would become weakness. Even in our own time certain tendencies and desires, once necessary to survival, are a constant source of failure. Physical courage and the love of battle, for instance, are no great help—may even be hindrances—to a civilised man. And in a state of physical balance and security, power, intellectual as well as physical, would be out of place. For countless years I judged there had been no danger of war or solitary violence, no danger from wild beasts, no wasting disease to require strength of constitution, no need of toil. For such a life, what we should call the weak are as well equipped as the strong, are indeed no longer weak. Better equipped indeed they are, for the strong would be fretted by an energy for which there was no outlet. No doubt the exquisite beauty of the buildings I saw was the outcome of the last surging of the now purposeless energy of mankind before it settled down into perfect harmony with the conditions under which it lived—the flourish of that triumph which began the last great peace. This has ever been the fate of energy in security; it takes to art and to eroticism, and then come languor and decay.

“Even this artistic impetus would at last die away—had almost died in the Time I saw. To adorn themselves with flowers, to dance, to sing in the sunlight; so much was left of the artistic spirit, and no more. Even that would fade in the end into a contented inactivity. We are kept keen on the grindstone of pain and necessity, and, it seemed to me, that here was that hateful grindstone broken at last!

“As I stood there in the gathering dark I thought that in this simple explanation I had mastered the problem of the world—mastered the whole secret of these delicious people. Possibly the checks they had devised for the increase of population had succeeded too well, and their numbers had rather diminished than kept

stationary. That would account for the abandoned ruins. Very simple was my explanation, and plausible enough—as most wrong theories are!

VI.

STRANDED IN TIME.

“As I stood there musing over this too perfect triumph of man, the full moon, yellow and gibbous, came up out of an overflow of silver light in the north-east. The bright little figures ceased to move about below, a noiseless owl flitted by, and I shivered with the chill of the night. I determined to descend and find where I could sleep.

“I looked for the building I knew. Then my eye travelled along to the figure of the white sphinx upon the pedestal of bronze, growing distinct as the light of the rising moon grew brighter. I could see the silver birch against it. There was the tangle of rhododendron bushes, black in the pale light, and there was the little lawn. I looked at the lawn again. A queer doubt chilled my complacency. ‘No,’ said I stoutly to myself, ‘that was not the lawn.’

“But it *was* the lawn. For the white leprous face of the sphinx was towards it. Can you imagine what I felt as this conviction came home to me? But you cannot. The Time Machine was gone!

“At once, like a lash across the face, came the possibility of losing my own age, of being left helpless in this strange new world. The bare thought of it was an actual physical sensation. I could feel it grip me at the throat and stop my breathing. In another moment I was in a passion of fear, and running with great leaping strides down the slope. Once I fell headlong and cut my face, I lost no time in stanching the blood, but jumped up and ran on, with a warm trickle down my cheek and chin. All the time I ran I was saying to myself, ‘They have moved it a little, pushed it under the bushes out of the way.’ Nevertheless, I ran with all my might. All the time, with the certainty that sometimes comes with excessive dread, I knew that such assurance was folly, knew instinctively that the machine was removed out of my reach. My breath came with pain. I suppose I covered the whole distance from the hill crest to the little lawn, two miles, perhaps, in ten minutes. And I am not a young man. I cursed aloud, as I ran, at my confident folly in leaving the machine, wasting good breath thereby. I cried

aloud, and none answered. Not a creature seemed to be stirring in that moonlit world.

“When I reached the lawn my worst fears were realised. Not a trace of the thing was to be seen. I felt faint and cold when I faced the empty space, among the black tangle of bushes. I ran round it furiously, as if the thing might be hidden in a corner, and then stopped abruptly, with my hands clutching my hair. Above me towered the sphinx, upon the bronze pedestal, white, shining, leprous, in the light of the rising moon. It seemed to smile in mockery of my dismay.

“I might have consoled myself by imagining the little people had put the mechanism in some shelter for me, had I not felt assured of their physical and intellectual inadequacy. That is what dismayed me: the sense of some hitherto unsuspected power, through whose intervention my invention had vanished. Yet, of one thing I felt assured: unless some other age had produced its exact duplicate, the machine could not have moved in time. The attachment of the levers—I will show you the method later—prevented anyone from tampering with it in that way when they were removed. It had moved, and was hid, only in space. But then, where could it be?

“I think I must have had a kind of frenzy. I remember running violently in and out among the moonlit bushes all round the sphinx, and startling some white animal that, in the dim light, I took for a small deer. I remember, too, late that night, beating the bushes with my clenched fists until my knuckles were gashed and bleeding from the broken twigs. Then, sobbing and raving in my anguish of mind, I went down to the great building of stone. The big hall was dark, silent, and deserted. I slipped on the uneven floor, and fell over one of the malachite tables, almost breaking my shin. I lit a match and went on past the dusty curtains, of which I have told you.

“There I found a second great hall covered with cushions, upon which, perhaps, a score or so of the little people were sleeping. I have no doubt they found my second appearance strange enough, coming suddenly out of the quiet darkness with inarticulate noises and the splutter and flare of a match. For they had forgotten about matches. ‘Where is my Time Machine?’ I began, bawling like an angry child, laying hands upon them and shaking them up together. It must have been very queer to them. Some laughed, most of them looked sorely frightened. When I saw them standing round me, it came into my head that I was doing as foolish a thing as it was

possible for me to do under the circumstances, in trying to revive the sensation of fear. For, reasoning from their daylight behaviour, I thought that fear must be forgotten.

“Abruptly, I dashed down the match, and knocking one of the people over in my course, went blundering across the big dining hall again, out under the moonlight. I heard cries of terror and their little feet running and stumbling this way and that. I do not remember all I did as the moon crept up the sky. I suppose it was the unexpected nature of my loss that maddened me. I felt hopelessly cut off from my own kind—a strange animal in an unknown world. I must have raved to and fro, screaming and crying upon God and Fate. I have a memory of horrible fatigue, as the long night of despair wore away; of looking in this impossible place and that; of groping among moonlit ruins and touching strange creatures in the black shadows; at last, of lying on the ground near the sphinx, and weeping with absolute wretchedness, even anger at the folly of leaving the machine having leaked away with my strength. I had nothing left but misery. Then I slept, and when I woke again it was full day, and a couple of sparrows were hopping round me on the turf within reach of my arm.

“I sat up in the freshness of the morning, trying to remember how I had got there, and why I had such a profound sense of desertion and despair. Then things came clear in my mind. With the plain, reasonable daylight, I could look my circumstances fairly in the face. I saw the wild folly of my frenzy overnight, and I could reason with myself. Suppose the worst? I said. Suppose the machine altogether lost—perhaps destroyed? It behoves me to be calm and patient, to learn the way of the people, to get a clear idea of the method of my loss, and the means of getting materials and tools; so that in the end, perhaps, I may make another. That would be my only hope, a poor hope, perhaps, but better than despair. And, after all, it was a beautiful and curious world.

“But probably the machine had only been taken away. Still, I must be calm and patient, find its hiding place, and recover it by force or cunning. And with that I scrambled to my feet and looked about me, wondering where I could bathe. I felt weary, stiff, and travel-soiled. The freshness of the morning made me desire an equal freshness. I had exhausted my emotion. Indeed, as I went about my business, I found myself wondering at my intense excitement overnight. I made a careful examination of the ground about the little lawn. I wasted

some time in futile questionings, conveyed, as well as I was able, to such of the little people as came by. They all failed to understand my gestures: some were simply stolid; some thought it was a jest, and laughed at me. I had the hardest task in the world to keep my hands off their pretty laughing faces. It was a foolish impulse, but the devil begotten of fear and blind anger was ill curbed, and still eager to take advantage of my perplexity. The turf gave better counsel. I found a groove ripped in it, about midway between the pedestal of the sphinx and the marks of my feet where, on arrival, I had struggled with the overturned machine. There were other signs of removal about, with queer narrow footprints like those I could imagine made by a sloth. This directed my closer attention to the pedestal. It was, as I think I have said, of bronze. It was not a mere block, but highly decorated with deep framed panels on either side. I went and rapped at these. The pedestal was hollow. Examining the panels with care I found them discontinuous with the frames. There were no handles or keyholes, but possibly the panels, if they were doors as I supposed, opened from within. One thing was clear enough to my mind. It took no very great mental effort to infer that my Time Machine was inside that pedestal. But how it got there was a different problem.

“I saw the heads of two orange-clad people coming through the bushes and under some blossom-covered apple trees towards me. I turned smiling to them, and beckoned them to me. They came, and then, pointing to the bronze pedestal, I tried to intimate my wish to open it. But at my first gesture towards this they behaved very oddly. I don't know how to convey their expression to you. Suppose you were to use a grossly improper gesture to a delicate-minded woman—it is how she would look. They went off as if they had received the last possible insult. I tried a sweet-looking little chap in white next, with exactly the same result. Somehow, his manner made me feel ashamed of myself. But, as you know, I wanted the Time Machine, and I tried him once more. As he turned off, like the others, my temper got the better of me. In three strides I was after him, had him by the loose part of his robe round the neck, and began dragging him towards the sphinx. Then I saw the horror and repugnance of his face, and all of a sudden I let him go.

H. G. WELLS.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE

“THE GREAT UNDERCLOTHING QUESTION”

(A REJOINDER)

To the Editor of the NEW REVIEW

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me to afford readers of the NEW REVIEW some proof that I have survived the onslaught of Mr. Tomalin in your December number? Indeed, it is really satisfactory to find that there was enough of unpalatable truth in the opening article on “The Great Underclothing Question” to provoke so much irritation; and, considering that wearers of wool are said to have “an enhanced capacity of resistance to the effects of the emotions,” imputations of inconsistency, superficiality, and so forth, can hardly be taken as anything less than involuntary compliments.

In passing, I may be permitted to make good a little omission in Mr. Tomalin's presentation of his case. In connexion with the shrinkage difficulty, he quotes, as proof, that “properly manufactured woollen underwear” may be exposed to the perils of the wash-tub with impunity, the “fact” that “a firm, which sells large quantities of woollen underwear, publishes an undertaking to give a new garment, in every case, for one which has unduly shrunk; and not half-a-dozen claims are received in the course of a year.” If reference is made to the exact terms of this offer (printed on the cover of the price-list issued by Mr. Tomalin's agency), it will be found to apply only to any under-garment quoted in the catalogue, which, “with fair treatment, is spoiled by shrinking when first washed.” That any claims at all should have to be satisfied under this very guarded guarantee, leaves no room for argument as to that “inevitable tendency of wool to shrink” elsewhere admitted by Mr. Tomalin: who should be more careful in his paraphrasings of plain statements.

With some of his points it would not be kind to deal too closely. It is argued that, so long as you wear wool, economy is independent of comparisons in the matter of fabrics and prices; while experiment as to the relative heat-conducting properties of different materials is derided by Mr. Tomalin, so long as it is determined by a thermometer. But there is a direct challenge to take into serious consideration the “reasons” upon which the Sanitary Woollen System is founded, and on the strength of which it appeals for public patronage. The appeal is to physiology: so to physiology, according to the Sanitary Woollen System, let us go.

For the sake of accuracy, the propositions upon which that System rests shall be taken from an amusing little book on *Health Culture*, “translated and edited by Lewis R. S. Tomalin.” It is therein set forth, first, that the human body ought to be solely covered with animal wool, and for these reasons:

- (a) “Nature has clothed the animals. Man clothes himself.
- (b) “Animal Wool, which Nature has created to clothe the animal body, is the ‘survival of the fittest’ clothing material.
- (c) “Vegetable fibre (linen and cotton) is not a *natural* clothing material, and is only used as such by man.”

Secondly :

Health and disease are governed and indicated by odours, and there is a presumptive "physical source of the emotions," also distinguishable by the senses, especially that of smell, so that the human body throws off "salutary" or "noxious" essences as it is in good health and humour or the reverse.

Thirdly :

Predominating evil odours are absorbed from the air by earth, charcoal, wood, by dead and living plants, and by all such materials of clothing and bedding as proceed from the vegetable kingdom—as linen, cotton, jute, &c., with the non-vegetable silk. Animal fibres, however—as wool, hair, leather, feathers—only absorb these evil odours when they are impregnated with vegetable extracts—as tan and most dyes used for clothing materials.

It is easy to see how these theories can be turned against flaxen and cotton underclothing ; but it is not until they are applied to the circumstances of everyday life that they can be properly appreciated. Vegetable fibres, with all their alleged malodorous affinities and maleficent properties, enter into use in a hundred different ways. And thereby hangs a tale, for which I turn to an early edition of *Health Culture*. There it is told how a well-known wool-wearer suffered for years from persistent "catarrhal affection of the throat and larynx," until it occurred to him that this might be caused by the use of a pipe with a reed stem. A mouth-piece of horn was substituted for the vegetable-fibre stem, and a few days after the catarrh disappeared. Here, to him, was proof positive of the existence of original vegetable-fibre sin !

It once pleased Dr. Johnson to suggest what a subject for reflection a world deprived of glass would be ; but how much more moving to reflect upon a world that had made up its mind to do without vegetable fibres ! The industries that would be shattered ! the trade that would be blighted ! the changes in our domestic environment ! All hanging, too, upon Time's line with the week's underclothing ! Provided always, as the lawyers say, that the aforesaid theories and conclusions can be established ? More than that : it would, with the same proviso, be our manifest duty to make known the wholesale dangers daily, and hourly—nay, momentarily—incurred by those who remained indifferent to the mischievous propensities of vegetable stuff. Thus, it is asserted that an old-fashioned wooden bedstead dissembles a set of physical perils which can only be eluded by treating every part of the frame to a coating of shellac, and by saturating all the cords and webbing with refined paraffin. Table linen would have to be given away, if possible ; thrown away, if that were the only means of being rid of it. The bread platter must be varnished, if it escaped the kitchen chopper—which itself must have something other than a plain wooden handle. Wicker baskets and chairs, with all other vegetable-fibre vanities, must be utterly renounced. Paterfamilias could not wear a straw hat, nor smoke a cigarette. In fact, it is hard to see how he, or any Sanitary-Woollen-Systemite either, could venture to smoke vegetable-fibre tobacco, whose "noxious" properties could no more be extracted by curing than the noxious properties of flax by retting. And all the time there would be dread in the wool-regulated household, lest some patch of shellac should have scaled off, or some unsuspected vegetable-fibre have been brought in. Bishop Jewel once twitted his opponents with their fear lest the holiness of ecclesiastical apparel should be impaired by unsanctified thread : "Wherefore," he wrote, "do your doctors keep such hot schools amongst themselves

whether, if the sexton happen to mend hallowed vestments with a thread unhallowed, the whole vestment be not thereby become unhallowed?" In the same way, those who were true to the Sanitary Woollen System might well feel anxious, though they suffered nothing worse, lest their clothes should have been sewn with noxious-odour-absorbing linen thread; and at times they would probably be troubled by uneasy doubts as to their area of immunity. One "in the wool"—to borrow an expressive description from Mr. Tomalin—might take all possible care that there was nothing vegetable about his linings or buttons; he might carry a woollen handkerchief and wear a woollen collar; his pockets might be of approved porous material and his purse of wash-leather, undyed: all in accordance with explicit directions in *Health Culture*. And, still in careful compliance with plain injunctions, he would banish his letter-case, made as small as possible, "to the tail pockets of the coat, where it acts least as a hindrance to the escape of the skin's exhalations." These precautions might have been scrupulously observed, and yet—if there could still be risk attaching to a letter-case in a coat-tail pocket—how far would he be safe under an umbrella, unless that also was made of undyed wool?

Just as much respect as can be entertained for all this koprophagous nonsense—and no more—is due to the grotesque analogy between men and sheep, which is based upon their common animal nature, and from which all consideration of the difference in circumstances between them is omitted. In view of the first proposition quoted, it is not logical to use cleansed or manufactured wool, and when men no longer have to adapt sheep's wool to purposes of clothing, or when sheep come to live the life of men, it will be time enough to discuss the "natural" clothing of human beings. Again, cotton underclothing does not necessarily denote calico, nor linen always imply that close-compacted fabric to which the title primarily belongs, any more than woollen stockinette is understood when one talks of flannel. Mr. Tomalin does not recognise the materials of loosely-spun and open-woven flax and cotton, and "cuts" the new underclothing. But it is safe to say that Mr. W. G. Grace might as confidently hope for his "century" in vegetable-fibre as in wool. And, what is more, if he happened to be so far out of condition—supposing that to be possible—as to get into a profuse perspiration, the vegetable stuff would be all the better for him: the wool would be so much longer in drying.

As regards retention of heat, there is only an inconsiderable difference between animal and vegetable fibres. What little advantage there is, is on the side of wool, but it is so small as to be of no real importance. In hygroscopical value, vegetable fibres have the advantage. These statements are justified by scientific testimony and exact experiment. The structure of vegetable fibres is all in favour of cleanliness, and it is probable that the solid exudations from the skin are more readily taken up and transmitted by these than by the closely-jointed fibres of wool. On these grounds, as well as on those of relative cheapness, and an absolute stability of substance unattainable in woollen fabrics, there is cause enough for confidence in the opinion that vegetable fibres will ultimately be the predominant underwear.

Yours, &c.,

S. WILLIAM BECK.

Tiverton, Devon,
January 18, 1895.

[NOTE.—This discussion must now cease.—ED., *N. R.*]

The New Review.

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IN ARCADY

I.—A HOLIDAY

THE masterful wind was up and out, shouting and chasing, the lord of the morning. Poplars swayed and tossed with a roaring swish; dead leaves sprang aloft and whirled into space; and all the clear-swept heaven seemed to thrill with sound like a great harp. It was one of the first awakenings of the year. The earth stretched herself, smiling in her sleep; and everything leapt and pulsed to the stir of the giant's movement. With us it was a whole holiday; the occasion a birthday—it matters not whose. Some one of us had had presents and pretty conventional speeches, and had glowed with that sense of heroism which is no less sweet for that nothing has been done to deserve it. But the holiday was for all, the rapture of awakening Nature for all, the various outdoor joys of puddles and sun and hedge-breaking for all. Colt-like I ran through the meadows, frisking happy heels in the face of Nature laughing responsive. Above, the sky was bluest of the blue; wide pools left by the winter's floods flashed back the colour true and brilliant; and the soft air thrilled with a germinating touch which seemed to kindle something in my own small person, as well as in the rash primrose already lurking in sheltered haunts! Out into the brimming, sun-bathed world I sped, free of lessons, free of discipline and correction, for one day at least. My legs ran of themselves, and though I heard my name called faint and shrill behind, there was no stopping for me. It was only Harold, I concluded, and his legs, though shorter than mine, were good for a longer spurt than this. Then I heard it called again, but this time more faintly, with a pathetic break in the middle; and I pulled up short, recognising Charlotte's plaintive note.

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She panted up anon, and dropped on the turf beside me. Neither had any desire for talk; the glow and the glory of existing on this perfect morning were satisfaction full and sufficient.

"Where's Harold?" I asked, presently.

"Oh, he's just playin' muffin-man, as usual," said Charlotte, with petulance. "Fancy wanting to be a muffin-man on a whole holiday!"

It was a strange craze, certainly; but Harold, who invented his own games and played them without assistance, always stuck staunchly to a new fad, till he had worn it quite out. Just at present he was a muffin-man, and day and night he went through passages and up and down staircases, ringing a noiseless bell and offering phantom muffins to invisible wayfarers. It sounds a poor sort of sport, and yet—to pass along busy streets of your own building, for ever ringing an imaginary bell and offering airy muffins of your own make to a bustling thronging crowd of your own creation! There were points about the game, it cannot be denied, though it seemed scarce in harmony with this radiant, wind-swept morning!

"And Edward—where is he?" I questioned again.

"He's coming along by the road," said Charlotte. "He'll be crouching in the ditch when we get there, and he's going to be a grizzly bear and spring out on us, only you mustn't say I told you, 'cos it's to be a surprise."

"All right," I said, magnanimously. "Come on and let's be surprised." But I could not help feeling that on this day of days even a grizzly felt misplaced and common.

Sure enough, an undeniable bear sprang out on us as we dropped into the road; and then came shrieks, growlings, revolver-shots, and unrecorded heroisms, till Edward condescended, at last, to roll over and die, bulking large and grim, an unmitigated grizzly. It was an understood thing, that whoever took upon himself to be a bear must eventually die, sooner or later, even if he were the eldest born: else life would have been all strife and carnage, and the Age of Acorns have displaced our hard-won civilisation. This little affair concluded with satisfaction to all parties concerned, we rambled along the road, picking up the defaulting Harold by the way, muffinless now and in his right and social mind.

"What would you do?" asked Charlotte, presently—the book of the moment always dominating her thoughts until it was sucked dry and cast aside—"What would you do if you saw two lions in the road,

one on each side, and you didn't know if they was loose or if they was chained up?"

"Do?" shouted Edward valiantly. "I should—I should—I should—" His boastful accents died away into a mumble: "Dunno what I should do."

"Shouldn't do anything," I observed, after consideration; and, really, it would be difficult to arrive at a wiser conclusion.

"If it came to *doing*," remarked Harold reflectively, "the lions would do all the doing there was to do, wouldn't they?"

"But if they was *good* lions," rejoined Charlotte, "they would do as they would be done by."

"Ah, but how are you to know a good lion from a bad one?" said Edward. "The books don't tell you at all, and the lions ain't marked any different."

"Why, there aren't any good lions," said Harold hastily.

"Oh yes, there are, heaps an' heaps," contradicted Edward. "Nearly all the lions in the story-books are good lions. There was Androcles' lion, and St. Jerome's lion, and—and—and the Lion and the Unicorn——"

"*He* beat the Unicorn," observed Harold dubiously, "all round the town."

"That *proves* he was a good lion," cried Edward, triumphing. "But the question is, how are you to tell 'em when you see 'em?"

"I should ask Martha," said Harold of the simple creed.

Edward snorted with contempt, then turned to Charlotte. "Look here," he said; "let's play at lions, anyhow, and I'll run on to that corner and be a lion—I'll be two lions, one on each side of the road—and you'll come along, and you won't know whether I'm chained up or not, and that'll be the fun!"

"No, thank you," said Charlotte firmly; "you'll be chained up till I'm quite close to you, and then you'll be loose, and you'll tear me in pieces, and make my frock all dusty, and p'raps you'll hurt me as well. I know your lions!"

"No, I won't, I swear I won't," protested Edward. "I'll be quite a new lion this time—something you can't even imagine." And he raced off to his post. Charlotte hesitated—then went timidly on, and at each step she grew less Charlotte, the mummer of a minute, and more the anxious Pilgrim of all time. The lion's wrath waxed terrible at her approach; his roaring filled the startled air. I waited until they were

both thoroughly absorbed, and then I slipped through the hedge out of the trodden highway, into the vacant meadow spaces. It was not that I was unsociable, or that I knew Edward's lions to the point of satiety ; but the passion and the call of the divine morning were high in my blood. Earth to earth ! That was the frank note, the joyous summons of the day ; and they could not but jar and seem artificial, these human discussions and pretences, when boon nature, reticent no more, was singing that full-throated song of hers that thrills and claims control of every fibre. The air was wine, the moist earth-smell wine, the lark's song, the wafts from the cow-shed at top of the field, the pant and smoke of a distant train—all were wine—or song, was it ? or odour ?—this unity they all blent into ? I had no words then to describe it, that earth-effluence of which I was so conscious ; nor, indeed, have I found words since. I ran sideways, shouting ; I dug glad heels into the squelching soil ; I splashed diamond showers from puddles with a stick ; I hurled clods at random skyward, and presently I somehow found myself singing. The words were mere nonsense—irresponsible babble ; the tune was an improvisation, a weary, unrhythmical matter of rise and fall. And yet it seemed to me a genuine utterance, and just at that moment the one thing fitting and right and perfect. Humanity would have rejected it with scorn. Nature, everywhere singing in the same key, recognised and accepted it without a flicker of dissent.

All the time the hearty wind was calling to me companionably from where he swung and bellowed in the tree-tops. "Take me for guide to-day," he seemed to plead. "Other holidays you have tramped it in the track of the stolid, unswerving sun ; a belated truant, you have dragged a weary foot homeward with only a pale, expressionless moon for company. To-day, why not I, the trickster, the hypocrite ? I who whip round corners and bluster, and relapse and evade, then rally and pursue ! I can lead you the best and rarest dance of any ; for I am the strong, capricious one, the lord of misrule, and I alone am irresponsible and unprincipled, and obey no law." And for me, I was ready enough to fall in with the fellow's humour : was not this a whole holiday ? So we sheered off together, arm-in-arm, so to speak ; and with fullest confidence I took the jiggling, thwartwise course my chainless pilot laid. A whimsical comrade I found him, ere he had done with me. Was it in jest, or with some serious purpose of his own, that he brought me plump upon a pair of lovers, silent, face to face o'er a discreet, unwinking

stile? As a rule this sort of thing struck me as the most pitiful tomfoolery. Two calves rubbing noses through a gate were natural and right and within the order of things; but that human beings, with salient interests and active pursuits beckoning them on from every side, could thus . . .! Well, it was a thing to hurry past, shamed of face, and think on no more. But this morning everything I met seemed accounted for and set in tune by that same magical touch in the air; and it was with a certain surprise that I found myself regarding these fatuous ones with kindness instead of contempt, as I rambled by, unheeded. Some reconciling influence was indeed abroad, which could bring the like inhuman antics into harmony with bud and growth and the frolic air!

A puff on the right cheek from my wilful companion sent me off at a fresh angle, and presently I came in sight of the village church, sitting solitary within its circle of elms. From forth the vestry window projected two small legs, gyrating, hungry for foothold, with larceny—not to say sacrilege—in their every wriggle: a godless sight for a supporter of the Establishment. Though the rest was hidden, I knew the legs well enough: they were usually attached to the body of Bill Saunders, the peerless bad boy of the village. Bill's coveted booty, too—I could easily guess at that: it came from the Vicar's store of biscuits, kept (as I knew) in a cupboard along with his official trappings. For a moment I hesitated. Then I passed on my way. I protest I was not on Bill's side; but, then, neither was I on the Vicar's, and there was something in this immoral morning which seemed to say that, perhaps, after all, Bill had as much right to the biscuits as the Vicar, and would certainly enjoy them better; and anyhow it was a disputable point, and no business of mine. Nature, who had accepted me for ally, cared little who had the world's biscuits, and assuredly was not going to let any friend of hers waste his time in playing policeman for Society.

He was tugging at me anew, my insistent guide; and I felt sure, as I rambled off in his wake, that he had more holiday matter to show me. And so, indeed, he had; and all of it was to the same lawless tune. Like a black pirate flag on the blue sea of air, a hawk hung ominous; then, plummet-wise, dropped to the hedgerow, whence there rose, thin and shrill, a piteous voice of squealing. By the time I got there a whisk of feathers on the turf—like scattered playbills—was all that remained to tell of the tragedy just enacted. Yet Nature smiled and sang on, pitiless, impartial, gay. To her, who took no sides, there was every bit

as much to be said for the hawk as for the chaffinch. Both were her children, and she would show no preferences. Further on, a hedgehog lay dead athwart the path—nay, more than dead; decadent, distinctly: a sorry sight for one that had known the fellow in more bustling circumstances. Nature might at least have paused to shed one tear over this rough-jacketed little son of hers, for his wasted aims, his cancelled ambitions, his whole career of usefulness cut suddenly short. But not a bit of it! Jubilant as ever, her song went bubbling on, and “Death-in-Life” and, again, “Life-in-Death” were its alternate burdens. And looking round, and seeing the sheep-nibbled heels of turnips that dotted the ground, their hearts eaten out of them in frost-bound days now over and done, I seemed to discern, faintly, a something of the stern meaning in her valorous chant.

My invisible companion was singing also, and seemed at times to be chuckling softly to himself—doubtless at thought of the strange new lessons he was teaching me; perhaps, too, at a special bit of waggishness he had in store. For when, at last, he grew weary of such insignificant, earth-bound company, he deserted me at a certain spot I knew; then dropped, subsided, and slunk away into nothingness. I raised my eyes, and before me, grim and lichened, stood the ancient whipping-post of the village: its sides fretted with the initials of a generation that scorned its mute lesson, but still clipped by the stout rusty shackles that had tethered the wrists of such of that generation’s ancestors as had dared to mock at order and law. Had I been an infant Sterne, here was a grand chance for sentimental output! As things were, I could only hurry homewards, my moral tail well between my legs, with an uneasy feeling, as I glanced back over my shoulder, that there was more in this chance than met the eye. And outside our gate I found Charlotte, alone and crying. Edward, it seemed, had persuaded her to hide, in the full expectation of being duly found and ecstatically pounced upon; then he had caught sight of the butcher’s cart, and, forgetting his obligations, had rushed off for a ride. Harold, it further appeared, greatly coveting tadpoles, and topheavy with the eagerness of possession, had fallen into the pond. This, in itself, was nothing; but on attempting to sneak in by the back-door, he had rendered up his duckweed-bedabbled person into the hands of an aunt, and had been promptly sent to bed; and this, on a holiday, was very much. The moral of the whipping-post was working itself out; and I was not in the least surprised when, on reaching home, I was seized upon and accused of doing something I had

never even thought of. And my frame of mind was such that I could only wish most heartily that I had done it.

II.—*Satis Diu Lusisti.*

Among the many fatuous ideas that possessed the Olympian noddle, this one was pre-eminent : that, being Olympians, they could talk quite freely in our presence on subjects of the closest import to us, so long as names, dates, and other landmarks were ignored. We were supposed to be denied the faculty for putting two and two together ; and like the monkeys, who very sensibly refrain from speech lest they should be set to earn their livings, we were careful to conceal our capabilities for a simple syllogism. Thus, we were rarely taken by surprise, and so were considered by our disappointed elders to be apathetic and to lack the divine capacity for wonder. Now the daily output of the letter-bag, with the mysterious discussions that ensued thereon, had speedily informed us that Uncle Thomas was entrusted with a mission—a mission, too, affecting ourselves. Uncle Thomas's missions were many and various. A self-important man, one liking the business, even while protesting that he sank under the burden, he was the missionary, so to speak, of our remote habitation. The matching a ribbon, the running down to the Stores, the interviewing a cook—these and similar duties lent continual colour and change to his vacant life in London, and helped to keep down his figure. When the matter, however, had in our presence to be referred to with nods and pronouns, with significant blanks and interpolations in the French tongue, then the red flag was flown, the storm-cone hoisted, and by a studious pretence of inattention we were not long in plucking out the heart of the mystery. To clinch our conclusion, we descended suddenly and together on Martha : proceeding, not by simple inquiry as to facts—that would never have done !—but by informing her that the air was full of school and we knew all about it, and then challenging denial. Martha was a trusty soul, but a bad witness for the defence, and we soon had it all out of her. The word had gone forth, the school had been selected ; the necessary sheets were hemming even now, and Edward was the designated and appointed victim.

It had always been before us as an inevitable bourne, this strange unknown thing called school ; and yet—perhaps I should say consequently—we had never seriously set ourselves to consider what it

really meant. But now that the grim spectre loomed imminent, stretching lean hands for one of our flock, it behoved us to face the situation, to take soundings in this uncharted sea and find out whither we were drifting. Unfortunately the data in our possession were absolutely insufficient, and we knew not whither to turn for exact information. Uncle Thomas could have told us all about it, of course: he had been there himself once, in the dim and misty past. But an unfortunate conviction, that Nature had intended him for a humorist, tainted all his evidence, besides making it wearisome to hear. Again, the trumpets of such among our contemporaries as we had approached gave forth an uncertain sound. According to some it meant larks, revels, emancipation, and a foretaste of the bliss of manhood. According to others—the majority, alas!—it was a private and peculiar Hades, that could give the original institution points and a beating. When Edward was observed to be swaggering round with a jaunty air and his chest stuck out, I knew that he was contemplating his future from the one point of view. When, on the contrary, he was subdued and unaggressive, and sought the society of his sisters, I recognised that the other aspect was in the ascendant. “You can always run away, you know,” I used to remark consolingly on these latter occasions; and Edward would brighten up wonderfully at the suggestion, but Charlotte melted into tears before her vision of a brother, with blistered feet and an empty belly, passing nights of frost 'neath the lee of windy haystacks.

It was to Edward, of course, that the situation was chiefly productive of anxiety; and yet the ensuing change in my own circumstances and position furnished me also with food for grave reflection. Hitherto I had acted mostly to orders. Even when I had devised and counselled any particular devilry, it had been carried out on Edward's approbation, and—as eldest—at his special risk. Henceforward I began to be anxious of the bugbear, Responsibility, and to realise what a soul-throttling thing it is. True, my new position would have its compensations. Edward had been masterful exceedingly, imperious, perhaps a little narrow; impassioned for hard facts, and with scant sympathy for make-believe. I should now be free and untrammelled: in the conception and the carrying out of a scheme I could accept and reject to better artistic purpose. It would, for instance, be needless to be a Radical any more. Radical I never was, really, by nature or by sympathy. The part had been thrust on me one day, when Edward proposed to

foist the House of Lords on our small republic. The principles of the thing he set forth learnedly and well, and it all sounded promising enough, till he went on to explain that, for the present at least, he proposed to be the House of Lords himself. We others were to be the Commons. There would be promotions, of course, he added, dependent on service and on fitness, and open to both sexes; and to me, in especial, he held out hopes of speedy advancement. But in its initial stages the thing wouldn't work properly unless he were first and only Lord. Then I put my foot down promptly, and said it was all rot, and I didn't see the good of any House of Lords at all. "Then you must be a low Radical!" said Edward, with fine contempt. The inference seemed scarce necessary, but what could I do? I accepted the situation, and said firmly, Yes, I *was* a low Radical. In this monstrous character I had been obliged to masque it ever since; but now I could throw it off, and look the world in the face again.

And yet, did this and other gains really outbalance my losses? Henceforth I should, it was true, be leader and chief; but I should also be the buffer between the Olympians and my little clan. To Edward this had been nothing: he had utterly withstood the impact of Olympus, like Teneriffe or Atlas, unremoved. But was I equal to the task? And was there not rather a danger that for the sake of peace and quietness I might be tempted to compromise, compound, and make terms? Sinking thus, by successive lapses, into the Blameless Prig. I don't mean, of course, that I thought out my thoughts to the exact point here set down. In those fortunate days of old one was free from the hard necessity of transmuting the vague idea into the mechanical inadequate medium of words. But the feeling was there, that I might not possess the qualities for so delicate a position.

The unnatural halo round Edward got more pronounced, his own demeanour more responsible and dignified, with the arrival of his new clothes. When his trunk and play box were sent in, the approaching cleavage between our brother, who now belonged to the future, and ourselves, still claimed by the past, was accentuated indeed. His name was painted on each of them, in large letters, and after their arrival their owner used to disappear mysteriously, and be found eventually wandering round his luggage, murmuring to himself, "Edward —," in a rapt, remote sort of way. It was a weakness, of course, and pointed to a soft spot in his character; but those who can remember the sensation of first seeing their names in print will not think hardly of him.

As the short days sped by and the grim event cast its shadow longer and longer across our threshold, an unnatural politeness, a civility scarce canny, began to pervade the air. In those latter hours Edward himself was frequently heard to say "Please," and also "Would you mind fetchin' that ball?" while Harold and I would sometimes actually find ourselves trying to anticipate his wishes. As for the girls, they simply grovelled. The Olympians, too, in their uncouth way, by gift of carnal delicacies and such-like indulgence, seemed anxious to demonstrate that they had hitherto misjudged this one of us. Altogether the situation grew strained and false, and I think a general relief was felt when the end came.

We all trooped down to the station, of course: it is only in later years that the farce of "seeing people off" is seen in its true colours. Edward was the life and soul of the party; and if his gaiety struck one at times as being a trifle overdone, it was not a moment to be critical. As we tramped along, I promised him I would ask Farmer Larkin not to kill any more pigs till he came back for the holidays, and he said he would send me a proper catapult: the real lethal article, not a kid's plaything. Then suddenly, when we were about half-way down, one of the girls fell a-snivelling. The happy few who dare to laugh at the woes of sea-sickness will perhaps remember how, on occasion, the sudden collapse of a fellow-voyager before their very eyes has caused them hastily to revise their self-confidence and resolve to walk humbly. Even so it was with Edward, who turned his head aside, feigning an interest in the landscape. It was but for a moment. Then he recalled his hat—a hard bowler, the first he had ever worn. He took it off, he examined it, he felt it over. Something about it seemed to give him strength, and he was a man once more.

At the station, Edward's first care was to dispose his boxes on the platform so that everyone might see the labels and the lettering. One did not go to school for the first time every day! Then he read both sides of his ticket carefully; shifted it to every one of his pockets in turn; and finally fell to chinking his money, to keep his courage up. We were all dry of conversation by this time, and could only stand round and stare in silence at the victim decked for the altar. And, as I looked at Edward, in new clothes of a manly cut, with a hard hat upon his head, a railway ticket in one pocket and money of his own in the other—money to spend as he liked and no questions asked!—I began to feel dimly how great was the gulf already yawning

betwixt us. Fortunately I was not old enough to realise, further, that here on this little platform the old order lay at its last gasp, and that Edward might come back to us, but it would not be the Edward of yore, nor could things ever be the same again.

When the train steamed up at last, we all boarded it impetuously with the view of selecting the one peerless carriage to which Edward might be entrusted with the greatest comfort and honour; and as each one found his, or her ideal compartment at the same moment, and vociferously maintained its merits, he stood some chance for a time of being left behind. A porter settled the matter by heaving him through the nearest door; and as the train moved off, his head was thrust out of the window, wearing an unmistakable first-quality grin he had been saving up somewhere for the supreme moment. Very small and white his face looked, on the long side of the retreating train. But the grin was visible, undeniable, stoutly maintained; till a curve swept him from our sight, and he was borne away in the dying rumble, out of our placid backwater into the busy world of rubs and knocks and competition, out into the New Life.

When a crab has lost a leg, his gait is still more awkward than his wont, till Time and healing Nature make him *totus teres atque rotundus* once more. We straggled back from the station disjointedly, Harold, who was very silent, sticking close to me, his last slender prop, while the girls in front, their heads together, were already reckoning up the weeks to the holidays. Home at last, Harold suggested one or two occupations of a spicy and contraband flavour, but, though we did our manful best, there was no knocking any interest out of them. Then I suggested others, with the same want of success. Finally we found ourselves sitting silent on an upturned wheelbarrow, our chins on our fists, staring haggardly into the raw new conditions of our changed life, the ruins of a past behind our backs. And all the while Selina and Charlotte were busy stuffing Edward's rabbits with unwonted forage, bilious and green; polishing up the cage of his mice till the occupants raved and swore like householders in spring-time; and collecting materials for new bows and arrows, whips, boats, guns, and four-in-hand harness, against the return of Ulysses: little dreaming that the hero, back from Troy and all its onsets, would scorn their clumsy armoury as rot and humbug, and only fit for kids!

KENNETH GRAHAME.

THE PASSING OF ENGLAND

AN ENQUIRY CONCERNING THE NATION AND THE NAVY

WHAT is the proper standard of British naval preparation? The final answer to this question must come from the specialist, from our best Admiral using the picked intelligence of the Navy to help him. Before he can set to work, however, some preliminary matters must be settled for him, presumably by the Cabinet, representing the common sense and the will of the nation. I propose to discuss some of these preliminaries, not, indeed, by way of saying anything new, but rather by way of reminding my readers of some commonplace truths, which appear to me to be very often forgotten when the Navy and the Navy Estimates are talked about.

None of us expect from the Navy anything more than defence. We wish to be protected. We want the United Kingdom to be preserved from invasion; our trade, if possible, to be uninterrupted, and our Colonial possessions retained. What, then, is defence? It seems to me to be sometimes forgotten that defence consists in beating the enemy. You may resist an attack, and so long as your resistance continues you are engaged in defence; but you are not safe until your opponent is disarmed or bound over, under sufficient security, to keep the peace. You cannot, without danger, relax your exertions before that end has been attained.

Let us examine more particularly the nature of a British defence, beginning with the obvious necessity of preventing an invasion of Great Britain. A coast line is peculiarly open to attack. A land frontier can be defended by an army collected at one point and ready to strike. But an army cannot defend a coast line against the descent of an army from the sea; it may attack the army when landed and may destroy it, but it cannot be counted upon to prevent the landing. For a fleet of transports can move faster at sea than an army by land; even the use of railways will not enable an army to move along a coast as fast as a fleet; wherever, therefore, there is a long stretch of coast with a

number of possible landing-places, the force intending to land can anticipate the arrival of the force intending to oppose it. Moreover, the guns which ships carry are so much more powerful than any that can be quickly moved upon land that at a suitable point away from fortifications a fleet of war-ships can always cover a landing against resistance from the shore. The only way, therefore, by which an enemy can be prevented from landing upon a coast is by resistance at sea.

A fundamental factor in sea warfare is the nature of the battleship, which is a consequence of the law of displacement. Every ship when afloat weighs, with all that it carries, exactly the weight of the water which it displaces. Therefore, the builder of a ship of a given size has a given weight and no more to deal with. He may give, say, one quarter to hull, another quarter to engines, and half to cargo; or one-third to hull, one-third to engines, and one-third to cargo. A ship that has no cargo to carry can, therefore, have, say, one-half or one-third of its weight devoted to guns, ammunition, and the strengthening and protection of its hull, without being heavier or slower or less seaworthy than a ship of the same size built for carrying cargo. Thus, in every age and in all conditions, whether of oars, sails, or steam, the ship built as an engine of war is always stronger than the merchant ship, which, as a general rule, cannot fight against it with any prospect of success. A fleet of war-ships, in short, can be faced by nothing but a fleet of war-ships; and if, in a given area of water, there is such a fleet, no other kind of ships can venture into that area except upon sufferance. The fleet of war-ships is said to "command" the area. The proper defence of a coast line against attack from the sea consists in having in the sea area from which the coast can be approached a fleet which commands that area. The would-be invader is then obliged, if he wishes to land an army on the coast, first of all to remove the defending fleet. For this purpose the most effective method is to attack it with another fleet also of war-ships, which will attempt to destroy it or drive it away, and so to obtain itself the "command" of the area in question.

In the long run one of the two fleets obtains the upper hand. For as war-ships take a long time to build, and as there are no efficient substitutes for them, a victory in which one side destroys two or three of the enemy's ships and captures two or three more, upsets the balance. The beaten fleet must retire to a place of safety, usually to a fortified harbour, where it will be watched by the victor with a portion of his force while the remainder patrols the sea. The beaten side can send no

merchant ships and no transports into the part of the sea thus in the enemy's power except at the risk of their destruction or capture. The winning side is at liberty to transport and land his army in safety, under cover of a portion of his fleet, and his merchant ships will run no risks except from stealthy attacks against which no fleet of battle-ships can give full protection, though, so long as the enemy's battle-ships are out of the question, the merchant ships can be protected partly by their own efforts and partly by war-ships built for this special purpose rather than for battle.

The command of an area of sea thus involves the destruction or at least the *mise hors de combat* of the enemy's fighting fleet, and to attain this end is the first object of each side in any naval war. But the hostile fleet once driven from the sea, and precautions taken to prevent its reappearance, the victor has more than a local control of the sea. As against the beaten enemy the whole sea is his, to use as he pleases. The command of the sea, based upon the thorough defeat of the enemy, is as against that enemy not local but universal. It follows that an insular State requires for its efficient defence a fleet such as can in war obtain the command of the sea against its enemies, that is, can thoroughly defeat the hostile fleets, can drive them to seek shelter in their ports, and can then prevent their return to sea. If the insular navy can do this, not only is the island safe, but its trade can be protected, its colonial possessions are secure, and its armies can be landed upon any coast that belongs to the enemy in any part of the world. But if the insular navy is defeated, and defeat pushed to its natural consequence of exclusion from the sea, the island can be invaded, and its communications with the rest of the world cut off, while its transmarine possessions are all left to their own resources and exposed to the enemy's attacks.

In short, after thorough naval defeat an island must accept the terms of the victors, and become the political dependency of the State which has destroyed its fleet. This perhaps well-worn analysis is the justification of England's traditional naval policy, so well expressed in the eighteenth century national song, which describes naval supremacy as the "charter of the land," and which admirably sums up the relation between a victorious navy and colonial ascendancy. In short, England must maintain a fleet ever ready to defeat and in the long run to destroy the fleets of her adversaries.

Who, then, are the possible enemies that the British Navy may be

called upon to face? The answer to this question must be sought in a review of the growth of England's maritime power. The eighteenth century nearly, but not quite, covers the period of its establishment. From 1688, when the Revolution brought England on to the side of Holland in the war against France, to the fall of the first French Empire, there was a series of wars in which France and England are always ranged on opposite sides. France at the beginning is aiming at supremacy in Europe, and is resisted by the Empire Holland and England. The combination changes, but it always includes England on one side and France on the other, and by the end of the Seven Years' War England has established her maritime supremacy, and its concomitant of colonial ascendancy. Then the combination is directed against her. In the American War she is opposed to France, Spain, and Holland, as well as to the American Colonies, and her enemies have the assistance of the armed neutrality of the northern nations. After ten years of peace, the French revolutionary government revives the old design of ascendancy in Europe, and renews the general war, in which England continuously takes part. First Holland and then Spain follow in the wake of France. But the French navy, having lost its officers in the Revolution, is no match for the English, and even the genius and authority of Napoleon are unable to prevent the destruction of the allied fleets. The French, Dutch, Spanish, and Danish fleets are all annihilated, and England obtains the absolute command of the sea. Napoleon attempts to unite the whole of Europe in antagonism to the maritime domination of Great Britain; but the attempt fails, and the British naval supremacy is further strengthened by the destruction of almost all the shipping trade of all the other countries—a destruction of which England, of course, reaps the benefit. The Revolution, in short, gave England the opportunity to raise up against that coalition of the Maritime Powers with which she was threatened a coalition of the Non-Maritime Powers. The result was the destruction of all Navies, and of nearly all mercantile marines except her own: so that she possessed for the seventy years following the peace (1815–1885), an overwhelming supremacy at sea, both in peace and war, and was in actual occupation, though not in legal possession, of wellnigh every coast in the world not the territory of a great or civilised Power.

With what view do other nations regard this naval preponderance, so necessary to England, and therefore thought by Englishmen to be so natural? It may be worth while to go back a little, and see what

the Continental opinion on the subject was at the time of the last great conflict. I begin with the period of the Revolutionary War, before the maritime war had assumed the course which afterwards made it the turning point of the whole struggle. Herder, in a volume of his *Letters for the Promotion of Humanity*, published in 1797, has a chapter headed Mercantile Arrogance. "Trade," he says, "though due not to the noblest impulses, should unite not separate mankind. It should teach them, if not in the noblest form of gain, to know at least as children the community of their interests. For that purpose the ocean is there ; for that purpose the winds blow and the rivers run. The moment one nation wishes, in her haughty greed, to close the sea to all the others, and to take the wind from them, that moment, if there is sufficient insight into the mutual relations of nations, the indignation of all the other nations must be aroused against the subjugator of the free element, the robber of the greatest spoils, the arrogant possessor of all the treasures and fruits of the earth."

After the true bearings of the naval contest on the Continental struggle had been revealed by the battles of the Nile and of Copenhagen, and after the British supremacy had been established in 1805, but before the defeat of Prussia in 1806, I find Bülow, the famous author of the *Spirit of Modern War*, writing a review of the Campaign of Austerlitz, in which he denounces the mercantile and maritime supremacy of England and declares that the welfare of Europe requires its abolition :—"Bonaparte sooner or later must either cross the channel or fall." These words of Bülow's express Napoleon's own view. The late Professor Seeley has lucidly shown us how Napoleon, when he found himself the master of a France as great as either Richelieu or Louis XIV had ever dreamed of, saw in England's maritime power the great obstacle to all his designs of supremacy in Europe, and how, foiled in his plans for the direct conquest of the island, he set about to conquer Europe, as a means of overcoming England. "England," said Napoleon, "ought to be a French island like Oléron or Corsica."* Mathieu Dumas, writing, during the Restoration, the history of the wars of the Revolution and the Empire, declares that "England, rising by degrees, has obtained such an ascendancy over all the governments of Europe, that it is no longer a preponderance that can be contested, but a veritable political domination." Jomini, the military exponent of the Napoleonic

* *Nouvelle Revue*, Jan., 1894, p. 313.

idea, and one of the clearest heads that has ever been occupied with the relations between war and policy, is never tired of repeating that "a maritime equilibrium is essential to the balance of power in Europe." A maritime equilibrium, it is needless to say, implies the end of Great Britain's naval supremacy, and therefore the reduction of England to the position which Napoleon had suggested.

To a Continental Power it is always disagreeable that her coast should be exposed to an English attack to which she cannot reply ; and her dislike of this situation is not mitigated by the obvious consideration that naval supremacy is a vital necessity for England in a way in which it can never be vital to any Continental Power. Every Continental statesman, as soon as he looks seaward or begins to be interested in colonies, finds England in possession. Every Continental Power that has, in recent years, shown any expansive force, with the sole exception of Italy, has come into diplomatic conflict with England.

The danger to be anticipated is a coalition of Maritime Powers against Great Britain. No observer doubts that France might easily be induced to go to war with England if there were any prospect of success. That Russia would find, in the outbreak of an Anglo-French war, the best opportunity to establish her ascendancy in Asia is believed by every diplomatist. But what seems to be ignored in all that is usually written or spoken on the subject is the obvious interest of Germany to associate herself in such a case with her two neighbours. Germany has no quarrel of her own with either Russia or France, and the ill-feeling cherished in both countries against Germany is purely sentimental. The French like to talk about Alsace and Lorraine, but there is to-day hardly a sane Frenchman who would propose to attack Germany for the re-conquest of the lost provinces. If France and Germany were allies for a short time *Sédan* would be forgotten. Germany and Russia have absolutely no solid cause of quarrel. The Russians dislike the Germans because Germans are to them the representatives of the hated Western World, or, as we should say, of the "foreigner." But so long as the German Government acquiesces in the Russification of the Germans in Russia, this dislike need cause no political dispute. The late estrangement between the two Governments was due to the support given by Germany to Austria in regard to her Eastern policy, a moderate and qualified support no doubt, but exceedingly distasteful to the late Tsar. The present Tsar appears anxious to renew the traditional friendship that since 1812 has bound his family to that of

the Hohenzollerns. Bismarck, from his entrance into political life, has constantly advocated for Prussia and for Germany an alliance with France and Russia. In May, 1857, he writes in an official report to his Government: "If there should be a breach between France and England a Franco-Russian alliance follows as a matter of course, and we shall have the choice between joining it on the best terms to be had or of accepting an Austro-English counter-alliance." He then goes on to show how little help could be expected from Austria and England.

In a score of passages in his correspondence at that date he urged the same view, that the only wise course for Prussia was to be ready to enter into a Franco-Russian alliance. I shall confine myself to one further quotation. In a letter to Gerlach (11th May, 1857) Bismarck writes: "As far as foreigners are concerned I never in my life had much sympathy with any of them except the English; but they will not have our love, and if it were proved to me that it is in the interest of a healthy and well thought-out policy I would as soon see our troops firing on the English as on the French, the Russians, or the Austrians." Everyone will remember to what lengths Bismarck went in 1885-7 to preserve the good relations between Germany and Russia. But most people have unfortunately forgotten that in 1884 he came to an understanding with M. Ferry for a combined attack upon England in Colonial matters, and how the two Powers acted in concert at the Congo Conference of 1884-5. Bismarck's action in regard to the Cameroons, Angra Pequena, and New Guinea was so hostile and so deliberately provoking that, had it come from a small Power, such as Portugal, it would have been met by an ultimatum. Anyone who will carefully read to-day his speech of the 10th January, 1885, will be convinced that he then thought an ultimatum not impossible, and was endeavouring to inflame the minds of his hearers so as to gain the necessary popularity for a war with England in case it should come. Hardly a greater service could be rendered to the British public, by way of showing what the policy of Germany was in 1884, and may be again to-morrow, than by the publication of a full translation of the remarkable trilogy of speeches which the Prince delivered that day. I was assured by several of the most experienced members of the Reichstag that in their recollection the feeling of the House that day was without parallel, except on the day of the announcement of the French declaration of war in 1870. In 1885, however, France was not ripe for co-operation with Germany. The Germans were still the enemy, and the English

had not yet been substituted for them. M. Ferry was expelled from office and his colonial policy execrated. To-day M. Ferry's policy in Tunis, Tonquin, Siam, and Madagascar, is that of France. Prince Bismarck, no doubt, is no longer Chancellor. But the Emperor, who declared that, though there had been a change of pilots, the course was still the same, has been not less zealous—and has been more successful—than Prince Bismarck in conciliating the goodwill both of Russia and of France.

I do not, however, assume that Germany would enter into active hostilities against England. She has no sufficient inducement. Great Britain, if she be at war with France and Russia, must yield compliance to any demands made by Germany, however exorbitant. Germany, therefore, might be content with a neutrality friendly to France and Russia: though the precedent of 1884-5 shows that, in order to be sure of engaging her neighbours against us, she might go to the verge of war against us. But mere neutrality must have far-reaching consequences. It at once renders Italy helpless as an ally for Great Britain. If Germany is prepared to look on indifferent, France can compel Italy to remain neutral, or even to take part in the war on her side. For, if Germany will guarantee herself neutral, Italy is unable, with any chance of success, to resist an attack by the French army.

England for a dozen years past has pursued a policy at once of timidity and of isolation. Making friends with none of the Great Powers, she has estranged most of the small ones: Greece, for example, by the blockade of her coast; and Portugal by the high-handed conduct of disputes concerning territory in South Africa. The action of France in regard to Siam, Madagascar, Newfoundland, and the Niger; of Germany in regard to most of her African acquisitions and to Samoa; and of Russia in the Pamirs, is hostile action. In every case it is *ôte-toi que je m'y mette*. The peace has in each case been preserved because British Governments have in each case yielded; but who can say, with regard to any one of these cases, that if the British Government had maintained what its members believed to be the just rights or claims, or the established interests of this country, there would not have been war? I believe, then, that the situation to-day resembles the situation of 1778, and that the danger is, not of an unexpected war with a single Power, but of the sudden appearance of a European coalition, embracing all, or all but one, of the great Maritime Powers, and aiming at the abolition of Great Britain's maritime credit. I say

deliberately of her credit, because for many years past we have been living upon the tradition of the supremacy won by our grandfathers, and not upon the actual possession of the force with which supremacy might be made good.

I return now to my starting point, the standard of naval preparation. We must be able and ready to defeat and destroy the fleets of our enemies, or we shall become a dependency—it matters little whose. What, then, are the necessary preparations, supposing time is allowed us to prepare? First of all—surely?—a Government of resolute men capable of throwing off the worn-out trappings of party, and of leading a nation of men: for England at this moment is brimful of manliness eager to respond to a bold lead. Secondly, a reform at the Admiralty, by which power shall be given to those who best understand naval war, and who can exercise authority and answer for its right use. When these two essentials have been secured, we may set to work to create the Navy we need, by putting a premium upon the most capable officers, by recruiting sailors, stokers, and gunners, and last but not least, by building as many ships as our Admirals want, as fast as money can build them. If we fail in any of these matters, or if we postpone them, many of us will live to see the passing of England.

SPENSER WILKINSON.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

WITHIN the last fourteen years a course of exceptional character has been run in English political life. The sudden rise of Lord Randolph Churchill, the methods by which he rose, his speedy collapse when he was asked to approve himself fit for the work of government, might easily be paralleled in other politics; they have been infrequent in ours. The nearest approach to his career is the career of Canning; but, putting aside the many considerations to be taken into account in a comparison, the intrinsic faculties of the two men were so widely different, that it would be merely arbitrary thus to associate their names.

The infrequency of such lives among us accounts, I presume, for the kind of wonder with which men saw Lord Randolph's sudden rush down from what looked like acknowledged leadership to the lower levels of failure. Yet it was none the less perfectly consistent with his rise to power: it was, indeed, inevitable, being the outcome of those very qualities of temperament and character which had carried him to the front of the Tory battle. Lord Randolph had the fortune—the fatal and disastrous fortune—to make himself conspicuous by the arts of the Parliamentary fighter and, to use the strictly correct word, demagogue. The qualifications of “low breeding, vulgar birth, and impudence” are not all necessary for the part. The last alone is indispensable; and where it is present, high birth and gentle breeding do no manner of harm. There is such a person as the Aristocratic Demagogue. He has been a scarce birth among ourselves, but he is by no means uncommon in history, and he has wielded not seldom a wide-reaching and a most pestilent influence. In a revolutionary time and a State disorganised and shifting, he may attain to the eminence of Philippe Égalité. Under a more stable government his opportunities are limited; but his limitations, even, have their set-offs. Where he does enjoy a free run, he commonly rounds it off on the scaffold: whereas in milder circumstances he only surprises those, who think that the capacity to seize on power is necessarily accompanied by the capacity to use such power as has been

seized, by proving himself incapable of rule. In brief, it is characteristic of him that, with more or less of violence, as the case may be, and a more or less tragical end, he signally fails when he essays the work of government.

To consider Lord Randolph's course of action between '80 and '85 is to find nothing whatever in the least surprising in the trick he put upon his colleagues just before the Christmas of the latter year. He had fought well ; he had even fulfilled a useful function. These are truths none may gainsay ; and if they were not truths, his history would be wholly incomprehensible. Some combination of circumstance and faculty there must have been to make him possible, and it is by no means hard to tell what that combination was. The election of '80 had cowed the Tories for the time. Mr. Gladstone's majority was at once so utterly overwhelming and so vastly unexpected, that it left his opponents dazed with the magnitude and the suddenness of their defeat. Nor was this all their misfortune either. Mr. Disraeli's promotion to the Lords had deprived them of the one known debater who was of sufficient stature, experience, and capacity to meet the Liberal chiefs on equal terms. The Ministerial superiority in Parliamentary and debating (which are not necessarily synonymous with administrative) ability was as manifest as the Ministerial advantage in numbers ; and if Lord Beaconsfield decided not to meet Parliament, it was probably—in part at least—because he felt the full hopelessness of trusting his lieutenants in the Lower House to make a decent fight for it on a Vote of Want of Confidence. Moreover, the Liberal majority was the triumph much more of a man than of a party. Mr. Gladstone it was, and not his followers, who had won this splendid victory ; and his followers knew it. It has been stoutly asserted, and it is entirely credible, that many among them cherished an anxious and a fearful mind at the win which had given them a tyrant for a leader ; but, whatever they said, or thought, in private, in public they obeyed with a most significant humility. Mr. Gladstone's mastery, in truth, was absolute, for behind him was a crushing majority, and before, an Opposition, not only far outnumbered but, led by a set of politicians manifestly depressed by a chilling sense of utter personal inequality to their task.

Now, to fight a party back to power in such a case is a great Parliamentary feat. Sir Robert Peel had done it, partly by masterly management, and the exhibition of a notable administrative capacity ;

and between '80 and '85 Lord Randolph Churchill went far towards repeating the achievement. But it was by very different methods from Sir Robert's. His sole resource was insult. His temptation to take up that weapon was great; the skill and the success with which he used it was often anything but small; and, in some measure, the end, which was good, may be said to have justified the means. There was something in Mr. Gladstone's attitude—something Pecksniffian—an affectation of meek and devout compunction dissembling an enormous arrogance—which truly called for insult; and Lord Randolph was gifted for the work. At his worst, of course, he was but a mouthing and hysterical scold; but at his best he could, and did, display no little ingenuity, both in abuse and in choice of occasion. The great quality of a Parliamenteer—that “instinct of the House,” which Parliamenters alone can fairly estimate—has been allowed him by good judges; and 'tis plain that it was his, or he must have perished, with other bores, under that steady drizzle of indifferent contempt which Parliament knows how to turn on to those it does not love. His use, too, of his weapon was legitimate enough. It has always been held good work, and worthy of men's praise, to convert the heathen by smashing his idol under his very gaze. Much of the support accorded to Mr. Gladstone at the polls had been as it were a testimonial in kind to the stump-orator and the atrocity-monger; and, so long as the thing went not too far, the interests of the country had as much to gain as to lose, in that the other side produced a second of the tribe of Rab-shakeh, fluent in speech like unto the first, and like him pertinacious in appeal. Provided you can only be sure of getting rid of the Sausage-Seller when his job is done, it is good tactics to employ him in the pulling-down of Cleon. This work of pulling-down is work which Lord Randolph did very materially help to do. His persistent and—to admirers I will concede so much—his often ingenious campaign of insult and obstruction did, in due time, turn the laugh against Cleon, and that, too, on the faces of not a few of Cleon's own gaping tail. It dimmed the Premier's prestige in the House to see him wincing under the taunts of his pitiless and pertinacious little enemy. In the House and out of it he was by much the smaller figure for that enemy's effect; and in proportion as he paled and dwindled, the spirit of the Opposition waxed and rose. The country was the gainer, and Lord Randolph deserved both his praise and his reward.

Thus much must be allowed, and yet we who profited by it

remain entitled to consider well the work which earned that praise before deciding on that reward. Surely the place which Cleon has misused is *not* the Sausage-Seller's proper prize? Surely the right to govern is *not* to be won by the sole work of insulting those who have misgoverned? Surely—surely more is needed than *that*? The power of working loyally with other men, which implies a capacity for courtesy and self-restraint; a certain consistency of conduct; such a measure of principle as will keep one from the defence of incompatible doctrines in a breath; some readiness to subordinate a temporary Parliamentary advantage to the permanent welfare of the country—these qualities must all be present in the man who is to be trusted with power in a State. Not one of them—hardly even the approach to one of them—was ever present in Lord Randolph Churchill. Those who worked on his side of the House between '80 and '85 must have seen enough—assuredly there were thousands outside the House who did see enough—to prepare them to accept the catastrophe not only without surprise, but also with a sense of profound relief. That faculty for insult—so useful against Cleon!—was quite as readily displayed against the veterans on the other side who lingered in the Sausage-Seller's way. The deficiencies of Sir Stafford Northcote's leadership were gross, open, and palpable, and the party was acutely aware of them. But it shrank from exchanging Sir Stafford Northcote with all his faults for nothing but the person, and the pugnacity, of Lord Randolph Churchill. And beyond his pugnacity and his person, Lord Randolph had nothing to bring. It is said that he lamented his idle youth. Better employed, the years thereof might have given him a basis of knowledge, and have saved him from his strong (and deadly) predisposition to snatch at anything that would draw a cheer before he knew if it were compatible with his last confession of faith. So Lord Randolph is reported to have spoken in his latter days. But to be an honest man it is really not necessary to be bred an attorney. If Lord Randolph Churchill was inconsistent in his politics, it was, not for want of book-learning but, because of an innate incapacity for political principle. And the party may well have resigned itself with a secret terror to the leadership of a man so incapable of understanding the interests of his country, or so reckless of them in comparison to a rhetorical point against Mr. Gladstone, that he took up the cause of Arabi and the "national" party in Egypt.

It had none the less to submit to hard necessity. By a demagogic victory, and in the apparent absence of a better man, Lord Randolph Churchill became the Tory chief in the Commons. But it was not for long. Demagogue he was, and demagogue he remained. For a time he seemed to put a certain restraint on his natural arrogance, for a time to try to play the Leader of the House. But the strain was too much for his nature. The demagogue's craving for popularity—at the expense, above all, of the colleagues who might do him the wrong of distracting the eye of the crowd—was not to be resisted by him. He had none of Mr. Gladstone's genius for a party cry; so he was content, and ill-advised enough, to steal the clothes of the doctrinaire Radicals, and of them the electorate was tired. The "economy" he sought to force upon the Ministry was no longer "a safe draw" with the country, which had got painfully anxious about the reduction of its armaments. Lord Randolph's colleagues refused to listen to his theory that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is not only bound to attend to the raising of money in a business-like way but, further, is entitled to say how much shall be raised. True to his turbulent past, he essayed to play the hector, and, when bullying failed, resigned with every circumstance of discourtesy to his colleagues and his Queen. It would be understating the case to say that he was not missed. A demagogue was no longer needed, and Lord Randolph was neither administrator nor statesman. Public criticism has nothing to do with the rest of his life. His action in the notorious Cass case, and over the Report of the Parnell Commission, might well inspire some doubt as to how far his abstinence from open attack upon his party was due to want of will and not to want of power; but indeed the matter is not worth investigation. Who can feel any sort of confidence in discussing the motives of a man thus violent, thus emotional, thus subject to impulses uncontrolled by either principle or knowledge? For the end, it was melancholy (there is no other word), and it is shielded from comment.

I have said nothing of Tory Democracy. Some have professed to find a principle dissembled in the name. But Tory Democracy is not necessarily a matter of principle at all: to strive for office by outbidding the Radicals is to need none. Also, before it can be allowed that in Lord Randolph's case the phrase meant any more than this, one must be persuaded that he understood what principle is; and there is nothing in his life to show that he attached any definite sense to the word. But, if there be no principle in Tory Democracy, there is a not

infrequent combination of persons. The alliance between the high-born demagogue and the masses, against "Marshall and Snelgrove," is no very unusual manifestation of political activity. There are degrees in the combination, no doubt: degrees that range between Lord Randolph and his "sympathetic policy" at this end and Rochefort, Marquis of Luçay, and his Socialism at the other. But the space between is easily passed, and the things are essentially alike. The necessary constituents are a mob and a well-born leader equipped with the conviction that, power being his by right, it is lawful for him in the pursuit of power to flatter his mob with imitations of its own dear billingsgate, and offers of good things at the expense of "Marshall and Snelgrove." Lord Randolph did not say all that; probably, too, he did not even believe all that. But, then, it was not his custom to think out the meaning of what he was doing. What we do know is that he combined a fine platform flow of sympathy for the People at large, with a perfect class-insolence for those worse born than himself whom he found in his path; and from that point it is not far to the position of Rochefort, Marquis of Luçay. That Lord Randolph did not travel the whole road is to be explained partly by the fact that this is England and not France, and that he was English and not French, but partly by this other fact: that his arrogance was not supported by any real strength of intelligence, constitution, or will.

"The Whigs," wrote Swift, "have lost a great support in the Earl of Godolphin. It is a good jest to hear the Ministers talk of him with humanity and pity, because he is dead, and can do them no more hurt." This is a form of "good jest" which is common enough. It need not be repeated in the case of Lord Randolph Churchill. His country would deserve so much of pity, if such methods as his were inseparable from the conquest of power, that one cannot affect to be sentimental over his failure. Indeed, the truth must be spoken of his public life, if that public life is to be spoken of at all; and that truth is, that he was intrinsically a demagogue.

X.

INDIA : IMPRESSIONS

VIII.

IT is agreeably with its nature, as being in origin more primitive and in itself more allied to classical antiquity, that Hinduism seems to have its empire most among natural objects, among great rivers (the Ganges, the Jumna, the Nerbudda), in lakes and in caves (of Elephanta, of Ajanta); and that the sacred trees—the Pipal, the Banyan, the Nim—belong to it. But to the conquering creed of Islam belong some of the finest buildings which India boasts of. When you have seen these you do not wonder that Mohammedanism was potent for conversion, not barren, as Christianity is upon the whole. To see these you go, first of all, to Delhi and Agra: before all else, go to the great mosque, the Jumma Musjid, at the former city—the largest mosque, they say, in the world.

The Delhi Jumma Musjid stands upon a vast platform over 100 yards square, surrounded by high walls, containing cloisters. This, indeed, is the universal principle of construction for a mosque wherever found. The mosque is both a church and a caravanserai; for the square in which the mosque stands is exactly the latter: the niches round the walls are similar to those which are provided for travellers in a serai; and the central court in the serai is used for picketing the beasts of the caravan. In the mosque the niches are for pilgrims. In the centre of the court is always a basin, not a huge tank, such as Hinduism affects, but large enough for washing purposes. In the Delhi mosque the basin is of marble. The walls, the court, the mosque itself, are built of red sandstone, of so fine a colour that in many parts it has the look of porphyry. But the domes themselves and a great parcel of the inner portion are of white marble.

Mosques are always widely open in front, and are generally so shallow that, compared to their great height, they look more like recesses in a great wall than like buildings: that is, when you look from a little way off or from below, so that your eye is not caught by the huge dome that

covers these recesses. At each angle of the court of the Jumma Musjid is a gigantic minaret, whence the muezzins in turn should call the whole city to prayer. The mosque end of the court is the west end, for the worshippers must look towards Mecca. In Egypt, of course, it is the other way.

Mohammedanism has permeated Hindustan, for there is not a racial difference between the Mohammedans and the so-called Hindus. On the other hand, Hinduism has modified Islam here ; and the Mohammedans of India proper would be hardly acknowledged as such by those (say) of Afghanistan. One difference noticeable even by a stranger is that the Mohammedan women here are allowed to be present at service before the mosque, and are not even properly veiled as they are in Egypt, as they are again when you come among the border races, the Afghans. They are, as we have seen, only veiled in the classic sense, though they muffle these veils round their faces more than women wear them who are not of their faith.

I saw the Friday service at the Jumma Musjid. I suppose it is only in India that a Feringhee, a Kafir, as I was, would be allowed to be present at such a sight, even looking on from the far end. At first all activity was centred round the basin in the centre of the court. There were hundreds making their due ablutions, more hundreds awaiting their turn. Now and again, from far within the mosque, or near it, a voice rose in a sort of harsh intoning. Presently the muezzin mounted alone one of the side gateways (not in the minaret). His voice went up very strangely from that distance—not quite a chant, nor quite a wail, but between the two. By this time the recesses of the mosque and the space in front which formed part of it—for the mosque is raised four or five feet above the court—were pretty full, and the washers by the basin were hurrying to get done. These last grew fewer and fewer ; the mosque grew more and more crowded. So shallow were the three recesses of the mosque itself that even from the distance of a hundred yards it was possible to count the rows of figures in the centre and largest one—five, in some parts six. I was told that the mosque itself held three thousand people. But that I judge rather an over-estimate. There may have been six hundred on the days before the mosque, and not twice that number in the recesses. The rest of the worshippers were in the court below—a few feet below—one thousand more of them—a wonderfully variegated crowd ; yet at points in the service they knelt and prostrated themselves and rose again as one man. Three men

knelt in a sort of pulpit before the mosque over the heads of all the others. Above them it was impressive to mark the vast height of the building, its enormous domes of white marble, and then, towering some forty yards in air, the two tall minarets, landmarks for miles.

The immeasurable grandeur of the building, compared to the diminished figures of the worshippers—this is what most strikes us in a Christian cathedral or a Mohammedan mosque. So, no doubt, with the Egyptian temple, the Assyrian, the Persian. But the worship of the classical nations—the Greeks more especially—was conceived in a different spirit, and conducted on a different plan. It is for this reason that you should (either before or after seeing the great Mohammedan mosques of India) pay a visit for contrast to a little gem, such as the Amritsar Temple, and as it were compose yourself there amid its few worshippers, its gentle shadows and cooing doves.

I have given you as well as I was able—illustrated by examples—this brief—most brief abstract of the Indian life and belief, which still is not quite dead—from the travelling bullock carts of the Aryans to the Mohammedanism of the Sultans. For a picture of the Anglo-Indian worship, what are you to take, if not the Church of St. James, Delhi, with mauve and white stucco walls, with French windows and green jalousies and fanlights? A wonderful sight, under the shadow of all the magnificent architecture of the past!

IX.

I speak of Hindustan rather as a country that is finished, whose beauty and poetry lie in the past—the best in a very remote past. The best of its present is what it preserves of that. Visit, then, one other mosque if no more—the large mosque at Lahore. In some ways it is more beautiful than the Jumma Musjid. But this is because, in place of the sandstone court at Delhi, it has a garden looking altogether like a deserted garden. The basin is neglected, its marble steps are broken; the wall and parapet are shattered in many places, and there is only one minaret which it is safe to ascend. This is the emblem of India to-day.

And now let us pass from the true India, the India of the plains, to the India of the frontier and of the hills: not so much to the Himalayan country as to what is known as the North-West Frontier, the land which borders on Afghanistan. Here is nothing to suggest antique

civilisation or immemorial industries. If anything here speak of the past (to the eye, I mean, for there are buried remains), it belongs rather to the antiquity of savagedom, which is the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow. In keeping with this impression is all nature: a region of barren red-brown hills overgrown with low bushes and tufts of withering grass—which will be quite gone before the rainy season—and overtrodden only by flocks of goats and their goatherds. All this frontier region has a general resemblance, whether you see it at Quetta, or at Kohat, or Peshawar, whether, in other words, you make your way to Afghanistan through the Bolan Pass, by the Kurrum Valley, or the three times famous and fatal Khaiber. There is something very splendid in being brought so near, as you sometimes seem to be, to the solitary reign of nature before the beginning of human history. You may drive away from the British station and find yourself between naked and echoing hills. Turning the corner you might think you had been a century away from civilised life. Presently you descry, perhaps, a single hut: later, as you return, when the hill tops have grown rosy in the sunset, and then faded, the fire outside that hut shines bravely into the gloom. The wild-looking Afridi sitting by it, stares at you and makes no sign.

Nothing that I have ever seen in the field of desolation surpasses the first glance I ever got into the genuine Afghanistan, the Amir's country. We have, beyond Quetta, an outside post in that country, which we have in a manner captured (not quite fairly, as some think) beyond the hills which should divide, and everywhere else do divide, our territory from his. This place is called New Chaman. To get to it you pass through the last range of hills by a gate called the Kojak Pass. Just beyond the pass on the hillside lies Old Chaman, the native village, where we might have been content to make our boundary. New Chaman, however, which is our frontier station, with great wealth of mobilisation lines and stacks of permanent way enough to reach to Candahar, lies quite on the Afghan plain. Upon your way thither, so soon as you have emerged from the Kojak tunnel, whence the railway winds and curves upon itself down the hillside, you see stretched before you this vast and desolate plain, a sea of sand. All over you can behold, rising and sinking again, the sand columns, miniature tornadoes, which yet may spring up when there is no wind. The tower of dust mounts suddenly heaven high, whirling and moving forward like a waterspout, and most like, too, to a turning dervish.

One might fancy that the motion of the dervishes was indeed moulded upon that of these uncanny whirling pillars. For the Hindus and Afghans call these sand columns *devils*, and the Arabs believe that they contain *jinn*s; and no superstitions will appear to you more reasonable than these. Over the vast Afghan plain I saw half a hundred moving and dancing. They seemed to occupy the place. A few ranges of hills, toward the horizon, rose out of this nothingness, and looked not less bare: behind one range lay the city of Candahar. Out of sight were very different scenes; for Candahar itself lies in a valley which is a very garden of Eden. Amid all this barrenness there are such-like strange contrasts. The plain or basin in which Quetta stands is a veritable market garden for fruit of many kinds; and not less fertile is the Peshawar Valley. There is more water in these hills than appears; it is conducted, according to a method which the Afghans themselves have devised, in underground channels, with air-holes serving as wells.

Alongside the Hindus, the race which lives in this frontier country shows as, say, the fierce shepherd Israelites showed beside the *fellaheen* of ancient Egypt; for the *fellah*—whatever name we call him by—is in himself unchanged and unchangeable. I doubt if I could find a better similitude than this. Once, on the return journey through the Khaiber Pass, I had the good fortune to fall in with a very great caravan of Afghans. The caravan stretched for miles along the narrow road between the hills, filling the whole valley with dust. The men, their wives, and their children, their camels and their oxen and their asses, their flocks and their herds, were there. You see the so-called Bactrian camels in this country, not so high as, but more solidly built, and of a finer colour than, the one-humped camels; and you see here the fat-tailed sheep called *dūmbar* sheep. Except for these details of local colour, the scene might have stood for a part of the migration of the children of Israel among the Sinai range—which is likewise made up of bare red-brown hills not unlike these.

. Another reminiscence which remains with me very pleasantly—more pleasantly indeed than I could convey in words—is of a long day's ride from Peshawar to Kohat, starting in very early morning, arriving about four or five o'clock. I have a recollection of the larks that, as I set off, sprang out of the stony ground, fluttered a few paces, not singing but uttering one musical note or two, and then alighted again. I was furnished—had to be furnished—with one mounted native policeman

(*Sowar*)* as escort. But there could be no pretence of converse, for he did not even understand Hindustani, and he always rode behind. Our little mountain ponies clattered along the stony track ; and the wild-looking warrior shepherds whom we met, with their goads in their hands and their *jesails*† slung at their backs, ranged themselves to let us go by. We were in reality invading their domains ; for the road carries you outside British territory and into it again. At the top of the last pass I reined in and gazed, with quite inexpressible feelings, as of one who had navigated up the stream of Time, over the long, stony valley stretching far below, towards which a little caravan I had passed was now descending. The shadow of the hills lay very clearly across it. Then, when I had mounted the height, I was once more under British rule ; in the midst of the sterile plain which stretched at my feet on this side there lay a small green square. This was the station of Kohat ; and here the sun shone full in my face once more. It seemed, I cannot tell quite how or why, as if the sun were in his workshop, and at work creating a world.

X.

There are many different races or tribes dwelling on these frontiers : Beluchis, Hazaras, Ghilzais, Afridis, Yusufzais, which we at home are wont to class under the common name of Afghans. And in each there are as many different types ; but no one type is in the least like that of the genuine Hindu. Some are murderous-looking ruffians ; there are others with singularly attractive faces. I shall not soon forget one Afghan that I encountered far from his home in the railway station of Umballa. He had got into some wrong train, been carried quite out of the course he meant to take, and was now stranded in the station, possessed of one rupee and two annas for all his wealth. He could not speak Hindustani, and none of the officials (naturally) spoke Pushtu. What he would have done I do not know, had not a young officer of Engineers, who was with me, and who "had passed in Pushtu," come forward as interpreter. The man's wife—or maybe his mother, she looked old enough for that—kept up one continual wailing clamour. But he stood there, square-shouldered and smiling, unembarrassed, unafraid, clad in the filthiest rags, and scratching himself continually : physically as fine a figure of man as you could wish to see.

* *Sowar* means simply "rider." It may indicate a regular trooper or an irregular mounted policeman.

† Afghan muskets.

The Afghans are, as a rule, much lighter coloured than the Hindus, and many might pass for Italians. Moreover, they have a fashion of cutting their hair across the forehead,* and then again in a straight line behind the head, just short of the shoulders, which is precisely the fashion that prevailed in Italy in the fifteenth century. They are warriors and shepherds, but sharp traders, too, upon occasion: some of their caravans make their way into the centre of Hindustan or, upon the other side, well on the road to Russia. They are passionately orthodox—*Sunnis*, or orthodox Mohammedans—and despise all Hindus, Brahmin, and Mussulman alike. By friction and rivalry they have raised out of their nearest Hindu neighbours a warrior race, worthy to be their antagonist, and which at times has been their master. This is the Sikhs, who are not less passionate adherents of *their* faith, an eclectic Hinduism. The Sikhs are the people of the Panjáb. Sikhs and Afghans were ever enemies till yesterday; and in the great days of Sikh rule the border Afghans suffered many things at their hands. These are the only two races from which our arms in India have undergone severe defeat: consequently they are the only two which we respect.

XI.

I said how the British rule, and the occidental scepticism we have introduced, appear to be ever knocking at the foundations of religion here in India, and such services as that I witnessed at the great mosque at Delhi seem to belong rather to the past than to our day. Yet in this same city of Delhi we of the British race have, in the person of one Englishman—or Irishman, to speak by the card—given birth in the days of the present generation to a *myth*: that is, we have created in the popular belief a semi-divine, heroic being. To us the history of the Great Siege (the Indian Mutiny is our *Iliad*) is a tale of heroic names and great achievements: to the native it is all epitomised in the personality of one man, John Nicholson—or, Janikhal Singh, as many call him, making a Sikh of him. Your garry-driver to-day points to the Delhi Memorial on the famous Ridge west of the Cashmir Gate, and he tells you it is a monument of Nicholson. It is so impressive, this uprisal of a mythical figure, an Achilles for the great epic of our race,

* Very many, however, shave a patch of hair in the middle of the head from the forehead backwards, a hideous fashion enough.

that—though I know I am passing beyond my province of mere recorder—I will hazard to give my own explanation of its meaning.

The character of our rule in India seems to me to have undergone a complete change since the Mutiny: the pre-Mutiny times to form one era, all our present practice to lie in another. At the time of the Mutiny, as everyone knows, the country of the Sikhs was newly conquered, and we had scarce any Afghan subjects. But when, under Lawrence, those councils were adopted in the Punjab which were the saving of India, the word of the strong administrators of the border was all for transferring our trust from the Hindu to those two brave races, the Afghans and the Sikhs, for breaking for ever our old relations with the Sepoy. It is one thing to exist as a wise counsel, another for a scheme to find fitting embodiment in a man. The providential man of this new departure was Nicholson, a palladin of strength, beauty, courage, and, above all, overmastering will. Bereft of his personality, Lawrence's great plan would have failed. The Sikhs and Afghans hesitated: they both thought our power might fall—for who had known, even in historical memory, any long-lived central power? But their hesitations and uncertainty were overborne: they themselves were carried away by a stronger will than their own; even as at all times in history the Oriental populace has been carried onward, and has, in a moment, out of a formless, lawless mass, been forged into a conquering race fit for the greatest enterprises. Lawrence and Montgomery took their decisive measures for disarming the native troops: Nicholson organised from out the frontier races the flying column which was to descend upon Delhi. Afghans and Sikhs came flocking to join our colours. Nicholson, I say, who came before long to command this new army, gave to this policy a personality, a visible symbol: and it is for this reason that he has become in tradition something more than a man, even a semi-divine figure.

Many British officers of native regiments believed utterly in the fidelity of their troops. They pleaded for the Sepoy: to the native officers under them they pledged their word that *their* regiment should not be disarmed and broken. Then to the native officers and men came news that Nikhal Seyn was coming down upon them, that they would all be blown from guns. The British officers spoke up for the regiment, but their assurances were set aside: and they were, of course, held to have been refuted, when the natives, sometimes in mere panic, did at last revolt. It broke the heart of many an English officer in a native regi-

ment to see these things done. The British subalterns, when their troops were disarmed, unbuckled their own swords and threw them into the carts which were collecting the muskets of the privates. And the Colonel of one of these regiments, Colonel Spottiswoode, could not survive the stain upon his honour involved in the breaking, by the higher authorities, of the promise which he had made to his own officers and men, that they should not be disbanded: he committed suicide. He may stand for us as the symbol of the opposite policy, the policy of trust in the old Hindu Sepoy, which was henceforward to be more and more abandoned. *Sed victa Catoni.* He, too, with the side he represented—though in policy it was probably the wrong one—shall not be without our sympathy.

C. F. KEARY.

(*To be continued.*)

À UNE FEMME

LE bruit de ton aiguille et celui de ma plume
Sont le silence d'or dont on parla d'argent.
Ah, cesson de nous plaindre, insensés que nous fumes,
Et travaillons tranquillement au nez des gens.

Quant à souffrir, quant à mourir, c'est nos affaires,
Ou plutôt celle des toc-tocs et des tic-tacs
De la pendule en garni dont la voix sévère
Voudrait persévérer à nous donner le trac

De mourir le premier ou le dernier. Qu'importe
Si l'on doit, ô mon Dieu, se revoir à jamais!
Qu'importe le pendule et notre vie, ô Mort . . .
Ce n'est plus nous que l'ennui de tout vivre effraie.

P. VERLAINE.

IN PRAISE OF CONVENTION

WHEN a novelist wishes to praise his hero, the attribute which he most commonly alleges is that he hated shams, and had “a fierce scorn of convention.” “Unconventional” is always a term of laudation, and “conventional” almost always a word of abuse. It generally means stupid, it almost always means hypocritical; and through this convention, which by the way is both imperfect and illiterate, few writers ever break. It may, therefore, be interesting, and possibly useful, to consider what Convention, Conventional, and Conventionality really mean, and how we should get on if we did not most of us habitually behave in the ways they indicate.

First, how does the word come to exist? *Venire* means “to come”; *cum* means “with”; and *conventio*, which is the substantive made by the two words in composition, means “coming together.” A convention is, therefore, a coming together, and the word means that sort of coming together which in English is most commonly indicated by the word agreement. A convention is really a rule upon which people at large have agreed, or, it may be, upon which a certain number of specific people—as, for example, the members of a nation, a city, a club, a class, a family, or the like—have mutually agreed.

It was an axiom of ancient science, that nothing existed without a cause, and like most other axioms it contained much extremely important truth. We may be quite certain that no convention was ever made without a reason, and that the substantial reason for every convention always was, that the people who made it expected to get some advantage by it. No two people ever took the trouble to come together for nothing—still less any greater number of people; and it takes more than two people to make a convention in the ordinary sense of the word. That being so, we may take it to be a general rule that, wherever a convention exists, it does so because somebody once found it convenient, and not only somebody but a more or less considerable number of people, and not only people but people of sufficient ability

to enforce their views of what was convenient, or desirable, upon the majority of the other people with whom they had to do.

This may seem a simple inference, but it bears cogently upon the question: whether or not fierce scorn is the right attitude of mind to adopt towards conventions, as such? For, paradoxical as it may appear, most people are not idiots, or, if that be too optimistically general a statement, most sets of people which are able to enforce their views with some degree of permanence upon their neighbours are collectively very much the reverse of idiotic. Let us take a few of the conventions which govern civilised life, and see. It is conventional to wear clothes, and for particular kinds of people to wear particular kinds of clothes on particular occasions. It is conventional to have regular meals at hours fixed within rather narrow limits. It is conventional to address other people on different occasions in life in certain well-ascertained forms of speech, which are modified according to the mutual relations—of blood, acquaintanceship, rank, or other—of the people who use them. Some people would probably be happier, or think they would, if they never ate or drank except when they were hungry or thirsty; if they could call for a glass of sherry when their inward monitor suggested sherry, brew a cup of chocolate when they felt chocolate to be the right thing, eat red herrings or oysters at the moment when the idea of those dainties was most attractive, and so on. Others might wish to glance at the sky, think of the occupations in which they were about to engage, and forthwith array themselves in a window-curtain or an ulster a tea-gown or a bathing-suit, or nothing at all, as the exigencies of the moment, without regard to what is usual, might seem to require. Others, again, might possibly gain some satisfaction from being at liberty on meeting an acquaintance either to take no notice, or to utter their true sentiments by saying, as the case may be, "You back? What a bore! I hoped you were still abroad," or, "Do let us come out of this crowd to some place where I can make love to you without interruption." It may be observed parenthetically, that the same sentiments can, if it is desired, be conveyed as effectively, by a moderately intelligent person, with the most absolute observance of conventional propriety.

Convention, however, comes in, and practically prevents everybody from doing any of these things, each harmless—perhaps laudable—in itself, upon pain (at least) of being eccentric. And convention is perfectly right. There is hardly any kind of practical human business which can be carried on for any length of time otherwise than in set

forms. The principal reason for this is that they save such infinite trouble. In the times of the Plantagenets people went to the courts of law with grievances against their neighbours of every imaginable kind. In order to obtain redress it was necessary to supply a verbal statement of what the grievance was. The lawyers perceived that if everybody were to tell his own story, and allege, generally, that he wanted judgment, the documents in each case would be so long and intricate, and would afford opportunity for so much discussion, that nothing would ever get finished. They therefore invented a number of magic words, like "trespass," "detinue," and so forth. In themselves, or to a lay ear, these vocables were jargon; but, when you went into court and ejaculated one of them, the judges and counsel knew where you were, and what sort of evidence you must give in order to win your case, and what would happen when you had won (or lost) it. The technical, and strictly conventional, phrases had saved an immense deal of time and trouble. The same kind of thing is done in medicine. You have grievous pains in your body, your blood becomes too hot by five or six degrees, and other uncomfortable symptoms occur. It would very likely take a competent observer ten minutes to rattle off a full account of all that appears to be the matter with you. But convention comes to his aid, he utters the mystic phrase "typhoid fever," and heaps of people all over England know in a general way how you ought to be treated. "Abracadabra," or "detinue," would do just as well, if the meaning was equally notorious.

The reason why practically all of us have agreed to take regular meals, of more or less regular kinds, is of a similar nature. It saves so much trouble. It may be amusing for once to reflect, and say, "It is now a quarter to four, and I have three more letters to write. At a quarter past four I will take a cup of boiled milk, a potato, a roast grouse, some cod *au gratin*, and a pint of draught beer." Practically, however, such a *menu*, though it may correspond closely with the whimsical desires of an unconventional *gourmet*, requires a good deal of thought, and the constant repetition of unnecessary thinking becomes laborious to the last degree. It is probable that nine hundred and ninety-nine persons out of a thousand, if they carried out the idea of eating and drinking whatever they thought they wanted whenever they thought they wanted it, would become so weary of the mental exertion of choosing time, meat, and drink, that they would heartily rejoice, when they had blundered by not choosing to eat

anything often enough, to be relieved of the responsibility by the orders of a conventionally behaving doctor. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the inconvenience which would arise from the clashing of the feeding-times of people who wanted to meet for business or amusement. As things are, we are all, or practically all, content to accept with trifling modifications the code laid down for us by whoever it was that made the conventions of breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and tea : of tea, toast, eggs, and marmalade ; of soup, fish, mutton, potatoes, and pudding ; of sherry, beer, champagne, burgundy, port ; of whisky and soda-water ; and the rest of it.

One of the most important matters under the strict rule of convention is clothing. Practically everybody must dress very much as other people do, or be held a madman or at best a particularly uncomfortable kind of "crank." The chief rule, probably, is, that the distinction of sex must be marked by a corresponding distinction of attire. Very little knowledge of the world is needed to make it evident that this rule is convenient in the highest degree. Imagine the nuisance of being unable, in a general way and for general purposes, to tell, without more or less direct or indirect inquiry, whether a person who came under your observation was a man or a woman ! But, whether for men or women or for both indifferently, there can be no more doubt than in the matter of food and feeding, that the conventions on the subject save an infinity of labour. Take a human being, and say : "Design for yourself a costume suitable for a person of your age, sex, figure, occupation, and tastes, which may be anything except a slavish copy of what other people wear." Except for a tailor or an artist, the task would be one of the most grievous difficulty, and if it had to be repeated whenever a change of apparel seemed desirable, life would speedily cease to be anything but a waking and inevitable nightmare.

Speech, not less than feeding and dressing, is prevented from being an intolerable burden only by the kindly support of convention. Such phrases as "Good-morning," "How do you do?" "Good-bye," and the like, may seem trivial, or monotonous, or even ungrammatical or dishonest, to the callow mind of impetuous youth. But it would be a terrible thing, every time one encountered a fellow man deserving of notice, to have to think of words adapted to the peculiar intricacies, whatever they might be, of the specific occasion of intercourse. Without thought the tongue can utter the accustomed speeches, while

the mind has time to deal, at ease and without undue haste, with the possibly weighty question: if in these particular circumstances the common forms of salutation shall be followed by any, and what, communication of a substantive and particular character? Consider, too, the case of the people who write the business part of newspapers—that is, neither the political diatribe nor the literary essay but, the statement of what has occurred. Is not conventional phraseology the only thing which makes it possible to write or convenient to read? A reporter at a fashionable wedding has occasion to mention the two persons who have been married. He would never get his report done in time, if he had to stop and choose his phrase: therefore he does nothing of the kind, but calls them “the happy pair.” In the same way days “wear on,” football-players “convert” and “equalise,” judges sentence “with emotion,” and distinguished invalids “pass peacefully away.” Superficial observers may jeer at these and other every-day *clichés*, but they are invaluable as a means of saving the writer the trouble of unnecessary reiterations of slightly laborious thought. Even for the readers there is something of the same effect. You don’t want literature: you do want to know that the married people went cheerfully off together; that whichever side it may be won or lost the football match; that the convict was sentenced to death; and that the public character is no longer, as another exquisite phrase has it, “in our midst.” These facts you learn as certainly as you would if algebraical *formulae*, or dots and dashes, were used for the purpose of stating them, and they might just as well be used if they were as universally intelligible. If any one doubts the merits of these expressions, let him get hold of—there have been seen from time to time—specimens of the work of an amateur reporter fired with the noble ambition of being a reporter, a gentleman, and a scholar all in one. The first time you read them they are startling, because all the conventional expressions have been discarded in favour of more or less literary English, the second time they are amusing, the third dull, and on every subsequent occasion increasingly disgusting. The reason why they are disgusting is that they give you the trouble of going through a little mental process to see what is meant. One reads a book because one wishes to exercise his mind, whether the process of exercise be little or big; but he who reads news in a newspaper likes to have his mind free to be solely engaged in taking in the facts. This is most completely the case when the facts are stated in the common forms of journalism.

The foregoing examples might be multiplied indefinitely in respect of affairs of almost every kind. The inference is that all the trivial and common affairs of life are transacted by the aid of convention more easily, and much more easily, than they could be if we had no conventions to guide us. We get up, wash, dress, feed ourselves, walk, sit, drive, talk, and go to bed, as and when it is conventional to do so, and because it is conventional. Of the serious business that is done in the world—trade, politics, and various kinds of professions, handicrafts, and arts—the vast bulk is done at least in a conventional manner. When you come to the most serious things of all—as whether or no you will marry such a person, wage such a war, make such a treaty, or produce such a poem or picture of the highest class—you transcend convention: for the excellent reason that, as such things are not done repeatedly but only now and then, it is impossible, in the nature of the case, for there to be a “coming together” of a sufficient number of people to make a convention upon the question, What form they ought to take? Things like *Hamlet*, and the Treaty of Berlin, are not, nor could they be, either conventional or unconventional, any more than the moon could be conventional or unconventional. Yet the Treaty of Berlin would have been an event far less easy of achievement if the distinguished persons, to whose deliberations it gave effect, had not observed the purely conventional rules of good manners in dress and appearance, in the expressions by which they communicated with each other, in punctuality, in orderly behaviour, and so on. Man cannot do anything worth doing by convention alone, but everything that he can do at all he can do incomparably more easily, and therefore better, by constant observance of several thousand conventions, than he could do if he had none to observe.

In so far as the heroes of novels alleged to entertain a fierce scorn of convention deserve that description, they are, as a rule, or they would be if alive, intolerable and ill-mannered cubs. But, in general, they do not deserve it in any marked degree. Let us imagine, though, the case of a person who really entertained a fierce scorn of convention, and was unable or unwilling to restrain the ferocity of his contempt. He would never get up when he felt inclined to stay in bed, or let other people go peaceably to bed when he happened to want to sit up. He would go out to dinner—supposing that his inclinations coincided with the existing convention of coming at about the time when you are expected to arrive—in whatever raiment seemed to him at the moment comfort-

able or convenient. Observe the probable consequence of this last. The convention of dressing for dinner ensures a certain degree of cleanliness at the principal social meeting of the day. Suppose our unconventional hero showed his independence by dining out in an old shooting-jacket and slippers, which might be a very suitable and comfortable costume for his own fireside at certain times of the day, is it likely that he would take the trouble of going into a (possibly chilly) bedroom and washing himself in preparation for the feast? And if nobody thought a dinner-party worth the trouble of assuming a clean and orderly appearance, what a frousy and unseemly collection of scarecrows would frequently be gathered together! And if you are dirty, why trouble to be polite? Almost all the minor pleasures of life arise from the observance of good manners, and good manners are the manners dictated by convention.

If the unconventional person were a woman the consequences might be still more piquant and disagreeable. Should she happen to fall in love she would probably not scruple to impart the circumstance to the beloved object, and, with no convention to prevent her from doing so, would more likely than not make her declaration before a large and mixed company. For the victim would probably have had sufficient intimations of her fancy to shun her sole society, and the dinner-table might very possibly be the only place where she could catch him. "And why not?" some thoughtless reformers may ask. This is why not. If women were to break down the conventions to which they are now subject, and press their suits upon the unresponsive objects of their attachment, and generally arrogate to themselves what are now the privileges of men, they would have perforce to forfeit the consideration of so many kinds which, as women, they now enjoy. If that were the case, and men and women in their mutual relations were to assert themselves as best they could, the greater muscular strength of men, the comparative instability of their affections, and the comparative insensibility of their hearts to personal emotions, leave no possibility of doubt as to which party would suffer worse by the change.

There can be no doubt that women act wisely in maintaining the vast majority of the conventions affecting their sex, and in regarding with suspicion and dislike those individuals who defy them. A few weeks ago a story went the round of the newspapers of a woman who rode, dressed in knickerbockers, on a bicycle. Some other women hissed at her, or otherwise signified disapprobation. The knickerbockered lady,

with exquisitely feminine irrelevance, reproachfully asked them: if *they* did not, when bathing, wear costumes suitable for that purpose? and if *she* was not, therefore, to be commended for wearing knickerbockers when she was riding a bicycle? (Being a woman, she would very likely not have understood the fallacy of her argument if it had been pointed out to her: that the suitability of her costume was one of the questions in issue, and the suitability of her riding a bicycle at all another.) A comic paper published a long and earnest satire on the subject, with the usual references to Mrs. Grundy, of which the main contention was that the bicycling lady had more of her person covered, and was, therefore, more "decently" dressed, than the women at an evening party. The unfortunate author had evidently not reflected that decency is mainly, if not entirely, a matter of convention. It varies, not only according to time and nationality but, according to everyday circumstances. There is nothing in the least indecent in the ordinary costume of a man rowing in a boat-race, but if a man were to appear in a drawing-room with no sleeves at all, and with flannel trousers reaching about two-thirds of the way down his thighs, his conduct would be indecent, as well as grossly offensive. There are circumstances in which it would be highly improper and disagreeable for a man to exhibit that part of his leg which is just above the knee, but at proper times and places he may wear a kilt with nothing but approbation. In the same way, whenever and wherever fashion, which is a branch of convention, requires or permits it, a woman—whenever she can do so with comfort to herself and to those who happen to be in her company—may wear a low dress without a shade of indecency or impropriety, and that circumstance has nothing whatever to do with the question whether or not she may go about in knickerbockers. It is the privilege of the comic writer—as it is inexpressibly characteristic of the worst of the follies stigmatised by the name of Mrs. Grundy—to identify decency with the covering up of the human frame.

If there were not a great number of effective conventions to the general effect that you must not say to other people a variety of things which they would not like to hear, and that you must say to them some things which they do like to hear, there would be an end of civilised life. Suppose one said to one's neighbour, whenever it was true: "I am disgusted at having to talk to you; you are a bore of a kind I particularly dislike, and just now I am especially anxious to talk to somebody else." That would show a fierce scorn of convention, and it

would render civilised conversation and social intercourse impossible. It might be honest to say to a young parent : "For God's sake don't chatter about your nasty baby. What I want to hear about from you is, your opinion of So-and-so's poems." But would it promote the friendly discussion of literature in the long run? The politely affected interest in the nursery, which a wholesome convention requires, is almost invariably as judicious as it is conventional. If we all did and said what we felt disposed to do and say when we felt disposed to do and say it, without any reference to the rules, we should cease to have any pleasant intercourse at all, and, probably, ere long the only rational employment left for any of us would be that of locking each other up in lunatic asylums.

There is another thing to be borne in mind about a great number of what may be scientifically described as polite falsehoods : which is, that the telling of them tends, to a not inconsiderable extent, to make them true. Human tastes are largely, though by no means entirely, amenable to treatment. Most people know that by steadily eating certain things, especially oysters, olives, and caviar, they can acquire a taste for them (if they had it not to begin with), and thus increase those opportunities of enjoyment the world affords. In the same way, when, in conversation with the too enthusiastic parent, you have sternly repressed your longing for literary criticism, have crushed back your own epigrams for use on some other occasion, and have attentively and mendaciously asseverated your enthusiasm for the baby's, you have at least made a step on the road towards acquiring an interest in babies, or in that baby ; and a new interest is almost as great an acquisition as a new taste for easy-gotten food. By constant conventional implications of regard for a tiresome acquaintance you may in time come to have a real regard for him, and an increase in the number of the people you like is undeniably advantageous. In fact, the general explanation of the polite falsehood is this: that you are required by convention to say what you ought to feel. And if by saying it you ultimately come to feel it, it is manifest that the convention has made you feel as you ought.

With conventions, as with all other sorts of rules, the man who understands them best, and follows them on the whole most completely, is the man who knows when he may advantageously depart from them. The most thoroughly conventional man is the man whom convention will least oppress, because he will best understand whether, and when

the general advantage to him of obeying conventions is, or is not, outweighed by the particular advantage to him of disobeying a convention on a specific occasion. The most pleasant life to live is that which is ordered by sound rules, enabling one to know at once how to act without thinking about it: when one knows those rules thoroughly and understands the reasons for them, and when one has no scruple whatever about breaking any or all of them, if, the cost being duly counted, it appears to be to one's advantage to do so. A highly important element in the determination of a particular question of this sort is the general undesirability of breaking rules, and that undesirability the truly, profoundly, and wisely conventional man is not likely to underrate. To every question of morals or manners that is continually arising there is a right answer and a wrong. Human experience has informed civilised and intelligent human beings which is right and which is wrong. It may now and then, for exceptional reasons, be desirable to do wrong; but one cannot satisfactorily and safely do wrong, unless one knows that it *is* wrong, and why, and how the consequences will work out. Therefore, a thorough knowledge of right and wrong upon these perpetually recurring problems is invaluable, and it can be attained only by following, comprehending, and respecting the conventions which are its formulated expression.

A. CLERK.

'GUSTUS FREDERICK

“GOOD-BYE, babies,” she called out from the gate. She waved the end of her boa to the group of curly-headed children crowding at the open door. The pony cart was waiting to take my Lady Bountiful on her weekly round. “Jump in,” she said to her sister. The two settled themselves, and the elder took up the reins. She glanced behind to see that the well-filled basket was not forgotten, nor the bundle of cast-off clothes.

“Goo’-bye, mammy,” the four-year-old Chrissie called out from the door. “Good-bye, my angel,” Mrs. Wiloughby said, smiling over her shoulder. Then to her sister, while the groom tightened a strap in the harness: “Just look at those blessed babies, Mary. Did you ever see such darlings?”

Mary Hayward had been watching the children. She turned to look at her sister, smiling a little enigmatically at the radiant satisfaction that illumined the proud mother’s face. The non-committal smile was not lost on Constance Wiloughby. “Right,” she said briskly to the groom, and the pony started off as though he too were of a charitable nature, eager, impatient even, to visit the haunts of poverty with his burden of good cheer.

“You think I’m foolish about the children?” Mrs. Wiloughby said, good-humouredly. “I suppose the ecstasies of an adoring mother are a little trying to a——”

“To an old-maid aunt,” said Mary Hayward.

“Don’t be silly; a girl of twenty-seven isn’t an old maid in these days.”

“You had three children when you were my age,” said the younger woman.

“Yes, and so might you, if only you had been a little reasonable.”

Mary Hayward glanced back at the groom, but that small person had jumped down and was running on before to open a gate.

“This is a new short cut,” said Mrs. Wiloughby, pointing down a road marked “Private.” “I mustn’t be out long, I’ve promised to get back and read to Willie.”

"How is his throat this afternoon?"

"Oh, nearly well. The doctor said he could get up to tea, but I was afraid to let him. I've promised to come back early and amuse him."

"What a baby you make of that great boy!"

"I suppose I do," answered the mother contentedly. "I can't bear to think of my children getting to the stage when they won't need me. I'd like them always to be little."

"Well, you can't pretend that young giant of yours is *little* any longer."

"You mean Willie?"

"Yes; he's fourteen, isn't he?"

"Yes, I suppose he is," she sighed.

"But still you have the others," Mary Hayward said. "It will be a long time before all five of them are——"

"Yes, yes, thank heaven. And besides——"

"Yes?"

The elder woman smiled and looked away. There was such a light of gladness in the half-averted face that Mary stared. The usual alert, rather cynical expression of her sister was softened and changed. Ah, yes, it was something about the children. That look of tenderness and gentle brooding—*that* was the mother look! A stranger to the keen humorous face unless it was bent over one of her children, or at times when the intimate, personal sense of motherhood was abroad in her blood! They drove on in silence. They were near another semi-private lane, and again the little groom ran on before.

"You are making a great mistake, Mary," said the elder woman.

"A new one?"

"Yes, it's old and it's new. As I've told you before, there is nothing so well worth having in the world as a child. There is nothing else very important in a woman's life. *Any* marriage is better than none, just on that account.

"I sometimes think you're right. It's a pity that marriage is the condition."

"Well, it *is* the condition," said Mrs. Wiloughby. "And—and I can't bear to see you throwing away your life. If you knew what it felt like to have a little tender helpless baby in your arms, your own—your very own——" She looked across the fields with a vague soft smile.

"You see," said the younger woman, "you have that instinct very strongly developed ; many people are without it."

"So I've heard childless woman say," said Mrs. Wiloughby, as the little groom caught up with the cart again.

On the outskirts of the village they stopped at old Mrs. Hill's. Mrs. Wiloughby went round to the back of the cart and took out a parcel. The old woman looked out of her window and hobbled to the tiny front door. She stood there with curtsies and toothless smiles, raining blessings, and giving a harrowing description of the last "rheumatics." Her visitors allowed themselves to be taken into her stuffy little front room, and Mrs. Wiloughby inquired about the grandson out in Australia, and the cow out in the paddock—both of whom had been ill. She recognised, with a delicate comprehension all her own, that the old dame's real anxiety was about the cow. Accordingly she promised a visit from the vet. Then they went to see a sick child, and here her tact and kindness came out in fair colours.

"How well you know what to say to these people," said Mary. "I haven't been with you on one of these expeditions for so long that I'm filled with a fresh admiration."

"Nonsense. It's easy enough."

"I shouldn't find it so."

"Why not?"

"Do you want me to say why?"

"Of course."

"Well, then, I should feel it was such an impertinence."

"Oh no, you wouldn't!" laughed the other. "Not if you took them tea and petticoats."

"Yes, particularly if I took them tea and petticoats."

"Would you?"

"Yes ; I should feel it so ridiculous that I should be given so much more tea than I could drink and so many more petticoats than I could wear, that I could take a cartload of things and dole them out from door to door as gifts. *Gifts!* And all their blessings and hideous little curtsies—their loathsome gratitude, too!—no, I always say you do this thing to perfection since it has to be done."

"You're just as mad as ever, Mary. I'm not sure you haven't got worse in the year I've been away."

"I'm not sure, either."

"I'm afraid Willie will be restless, before I can get back," said the

anxious mother, looking at her watch as they drove on, "but I must just go over to Moltons Hill and see Mrs. Bunce. I haven't been there for ages—not since I got back from abroad. She lives out of my beaten track, too, and she's such an old——"

"Isn't she the woman who had those three pretty daughters?"

"Yes. Anne went as housemaid to one of Algy's aunts in Hertfordshire."

"You mean Lady Henry Morland? We met one of her boys, you know, at Torquay last year. Don't you remember I wrote you?"

"Oh yes, that was Wilfred. But you can't go anywhere without meeting a Morland. They're as the sands of the sea."

"Yes; he was always mentioning a brother or sister I hadn't heard of before."

"Yes; there's a round dozen of them—twelve *living*. I think we'll walk this steep bit," Mrs. Wiloughby said; and they both got out and trudged. "If it weren't for this hill, I believe I'd come here oftener, in spite of that rude old Bunce woman. Rather one's duty, you know." She stopped a moment, breathing a little heavily, and turned to look back at the cart and, for a fraction of a moment, abroad over the wide, undulating country, where for miles and miles as far as she could see, the land was, and had been for many a long year, Wiloughby property. As the cart caught up with them, she went on with her silent companion towards the Bunce cottage.

"Lady Henry used to say Anne Bunce was the pearl of parlour-maids. She so fired Maud Aylward, you know, with stories of Anne's abilities that the Aylwards want me to get Maria to come to them in town. Maria's the eldest girl. Always been at home. But I'm afraid Anne's not so high in favour as she used to be."

"Oh! Turned out badly after all?"

"Well, you see, she'd gone on for seven years there at the Morlands'. They were all used to her and liked her, and then, all of a sudden, she took it into her head nothing would do but she must marry the butler. It was frightfully upsetting."

"To the butler?"

"No; to my aunt and the whole family."

"Oh, I see!"

"Such a good servant, too!"

"But I don't understand. Was the butler obdurate?"

"Absolutely. Wouldn't listen to a word my aunt said."

"Your aunt? I thought it was Anne——"

"It was Anne who wanted to marry him, stupid!"

"But you said he was obdurate."

"Yes—wouldn't listen to reason at all. Wanted to throw up his place, and marry the girl, and set up shop, or something foolish. And he'd been with Lady Henry over *fifteen years!*"

"Oh!——"

"Still, I suppose people like that *do* want to marry each other: there's no accounting for tastes!" And Mrs. Wiloughby laughed in her light satiric way. "Stop! we'll drive this little bit," she called to the groom.

"And so they gave up their good situations?" said Mary Hayward, following Mrs. Wiloughby into the cart.

"No. My aunt gave in at last, when she found how pig-headed they were—and kept them both in her service. Run on and knock," she said to the groom.

"Oh! then it all ended happily?"

"No, it didn't altogether. They weren't content with being married: they must needs go and have a child."

"That was very inconsiderate."

Mrs. Wiloughby laughed too, with the same hard, bright ring. "Yes; servants in such quarters oughtn't to make themselves troublesome. However, Lady Henry was an angel to the girl: supplied her place while she was disabled, and took her back the moment she was fit to work. And how do you think she repaid Lady Henry?"

"Can't imagine."

"By having another child just as quickly as ever she could manage it!" She flicked the pony with an indignant whip, and the cart rattled smartly along. "I should think their patience was about exhausted," she went on. "I understand that when Lady Henry said something to the girl about it, the creature was quite uppish: said she didn't mean to have as many as some folks, or something of the kind. You can imagine how angry Lady Henry was—the impudence of the creature! Here we are. Bunce got hurt down at the mines a month or two ago," Mrs. Wiloughby whispered as she drew up. "That's why I must go and see how they're getting on. The youngest girl has been nursemaid to the Hopkinson children for three or four years. Very honest people—only the mother is an old bear. You never get any 'loathsome gratitude' out of *her!*" And Mrs. Wiloughby

got slowly out of the cart, laughing the while as at some vivid recollection.

The Bunce cottage was very decent, and the place wore a prosperous air. The front door was open. A woman was on her knees scrubbing the steps. As the visitors came up the little path the kneeling figure turned. It was the eldest Bunce girl. She got up, threw her cloth into the bucket, and dried her hands on her apron, while she curtsied.

"Oh, is that you, Maria?" said Mrs. Wiloughby, kindly. "I haven't seen you for a long time. You never seemed to be about when I called before I went away." The girl laughed in a pleasant, stupid way, and went on rubbing her fingers. "How is your father?"

"He's 'bout the same, thank ye."

"Oh! what a fine baby!" said Mrs. Wiloughby, glancing into the entry, where a fat, sturdy little fellow was pulling himself up on his podgy bare legs with the help of a chair.

"Ye-es," giggled the large young woman, looking at him with interest.

"What's his name?" inquired Mrs. Wiloughby, genially.

"'Gustus Frederick."

"Oh!" Mrs. Wiloughby shot an amused glance at her sister. "Is that the name of Anne's husband?" "No'm!" the young woman said, looking surprised. "Well, you're a very nice baby, 'Gustus Frederick," said Lady Bountiful, with a shade of resentment in her voice; thinking, doubtless, with a proper family concern, of the inconvenience 'Gustus Frederick had been to Algy's aunt in Hertfordshire.

"Mariar!" someone called from inside. It was a harsh voice, and resonant of authority. The girl moved aside the bucket of soapy water. "That's moother," she said; "won't ye coom in?"

The two ladies followed her. Mrs. Bunce stood at the kitchen door. "Give me the child," she said, looking past the visitors. "Will ye coom in?" she added, with scant hospitality.

"Oh! I'm afraid you're busy"—began Mrs. Wiloughby.

"Yes, on wash-days we find soomthin' to do." She pulled down her rolled sleeves and kept her eye on the baby. 'Gustus Frederick was kicking and wriggling in the strong arms of "Mariar."

"I called to see how Mr. Bunce was doing."

"He's verra bad. He'll never be the same agin." She held out her arms for the baby, and "Mariar" brought him nearer, clucking and crowing and beating the air with his doubled fists. "I'll mind him now.

You git on with the scroobin'," the old woman said to her daughter, and she led the way into the kitchen. Mrs. Wiloughby followed composedly: she was used to Mrs. Bunce's cordiality. It crossed her mind that in the good cause of her husband's Hertfordshire aunt, she might beard the old lioness in her den. She would intimate that Anne was endangering her good situation.

"That's a remarkably fine child of Anne's!" she began, by way of mollification, helping herself to a chair.

"Tain't Anne's!" said the woman, dandling the child with a dogged air.

"No? Whose is it?"

"It's Mariar's."

"Oh, indeed! I hadn't heard Maria was married."

"No more she is."

"Not married?" There was an awkward pause. Mrs. Wiloughby exchanged looks with Mary. "Who is the father?" she asked at length. Mary made an impulsive gesture, but Mrs. Wiloughby waited calmly for her answer. Mary got up and looked out of the window.

"He's a soldier," said Mrs. Bunce, discreetly.

"Is he hereabouts?"

"Naa."

"Couldn't he be made to marry her?" Mary's fingers tightened on the window-frame. She could hear the sound of Mariar's scrubbing-brush outside. "Don't you think he could be got to?" insisted Mrs. Wiloughby.

The old woman trotted the baby on her knee, with a wooden expression. "He's gone to the Cape," she said briefly, while 'Gustus Frederick cooed and waved his hands, like one who signals a scoffing farewell.

"Isn't Maria very unhappy about it?"

"Naa, I doan't think so."

"Don't you think she ought to be?" said the righteous matron.

"Naa, I doan't—rightly speakin'. Ye see, he warn't good for mooch, an' she's got rid of him."

"But she's got the child on her hands," said Prudence, through the mouth of the great lady.

"Ay!" said the woman with a harsh gladness grating through her voice. "Ay! *she's got the child!*" And she settled her square shoulders back, and seemed to take a firmer hold on him.

"Poor little man!" said Mrs. Wiloughby, rising. "I'm very sorry."

"Oh! the child's all right! Ain't never been a finer baby hereabouts."

"Goo! goo!" the infant remarked with an air of indecent triumph. Mrs. Wiloughby looked disconcerted. She drew her mantle about her shoulders, and took a step towards the door. "I can only repeat I'm very sorry. If there is anything I can do for your husband you must let me know. This must be a great blow to him."

"It ain't *that* blow that's knocked him over—it's what happened down yonder." She jerked her head towards the mines.

Mrs. Wiloughby hastened to add: "Yes, we were all terribly sorry. I hope he'll soon be better," and turning to go, she fixed her eye for a moment's cold contemplation on the baby. 'Gustus Frederick gave a derisive gurgle and lolled his tongue. "Good morning!" she said, and hurried out. Mary Hayward followed, bending backward glances upon the insolent and cheerful young person who sprawled at his ease in his grandmother's lap. He returned the girl's look with the wide, self-possessed "who-are-you?" stare of healthy babyhood. And the girl smiled and nodded surreptitiously, as she hurried after her sister.

"Mariar" was standing outside near the door, talking and laughing with a neighbour. "Shameless creature," observed Mrs. Wiloughby under her breath. "I really shall have to say something to her, I suppose."

"No, don't," whispered Mary, clutching the other's arm.

"I really must. If they think this sort of thing isn't frowned on, there'll soon be an end of all decency, to say nothing of law and order." She went forward with a grave face. "Good morning, Mrs. Black Maria, I would like to say a few words to you." The girl came towards her, and Mary Hayward walked away with lowered eyes. Her attention was arrested by Mrs. Bunce's voice from the cottage door, and the sound of the child's crying. She hurried back, drawn to the commonplace little drama more strongly than she fully understood.

"My cousin, Mrs. Aylward," Mrs. Wiloughby was saying, "spoke to me when I was in town last about sending for you in the spring, but of course now——"

"Doan't ye hear me tellin' ye to take the child," said the old woman harshly, from the doorway.

Mariar held out her arms, and the baby curled with delight. The stout young woman's dull face brightened and flushed. She took him

into her arms, and he rubbed his round face against her generous breast. She turned away to go indoors, with one hand at the buttons of her print gown. "No," she said, "I can't leave home now, thank ye, ma'am." But there was no sorrow in her face.

"No," said Mrs. Wiloughby significantly. "You can't go to Mrs. Aylward *now*. Come, Mary," and she went rapidly towards the cart. "Take that basket to Mrs. Harding," she said to the groom, "I can't wait." She took her place and gathered up the reins. "Never in my life saw anything so cool!" she said, when they had driven on some distance. "This is the third event of the kind in and about Northley within a year or two."

"You see," said Mary, in the pause, "there are others besides you who think there's nothing so well worth having as a child."

Mrs. Wiloughby looked sharply at the girl and touched the pony with the whip. "You know as well as I do that you're talking nonsense."

"I am only quoting you."

"I didn't mean a child was worth having at that price."

"I see. It's when you've counted the cost and made sure of its being a good investment—it's then that it's worth while!"

"My dear, you and I can't reconstruct society," said Mrs. Wiloughby a little sharply. "As the world is constituted it *isn't* worth while—except under approved conditions."

"I wonder," said the girl under her breath.

"Good heavens, Mary Hayward, are you mad?" The keen eyes flashed their search-light into the girl's face. "I hope you don't let other people hear you saying such things."

"Why?"

"Well, it's excessively bad taste, for one thing. And it might come to Arthur's ears."

"And what then?" said the girl, but she flushed uncomfortably.

"Well, even his patience might find that a little too——"

"I wish I'd had the courage to say as much to him long ago," the girl interrupted. Constance Wiloughby compressed her lips, and held the pony in as he sidled down hill. "If long ago"—the girl went on with quiet self-scorn—"if long ago I'd said, 'My good brother-in-law, I don't love you and I never shall love you. But if you keep for ever tormenting me, I don't promise I won't end by marrying you, just because——just because——'"

"Well?"

Mary laughed uncertainly. "But you see *he* mightn't go to the Cape—and then where'd I be!"

They were rounding a bend in the road, and before her sister had time to answer a high T-cart dashed into view. "Why, it's Algy and Arthur," said Mrs. Wiloughby, signalling with her whip. Her husband, sitting very high, and looking rather like an overfed coachman, was driving the new greys—driving recklessly, it might seem to one ignorant of his skill; and as the cart dashed by, almost grazing their wheel, two billycock hats flew off in a kind of spasmodic greeting. "Can't stop!" called out the driving man—"Got to meet the 5.10—Baldwin's coming!" And the T-cart vanished in a cloud of dust.

"How alike those two brothers are growing," said Mary.

"Oh, do you think so? Arthur is much more like what Algy was years and years ago."

"Was Algy like *that* when you married him?" said the girl absently. The unconscious criticism in her tone was not lost. "Yes," said Mrs. Wiloughby. "They're excellent specimens of the burly Briton. Not very romantic, perhaps, but men of substance." She smiled and looked abroad over her lord and master's lands. "Men who live well, ride hard, sleep o' nights, and make good husbands and fathers. I only wish you might have such a man to stand between you and the world; my little sister." Her voice was very kind. The girl sat silent. "If you don't make up your mind soon to marry Arthur," Constance began again, the softness leaving her manner—

"Tell me," Mary interrupted, "tell me honestly, which do you care for most, your husband or Willie?" But Mrs. Wiloughby looked far down the straight brown road. "If you had to give up one or other of them," insisted the girl, "which would it be?"

"I couldn't give up Willie." The mother's face showed the quick anguish of the thought.

"And you *could* live, and you know you could live, without your husband? But, why do I ask you? Don't I know quite well you could? Algy has come to be *the children's father* in more senses than one."

"Come, come, let us get out of the clouds, you impossible person! Don't make the mistake of supposing I'm a disappointed woman. I'm much fonder of Algy than I was when I married him, and my life has been altogether delightful. He would say the same of his. It's because

I've *proved* the wisdom of what I'm advising you, that I go back to it again and again. You are wasting your youth, waiting for an unimportant and even embarrassing detail. Marry some good man. The rest will come." The girl said nothing. "No woman," the elder went on after a moment, in a lower tone, "not one of us can find out what life means till she holds her child in her arms." The whimsical look faded utterly out of the high-bred features, and the old brooding settled softly in Constance Wiloughby's face. "Mary——"

"Yes."

"I'm glad you can stay with us so long this year."

"So am I, dear," said the other wearily.

"I want you to be here when—when—about Christmas." And her shadowed look followed the roadside, as they hurried past.

"You don't mean" said the girl, rousing herself with a start. They turned and met each other's eyes. "Yes," said the older woman, smiling a little. The girl sat up and caught her breath in ever so slightly. "And yet you grudged that girl her 'Gustus Frederick!' she said.

"That girl! You're not comparing!——" The look of delicate scorn rounded the sentence eloquently.

"And *she* didn't have a son of fourteen, either," the girl went on a little incoherently, "nor many another good thing that's fallen to you. And yet you grudged her 'Gustus Frederick!' She smiled a little fiercely. "You mean to *punish* her too, for *having* 'Gustus Frederick. Most of all for not being ashamed of him! And yet *you*—there's Willie looking out of the playroom window!"

"Oh! he'll catch his death!"

"No, he's dressed. What a man he looks! What are you going to do about Willie?"

"About Willie?"

"Yes; when—when I don't think I'll stay for Christmas, after all."

"Why not, for Heaven's sake?"

"It makes me feel a little shy—doesn't it you?" she said hurriedly, with an upward glance at the playroom window. "Almost ashamed——"

"It makes me quite ashamed to have such a crack-brained sister. I think you'll develop into a hopeless crank unless you can induce some sensible man to marry you."

"Perhaps!" said the girl, jumping out of the cart with a bound.

"It's a little discouraging," Mrs. Wiloughby observed, following her cautiously. "This is such an old bone of contention between us— But you seem to forget there's this to be said in Arthur's favour—"

"My dear!" said the girl, turning suddenly and facing her sister as they stood together on the bottom step. "Listen to me. I'm not going to marry Arthur—but for all that—"

"Well?" said the elder woman, cocking her head humorously and smiling again.

"For all that—I envy Mariar her 'Gustus Frederick."

"You're a disgrace to your family," Mrs. Wiloughby observed without much concern, as she opened the door.

"A disgrace to my family?" the girl repeated, smiling vaguely, as she followed her sister. "I knew there was a bond of some sort between 'Gustus Frederick and me."

C. E. RAIMOND.

(*Author of "George Mandeville's Husband."*)

THE POETRY OF THE PRISON

THERE is a great gulf fixed between 1450 and 1550, the last watch of the Middle-Age and the full flush of the Renaissance. You pass it insensibly, by the way of the years ; but to look backward after those same years is to see, as beyond a bridge that has crumbled, the old social life completely severed from the new, with its conditions all changed for all classes. And nowhere is this contrast more deeply marked than in the lives of poets ; for the change from desultory invasion to world-wide diplomacy commuted the conditions under which all in France, and in England many of, the writers we care to recall, were moved to produce, or did produce, their work. During the Hundred Years' War every man of standing in both countries had to play his part. Of the English in the great expedition under Edward III "there was not knight, squire, or man of honour, from the age of twenty to sixty years that did not go";* and the burden upon France was aggravated by civil war between the feudatories of the Crown. And thus it came about that Geoffrey Chaucer, entering the customary career of an English gentleman, suffered its common accidents. He joined Edward's expedition in November, 1359, and was taken in a skirmish near Rheims.† In *The Knight's Tale*, therefore, we have the poetry, echoed later in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, of one who added the sharp savour of personal suffering to his treatment of materials common to an age when every house was a fortress and every fortress a gaol. For Chaucer's experience was one general in the Middle-Age—was the lot of most whose lives were more precious than their deaths could be : of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, troubadour and king ; of Enzo of Sardinia, a poet-king, the son of a poet-emperor, yet a prisoner to the Bolognese from his 25th year to his death, a caitiff for three-and-twenty years ; of James I of Scotland, the sweetest singer in Chaucer's quire ; of Charles D'Orléans, the father of a king, taken at Agincourt, a stripling

* Johnes' *Froussart*, bk. i, c. 206. See Rev. W. W. Skeat's *Complete Works of Geoffrey Chaucer*, vol. 1, p. xviii.

† *Ibid.*

of twenty-five and the first prince in France, to be caged in England until he was fifty ; of Jehan Regnier, the precursor of Villon ; of Villon, the last great singer of the Middle-Age—in whose case the doom was, indeed, for crime, yet for crime only probable in a society shattered by war ; of Clement Marot, the sole star in the night between Villon and the Pletad, carried first with his king a prisoner of war to Spain, and twice afterwards imprisoned at Paris for offences against the law.

The poetry of the Middle-Age is so much the poetry of the prison that, even if the poet escape, his plot must still be laid between four walls. The *Roman de la Rose*, translated by Chaucer and copied by all, was a chief and pattern poem. Only the books of Homer have dictated the plan and supplied the poetic material for a greater city of verse : it is a Coliseum out of whose ruins many cities have been quarried. Now, in the *Roman de la Rose* all the allegory is of incarceration and release ; and it is an allegory which none ever wearied of repeating. Even as every Arabic poem, on theology or another theme, needs must open with a lament over the wasted camp from which the Beloved has been ravished, so the symbols of mediæval verse are all of castles and surprises, of captivity and escape. And the perennial image of Arabic song became an obvious convention ; not so the mediæval allegory. The tedium of durance, the hope of release, the prospect of ransom, the accident of communication with the world without, were too near to life for that. These had been the personal note of trouvères and troubadours ; and, later, they were the personal note of Charles D'Orléans and Villon and many another. I have named Jehan Regnier. Villon borrowed from him freely ; and, indeed, he is a poet whose realism and pathos have somehow been overlooked. But, for the moment, I shall consider only the master-theme of his songs, which are to be read in a little volume, intituled *Les Fortunes et Adversités de feu noble homme Jehan Regnier*.* He was a Burgundian, and, being taken by the King's party in 1431, he was imprisoned at Beauvais. Again and yet again in the current forms of ballade, rondel, lay, he sets forth the actual sorrows of the practical captive : his weariness, his "annoy" and disgust ; his long parting from his wife ; the silence of his friends, the hopes that depart him where he lies, the messenger who returns no more. To turn his pages is still to read "un autre balade que

* Réimpression textuelle de l'édition originale, par Paul Lacroix ; Genève, 1867. Only three copies of the said original are known.

ledit prisonnier fit"; to find him imploring his wife never to forget, even as he will never forget:—

My princess of the Heart I beg of thee
That thou nor I forget not thee nor me,
But let us ever hearken to our love,
And pray to God and to the maid Mary
That He will grant us patience from above.

Ma princesse du Cucur je vous supplie
Que vous ne moy lung lautre si noublye
Mais noz amours tenons en audience
Et prions Dieu et la Vierge Marie
Que il nous doint a tous deux pacience—

to hear him thank her for her loyalty:—

Ma douce maitresse
Qui m'a donné de sa largesse
La fleur de ne m'oubliez mie.

And she was loyal indeed; for at the end of two years, and after paying two thousand crowns, she won leave to play the hostage with her son, the while her husband travelled to raise the rest of his ransom. To pass the long days and nights of those two years, he wrote ballades for his fellow-prisoners, for his gaolers even. I have said that he was a Burgundian, so that, naturally, among the former were certain Englishmen, allies of his master the Duke. For one of these he made a ballade:—

François parler il ne sçavoit
A peine ne mot ne demy
En anglois tousjour il disoit
God and o ul lady helpemy!

Thus to us out of the mediæval twilight, rendered as only a Frenchman can render English, comes the cry of a countryman who knew no French. "God and our Lady help-ë me": the grotesque pathos of it! Regnier could not sleep for the man's complaining: he moaned on through the night over his wounded hands and feet—"my fiet and my handez"—into which the shackles had eaten. He wailed of it ever, and Regnier lay awake, listening:—

Oncques je ne dormy
Mais son refrain toujours estoit
God and o ul lady helpemy!

It is the unchanging burden of his lament; so Regnier, whose art has a good basis of reality, takes it for his refrain, and knits up his every stave with it.

In truth, the prison and its passion were too near to life for Regnier and those others ever to be conventionalised out of reality. Conventions they had: of May mornings, for instance, and the coming of Spring. Yet even these were less conventional than they seem. The

matter was felt and observed under its traditional phrasing. Where every house was a moated gaol with never a road to it in winter, there needed no contrasts, of turnkeys or besieging trenches, to flush the enlargement brought round by the Spring. For then, in the "golden morning," men came forth from the half-light of loopholed cells and the stench of rotting rushes, and rode out over the fields in their new apparel, seeing and smelling the fresh flowers, and hearkening to birds singing in the brakes.

The year hath flung his cloak away
Of wind and cold and rainy skies,
And goeth clad in broideries
Of sun-gleams brilliant and gay :—

thus Charles D'Orléans, in one of the most famous of his rondels. And thus, through another, not so famous, he runs a natural and familiar fancy of the coming of summer :—

King Summer's harbingers are come
To place his palace in repair,
And have spread out his carpet-ware
Woven of greenery and bloom.

Laying the green woof of their loom
Over the country, here and there,
King Summer's harbingers are come
To place his palace in repair.

Hearts long benumbed with weary gloom,
Thank God, are whole again and fair ;
Winter, begone some other-where,
You shall delay no more at home,
King Summer's harbingers are come.

It is charming, and—what is as much to the purpose, if not more—it is, as the French say, *vécu*. But, for all that, it profited its author little. For Charles had long since come to know by experience—none better!—that hearts once benumbed with weary gloom can no more be quite whole, can never be again in perfect accord with the renewing year. He wrote these rondels, I doubt not, at Blois, in the languid liberty of his oid age, recalling, with vain regret, those long years of his wasted manhood, wherein the banishment of winter and the release of spring still found him in a northern prison. But they were the toys of his second childhood. His *Poème de la Prison*, written in England, was the capital piece, even as his imprisonment in England was the chief feature, of his life.

Like Villon's poem, engendered of a kindred misfortune, it is excellent in art; like Villon's, too, it has an interest apart from art. We are often tempted to fix our looks on the lives of the great actors in an age: to exaggerate, within these lives, the salience of certain immortal deeds, and then to stamp a nation, or an epoch, with such same dies of individual worth. To yield to that temptation is to misread history, for the contours of an age may far more surely be traced in the lives of those who have suffered their impress than in the valour of those who have sought to change their shape. Now, Charles D'Orléans and François Villon were not great actors: were scarce actors at all. But, while essentially passive, they were yet not dumb. Each of them received the impress of his age upon his life, and each revealed it, a little transfigured by personal reaction, in his song. The imprisonment of Charles, and its effect on his life, the life of Villon, and its result in his imprisonment, show the very image of the Middle-Age after the vanishing of its soul. Their poetry is as it were the mask from a dead face.

The son of an Italian mother, Valentina Visconti, Charles D'Orléans was born in the midst of the Hundred Years' War (1391). Doubtless this parentage affected his personal taste, and lent a gracious refinement to the turn of his French ballades and rondels. Doubtless, too, when a hundred years later, Louis XII, the child of his old age, came to the throne, by conferring on that king a claim to the Duchy of Milan it led to a further expansion of Italian influence in France. Yet during his life it was powerless to push on the hands of time. It could not change the necessity of his own or his country's misfortune. He was yet a boy when his father's murder by the Duke of Burgundy fastened an hereditary quarrel on him, and divided the great feudatories of France into the historic factions of Armagnac and Burgundian: so that thenceforward there could be nothing but that blind frenzy of civil war, which led to Agincourt and the English occupation. And at Agincourt Charles was caught up out of the strife to be a captive for a quarter-century, an idler growing old in idleness even while his own party grew to be the national party—became, indeed, the nation itself, brought to this late birth by the last and longest agony of feudalism. From his prison in England he might hear of victory or of defeat, of the capture of his own town by the English or of its delivery by Joan of Arc, of the crowning of an English king in Paris or of a French king's return to his capital. But for year after year and decade after decade he could hear

little of ransom, and nothing at all of peace. During this spell of lost life it was that he made that series of ballades set in a framework of allegory, which, after M. Charles d'Héricault—who bases his opinion on certain MSS. bearing the note, "Ici finit le livre que Monseigneur d'Orléans écrit dans sa prison," and on many very obvious references to exile, to imprisonment, to the hopes of ransom—I have called his *Poème de la Prison*.

The two series of ballades and the setting in which they are placed form one work of art. Throughout, the elaborate machinery of allegorical abstraction, first employed in the *Roman de la Rose*, is most dexterously imitated and sustained. But what a difference in the informing spirit of the two poems! The *Roman de la Rose*, for all the irony of the second and longer part, does at least show the final consummation of Desire. And, again, the enemies that for a time debar the lovers from enjoyment, are far from subtle: they are but Danger, Shame, Fear, and Slander, which every young heart must expect to face, and may hope to outwit or to overthrow. Now, the later poem opens, likewise, with the glorious morning of a young life. But the brave heart is soon "vestu de noir": he languishes in distress; the ship of "Good News," for which he desires a fair wind, never comes for all his calling; if Fortune turn her wheel in his favour, soon she turns it back; and the Beloved of the allegory, who should save him, dies. So the hope is never achieved, and the high heart is conquered. Yet not by Danger nor Fear. The new and victorious enemies of manhood's endeavour are Melancholy and Weariness. They were first noted by Charles in his northern prison; but they are many since his time who have seen the sun of their life's promise "stealing, unseen, to west with this disgrace." Merencolic, Ennuy, and, at last, Nonchaloir, the apathy of a heart "tout enrouillé"—eaten with rust: that is his rendering of the Preacher's lament.

It is not alone that the cast of the allegory reappears, but also all the current forms of French mediæval verse are with it. And all are changed, are coloured from within by a charge of personal sorrow. "Le premier jour du mois de May" comes round again and again: but it is an English May reflecting the troubled passion of his heart, and it is utterly unlike the May he remembers. It is

Troublé plain de vent et de pluie :
 Estre souloit tout autrement
 Ou temps qu'ay congneu en ma vie.

In another ballade he writes of the "Flower and the Leaf," and chooses the leaf for his wear ; but not on the moral grounds given in the innumerable versions of this mediæval allegory. He chooses it because of his personal sorrow :—

Entièrement de sa partie ;
 Je n'ay de nulle flour envie,
 Porte la qui porter la doit,
 Car la fleur, que mon cueur aimoit
 Plus que nulle autre créature,
 Est hors de ce monde passée.

Who was this flower, the Beloved, the Princess, mistress, sole friend, of the poem? Some have said his wife, Bonne D'Armagnac, others France, or his liberty, or the memory of the women who had loved him when he was young. Yet, as I think, since the poem is but one sustained allegory, it is all these and more. It is the spirit of his youth : it is all of love, ambition, and hope, that was in him on the fatal morning of Agincourt. Anyhow, the Beloved dies. In Ballade LV news reaches him : she is dangerously ill. In the next she recovers. In the next she is no more. He used to think, "at the beginning of the year," of what gift he could give his lady, "la bien amée," and now death has laid her in the grave ; so at last, in Ballade LXIX, he celebrates her obsequies :—

I made my lady's obsequies
 Within the minster of desire,
 And for her soul sad *diriges*
 Were sung by Dule behind the choir ;
 Her sanctuary was one fire
 With many cierges lit by grief ;
 And on her tomb in bold relief
 Were painted tears, hemmed with a girth
 Of jewelled letters all around
 That read : " Here lyeth in the ground
 The treasure of all joys on earth."

A slab of gold upon her lies
 With saphirs set in golden wire ;
 Gems that are loyalty's devise,
 And gold well known for joy's attire.
 Both were the handmaids of her hire ;
 For joy and loyalty were chief
 Among the virtues God was lief
 To show in fashioning her birth,
 That to his praise it might redound,
 She being wonderfully found
 The treasure of all joys on earth.

Say no word more. In ecstasies
 My heart is raptured to expire,
 Hearing the noble histories
 Of deeds she did. Whom all aspire
 To set on high and ever higher.

God, binding up death's golden sheaf,
 Drew her to heaven, in my belief,
 So to adorn with rarer mirth
 His paradise where saints stand round ;
 For joy there was in her renowned,
 The treasure of all joys on earth.

ENVOY.

Tears and laments are nothing worth,
 All soon or late by death are bound ;
 And none for long hath kept and crowned
 The treasure of all joys on earth.

So henceforward he will worship Nonchaloir. So after his release he withdraws from the battle of life to write rondels with his friends, seeking to forget the old-time tragedy of his youth and the present misery of his native land. "I could not believe," Petrarch had written, "that this was the same France I had seen so rich and flourishing. Nothing presented itself to my eyes but a fearful solitude, an utter poverty, land uncultivated, houses in ruins. Even the neighbourhood of Paris showed everywhere marks of desolation and conflagration. The streets are deserted, the roads overgrown with weeds, the whole is a vast solitude."* That was in 1360; and eighty more years of invasion and civil broil had come and gone in the hapless land since then.

As we have seen, some seeds of the Renaissance were sown in Charles's parentage, but only to lie dormant through a dateless winter. His kinship with the South might colour his own taste, and shed a little lustre on his court at Blois: it could not redeem him from the dark conditions of his age, nor change these sensibly through France. They had seemed at their darkest when, amid the last spasms of the war, François Villon was born in a Paris still held by the English, who that very year (1431) burned Joan, "la bonne Lorraine," at Rouen. But they grew darker still when the English had departed the land, for not till after the tide of conquest had turned was there revealed the full horror—the rot and stench—of the wreckage it had submerged. The winter

* Green, *History of the English People*, i, 438.

following on Charles VII's re-entry into Paris (1437) was one of pestilence and famine and unheard-of cold. Wolves prowled in the streets, attacking grown men.* Charles D'Orléans took refuge from those evil days in the glow of an easy mind: he shut himself in, as a man on winter evenings shuts himself into a little chamber lit with a cheerful blaze. It was not so with Villon. The grisly shadows of his childhood crept into his soul, and from his soul into his song; so that when most his verses glitter and ring with tears and laughter, there shall you look to meet a wolf at any turn.

The record of his manhood opens with a sordid tragedy, and closes, so far as we know it, with a blackguardly revenge. Skipping the follies of "le petit escolier," we find him, a young man, sitting, on a June evening in 1455, after supper under the clock-tower of Saint-Benoît-le-bétourné. A priest, one Philippe Sermoise, wronged, it may be, in a shameless intrigue, drew near, and after an exchange of insults, pushed him down. It is a note of the time that every by-stander slunk forthwith into the shadows, and the two were left alone in the twilight. Then the priest drew a dagger and stabbed Villon in the lip; but Villon, striking from under his cloak, knifed his antagonist in the groin, and, finally, being disarmed by a new-comer, picked up a heavy stone and pashed in the priest's brain-pan. Banished for this manslaughter, he took to the road, and he travelled the highways of France. They were infested, as ever in the Middle-Age, yet more thickly than ever, by a wandering populace of minstrels, beggars, sham clerks, goliards, broken men, camp-followers, and thieves. For the Hundred Years' War had come to an end with Charles VII's entry into Bordeaux in 1453, and this tide of scum was now swollen beyond any previous high-water mark by the disbanding of his army. Within its eddies there existed from that year until its extermination in 1461, the secret society (not unlike the Camorra) of the "Coquillards," or "Companions of the Shell," with a jargon of its own, with 'prentices, past-masters, and a chief, "le Roi de la Coquille": briefly, a complete hierarchy of blackguardism, with organised departments of brutality or craft, to which each new-comer was detailed according to his natural aptitude for crimes. It is beyond doubt, as M. Schwob has shown, that Villon was received into this association. He wrote six ballades in its slang; he

* "François Villon d'après des documens nouveaux." Marcel Schwob. *Revue des deux Mondes*, 15 Juillet, 1892. I am indebted to this article for the details of Villon's life, there published for the first time.

consorted for years with two notorious "companions," Regnier de Montigny and Colin de Cayeux, in whose felonies he lent a hand, and whose deaths he mourned. In 1456 his banishment was remitted, and he returned to Paris with his new-found knowledge of the world. Nor was he long in turning it to account. In the December of the same year you find him, with Colin de Cayeux and another, scaling the high wall of the Collège de Navarre to pick the common chest of the dons and students in the Faculty of Theology, the while another rascal, Guy de Tabarie by name, kept watch outside over the ladder and the cloaks. Villon, for his share of the plunder, pocketed a hundred gold crowns, and, as he tells us in the *Petit Testament*, "About Christmas, in the dead season, when the wolves live on wind," he shifted his quarters to Angers. With a wise prevision, as it turned out; for when, next year (1457), the chest was found empty, Tabarie first blabbed, and then, under torture, gave full information against his confederates. Villon derides him in the *Grand Testament* for his habit of telling the truth, and bequeaths a halter to one of his examiners, while to another, François de Ferrebourg, a sharper vengeance is reserved. But for the moment the poet could return no more to Paris. A Companion of the Shell dared hope for little mercy: three had been boiled alive at Dijon but two years before, and the society was ever getting thinned by the axe and the rope. Villon, indeed, was not to see Paris again until he was amnestied on the accession of Louis XI, in 1461, for yet another crime of the "Coquillards," perpetrated, we know not when, at Montpipeau: a crime which ended in the hanging of Colin Cayeux, and in his own condemnation to perpetual imprisonment at Meung, in the donjon of the Bishop of Orléans. We get glimpses of him at the courts of Charles D'Orléans and of Jean II de Bourbon, but soon he wanders out of sight again, by the ways of those that love darkness, and when we fish him up again he is in irons at Meung. There, on bread and water, he must have composed the bulk of the great poem which has made him immortal: a work of unflinching execution, of brilliant lines playing like forked lightning over unguessed chasms of awful truth. He writes of his shames in it as an old soldier of his scars: "Nécessité fait gens mesprendre, Et faim saillir les loups des bois." The worship of the Virgin or the beastliness of the stews; the old age of the wit told to hold his tongue, or of the harlot heart-sick for lost loveliness; the fortune of those who fare sumptuously, and, again, of those who beg naked and sec bread only through the windows they go by; the passing of

renowned ladies and great emperors and saints : all these are as one to his art. The truth of them is there, set down with unfaltering precision, without a trace of effort. He sings the "snows of yester-year" in words that haunt the ages, or lightly casts an acrostic of his name into an envoy aching with desolation :—

Vente, gresle, gelle, j'ay mon pain cuict !
 Je suis paillard, la paillarde me duit.
 Lequel vault mieux ? Chascun bien s'entresuit,
 L'ung l'autre vault : c'est à mau chat mau rat.
 Ordure amons, ordure nous affuyt ;
 Nous deffuyons honneur, il nous deffuyt,
 En ce bourdeau, ou tenons nostre estat.

So he sings. It is easy as the wind in Autumn, and as musical, and—whirling with dead leaves ! With this and the rest of the *Grand Testament* in his pocket he returned to Paris in 1461, and we hear of him but once again, playing a mean part in a squalid brawl. François Ferrebours, the examiner, his old enemy, knocked up one night after supper by Villon and his friends, was stabbed by an unknown hand. The record of his manhood ends as it began, and he passes for ever into utter darkness.

From some lampoons in his work and this last act of rascality or cowardice, it would seem that he could never forgive any person concerned in the criminal investigation of 1457 : the calamity which made him an outcast. It was in that year, and in such dubious plight, that Villon drifted to the court of Charles D'Orléans at Blois. It was a strange meeting of two poets : the younger, of twenty-six, a known criminal, a gaol-bird to be ; the elder, of sixty-six, aged before his time, enfeebled with long imprisonment in his country's cause, so fallen into decay that six years later he could no longer even sign his name. Of the manner of their meeting we know nothing directly ; but, indirectly, we can gather enough from significant hints in their writings and from the shortness of one's stay. There is a dull official poem by Villon on the birth of Charles's daughter in December, 1457. It is copied in his hand into a manuscript containing poems in the writing of Charles himself and other rhyming friends. But the fourteen pages following Villon's contribution are blank. An explanation may be found in his refrain to a ballade, the first line of which, "Je meurs de soef auprès de la fontaine," was apparently given out by Charles as the text for a poetical tournament. We have the thing done and

copied out by Charles and many of his guests ; but Villon's work is very different from theirs. The antithesis to be maintained in every line lent itself perfectly to the theme of his own false position. The official line has reminded him of the reservation with which he was received, of the half-hearted hospitality. He dies of thirst beside the fountain ; chatters with cold by the hearth ; is an exile in his own land. He laughs through his tears, and expects without hope—so he leads up to the refrain, "Bien recueilly, debouté de chascun"—he is well received, and rejected of all. To understand this ballade, addressed to his "clément Prince," and the shortness of Villon's visit, you scarce need the allusions, scattered through his writings, to the lot of the man who has borne a reputation for wit in his youth : to the old monkey whose tricks no longer please : who, if he hold his tongue, is taken for a worn-out fool and, if he speak, is told to hold his tongue. Indeed, we are not left in doubt by Charles himself as to his impression of his guest. He has sketched his Villon in a rondel and, lest any should fail to recognise the likeness, assists with an obvious allusion to the author of the *Grand Testament*. That poem opens with this frightful confession :—

" En l'an trentiesme de mon aage
Que toutes mes hontes j'ay beues."

The second of these two lines gives the first and the refrain of Charles's rondel, "Qui a toutes ses hontes beues" :—

He that hath drunken all his shame
Cares nothing for what people say ;
He lets derision pass its way
As clouds may go the way they came.

If in the street they hoot his name,
He winks and turns to wine and play.
He that hath drunken all his shame
Cares nothing for what people say.

A truffle likes him more than fame ;
If folk laugh, he must laugh as they ;
But if it comes to blushing—Nay,
He keeps his countenance the same
Though he have drunken all his shame.

So did these poets meet, and so they parted. Both belonged to the last hours of the Middle Age ; both saw the forces of feudalism overthrow the society they had founded ; both lived and died in the

wilderness of the ensuing desolation. The one, caught in the catastrophe, became a waif among wolves and robbers; the other, by a subtler irony, was at once the leader and the idle witness, the "flag rather than the captain" of the feudal party which, abjuring its nature, was to found the new order of monarchy and national life. Charles D'Orléans, aloof from his age, confined perforce in a foreign prison, and later, making a lodge, of choice, in the wilderness, distilled into the narrowest vials songs sweet as any, and yet trivial. Of the cup handed him by Destiny he drank one half, and then set it down unfinished. But Villon drained it to the lees; knew all the life which renders the legends of Louis XI and Prince Hal intelligible. His verse is bitter with the bitterness, glad only with the insolence, of those days. And yet it is great verse--verse haunted with all their horror, steeped in their infinite sadness.

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

POLITICS IN NEWFOUNDLAND

IT is matter of history that the stronger and the better grown among our Colonies are resolute to be out of leading-strings ; and the reason consists in, not the tyranny of Ministers nor the meddling ways of the Imperial Government as a whole, but the tradition of the Colonial Office and the misapplication of its inelastic and old-fashioned machinery to all the weaker Colonies alike. This it is that develops the Little-Englander, and that affords just grounds of complaint to the English oversea ; and the worst is that on this tradition not even a Minister dares to lay his hand. “ *Les Ministres passent, les Bureaux restent* ” : that is every whit as true of England as of France. It is in London as in Paris :—“ A new Minister arrives, his bureaux bow to him, salute his ignorance, impose upon him their traditions, and in six weeks he is their slave.” That is a fact there is no eluding ; and in the case of our Colonial Office, with its vast and varied potentialities for good and ill, it is one specially to be deplored. The application of the rigid principles of English Constitutional Government to communities with vastly differing requirements is frequently foredoomed to failure. Ministers come and go, and Government after Government takes the business of the Colonies in hand ; but there are few signs as yet that the Colonial Office is capable of learning any sort of lesson, while the Britain it misrepresents is felt to be growing more and ever more incapable of granting to entreaty or of good will a thing she might in fear of consequence. And the difficulty of the situation is in no wise lessened, when there's trouble in the wind, by judicious action on a Governor's part. A Governor's powers, whether for good or the reverse, are subject only to the limitations of his own personality ; but for all that, he is too often chosen because he is “ *Somebody's cousin,* ” and too seldom because he is specially qualified for his post. Honduras, The Bahamas, Trinidad, and some other West Indian Islands, as well as the Straits Settlements, could just now be cited in support of this contention ; but the best indictment of the hide-bound pedantry of

the Colonial Office is furnished by our oldest Colony of all—which is Newfoundland.

It appears almost incredible in England, but it is none the less a fact, that the Government of that Dependency was carried on for the greater part of '94 by a Ministry in a hopeless minority in the country and in the House of Representatives alike. The history of the course of Politics throughout that year, and the part of the Home Authorities therein, are deserving of more than the passing notice they have hitherto received. It runs as follows: In the November of '93 the General Election was held for the House of Representatives, which sits for four years. The election is by Manhood Suffrage; the polling took place in the late autumn, that being the season at which a fishing population is best able to vote; and the returns were duly made. The two parties in the island, the Merchants' and the People's, engaged, according to their wont, in a sharp fight: with the result that, in a house of thirty-six, the People's candidates were returned by a majority of nearly two to one.

The aim of the victorious party was progress; its ambition included the opening-out of the island by means of railways and roads, with a view to making opportunities for new industries, and improving the condition of the working population. The Merchants, on the other hand, were resolute to maintain intact the set of existing monopolies which had belonged for generations to a Trading Aristocracy. Now, party feeling runs high in small communities, and the Merchants, who on this occasion were especially concerned to win Office, would not accept defeat at the polls, but prepared for reprisals. They had one point in their favour, as they knew. The rank-and-file of the People's Party were desperately poor, many of them having to run the winter months upon food stuffs supplied on credit by their employers. Not unnaturally, the Merchants thought that at a given moment—just before the Scaling, when the general poverty had become intense—such influences might be brought to bear upon their debtors as would change the balance of power, and turn the scale in their own favour on the Progressives; so they had recourse to a rather disreputable stratagem. Some few hours before the term of the statutory period—early, that is, in '94—they lodged Petitions with the view of unseating the Premier and fourteen other members of the People's Party on grounds alleged to be in respect of offences created by a Statute (passed in '89), which is very similar in its provisions to the

English and Canadian Corrupt Practices Acts. The Act itself was little known in the island, and was still less understood ; and its sanction had never been invoked before. Practically, one and the same offence was charged against the fifteen Members : namely, that immediately before the Election they, as candidates of the Government in Office, had shared in the distribution of public monies for the construction of public works in their several constituencies, with intent to favour their own re-election ; but in some few instances it was also asserted that voters had been conveyed to the polls at the expense of Government, and that its candidates had thereby secured an unfair advantage. Little was imputed in the matter of personal bribery, but in the sequel it was found that the letter of the law had been broken, and all fifteen were unseated. Meanwhile the Government had resigned ; and as, during the hearing of the Petitions the Merchants had so managed that a quorum of thirteen was always present to make a House, they forthwith came into office. Things looked settled for a time, for the fact of being unseated disqualifies a man from sitting in the House of Representatives until after another General Election, so that the People's Party was compelled to look for Candidates in the ranks of the unknown and untried ; and for this reason, among others, its opponents relied upon sweeping the board at the coming bye-elections. Moreover, considered with particular reference to the state of their own circumstances, the financial outlook made the leaders of the Merchants' Party keen to get the control of affairs into their own hands. But they reckoned without their host. Popular feeling had been greatly excited by their tactics in the matter of the Petitions, and the People's candidates were again returned in a handsome majority of the House.

Meanwhile, too, matters had gone by no means smoothly in the House of Assembly itself, where, indeed, there was so much friction that Government could not get Supply voted, and its supporters had to pay their taxes voluntarily to enable it to carry on affairs. The burden of the taxation for '94 was never legally adjusted ; and the Merchants would have had no revenue with which to meet the daily needs of the public service but for this voluntary support on the part of their followers. On the return of the People's Party to the House with a majority of four to three, pressure was brought to bear upon the Governor to dissolve. This he declined to do : alleging the disclosures that might possibly be made at the trial of the few Petitions that were yet undecided. No such disclosures were ever made, yet he still refused

the demand for a dissolution. This was undoubtedly a false move ; and in making it he inflicted a gratuitous wrong on the Colony, whose political and financial conditions demanded above all else a firm and stable government, and whose people were completely justified in insisting on a dissolution having for a probable consequence the return to office of certain trusted leaders. In this case, indeed, the Governor was no worthy representative of the traditions of English Sovereignty, for it was the personal influence of the Merchant chiefs which induced him not to give effect to the people's will.

Now, it cannot be conceived that any Governor would have taken upon himself the responsibility of so high-handed a proceeding, as that of keeping in office a Ministry in which the Colony under his care had explicitly signified its utter lack of confidence, without first taking the opinion of the Colonial Office. Also, it seems equally improbable that the matter in all its aspects could have been brought under the notice of the present Colonial Secretary, whose known sympathy with subject races and large views in the matter of popular representation could never have permitted him to uphold the action of a minority of oligarchs in open contempt of an overwhelming popular majority. The inference, indeed, is irresistible : that the tradition of the Colonial Office was brought to bear automatically upon the oldest Dependency in its charge. The political unrest and the shadow of coming events—which should have been foreseen—were regarded as matters of no importance or Imperial concern. Some few assurances that the Office had its eye on Newfoundland, and that her case would be duly considered, together with just such a closing of the incident as might have been practised upon a semi-barbarous possession—these were held enough to content a Colony of English islanders on the verge of bankruptcy and revolt !

Let us compare, for a moment, what was done in Newfoundland and what in the circumstances would be done in England. In England the Sovereign is still empowered to dissolve Parliament, or not, at will ; but in these days none would venture to run counter to the expressed will of the people ; and, even in Newfoundland, the Colonial Office excused its refusal by alleging that no prayer for dissolution had been presented. This, however, was a mere subterfuge ; no such address could have been formally presented, inasmuch as Parliament had then been prorogued till early in '95. If the formality of presentation were an essential, it was possible, and it would have been easy, to call the

House for an Autumn Session ; and there is a strong feeling that it was by the Governor's fault that this was not done. In all probability, however, it was the fault, not of the Governor alone, nor of the Colonial Secretary alone, but of a permanent staff which decided the matter upon a set of Constitutional principles archaic in spirit and in fact, and altogether inapplicable to Newfoundland or to any Colony in the condition of Newfoundland. It is like keeping a Nasmyth hammer for the cracking of occasional walnuts. But when could a sense of proportion be ever imputed to the Official Mind ?

Even here the matter did not end. The Governor persisting—on the encouragement, we must believe, of the Colonial Office—in his refusal to dissolve, the Prime Minister's position became untenable, and towards the end of last year he resigned. A far-reaching commercial crisis had long been imminent ; it supervened ; his firm, together with all but two in the island, went under for the time ; and the People's Party clambered into power once more. In a little community like Newfoundland the reserve of statesmen is limited. Here was a Ministry of (for the most part) untried men, compelled to face a difficulty which would have tested the resource and the capacity of the most experienced administrators. With a view to securing the services of men who might help the community out of its miserable plight, on the 31st December, '94, both Houses passed a Bill to remove the disqualification of the members unseated on petition. And this Bill, despite the critical position of affairs, was "reserved by the Governor for the signification of Her Majesty's pleasure"—which might not be announced for some time ! The Governor steadily declined to sanction it himself, as he might very well have done, if he had had a free hand and had not been controlled by the Colonial Office ; and in the sequel, the people had to be kept from pillaging the bakeries by blue-jackets and marines from a gunboat in the harbour, sent out (as is believed in the island) purely and simply to protect the Governor. Rightly or wrongly the people wanted their old leader, Sir William Whiteway, and his colleagues to return to office, and regarded the deterring action of the Home Authorities as the cause of many among their troubles. Their view may have been incorrect, no doubt, but it is none the less unfortunate for that.

In the end, after three weeks of compulsory inaction—this, mind, in a time of panic, when every moment was of consequence!—"Her Majesty's pleasure" was signified as being identical with that of the

islanders ; those leaders in whom they put their trust were permitted to take the helm ; and things began to mend. Friction ceased : for the Merchants, being soundly beaten, were constrained to make the best of it they might ; while the People, being victorious, had no more occasion for the making of bad blood. And all that is needed now is that Lord Ripon should make a timely and an honest statement, setting forth the terms upon which Great Britain will take over Newfoundland's debts and liabilities, to the end that her offer and Canada's may be compared. Meanwhile, however, the Official oracles are dumb, and it is very probable that Sir Ambrose Shea, himself a Newfoundlander, who is now in England, or some other mediocre Downing Street person, may be called in and asked to arrange affairs : though what they should do "dans cette galère" is a thing not even the Colonial Office knows.

The moral of this story seems to be that, in the case of Colonies with representative government, the Colonial Office should never interfere unless non-interference be likely to lead to trouble abroad. In the present instance neither neighbour Colony nor foreign Power could have been hurt by a dissolution in Newfoundland—still less by the immediate allowance of the Disqualifications Removal Bill at the beginning of the present year. Further, the opportune consent of the Governor to the proposed dissolution would have done away with the necessity for the Bill so inopportunately reserved for the signification of Her Majesty's pleasure, and would have relieved Great Britain from not a little idle and superfluous odium. Some five and thirty years ago John Bright was moved to write that the English are careless of everything that does not immediately affect themselves, and can be excited to no effort in the cause of a dependency excepting under pressure from some great calamity. This may or may not be true. But, assuredly, it is the present hope of Newfoundland that her troubles may so affect Great Britain that a properly chosen Commission may be appointed forthwith, which shall devise a means of removing her interests from the control of, on the one hand, a pedantic and exclusive service, and, on the other, a body of politicians "whose main object of adoration is patronage."

A. R. WHITEWAY.

MR. BALFOUR'S PHILOSOPHY

AN attempt to estimate the philosophical value of such a book as Mr. Balfour's *Foundations of Belief* (London : Longmans) in the pages of a finite magazine is beset by at least one unhappy difficulty. Dissent from its conclusions has the show of misappreciation of its merits. Let it be insisted at once, therefore, that though to many men the final conclusions of this treatise will be unsatisfying, and some of its tributary arguments unconvincing, there is no man that can afford to disdain it. No truth is the whole truth, and no sincere quest after truth can end in total disappointment. It is a commonplace that man learns most from those with whom he least agrees, and this is especially so with a thinker so keenly sensitive to the philosophic atmosphere of the hour as Mr. Balfour. *Je méprise Locke*, said Schelling ; but Locke had been long enough in his coffin to justify the liberty. Nowadays we are all pretty unanimous in misprizing Schelling, but Mr. Balfour is either to be salvoed as a saviour or approached warily as a dangerous if illuminative heretic. The enemy he attacks is the established philosophic church of the day ; it has been attacked, and indeed overthrown, in its earlier incarnations, but the bare fact of its resuscitation points the necessity of a new onslaught. Naturalism—there is no need to depart from Mr. Balfour's own term ; it passes variously under the aliases of Positivism and Agnosticism, and may most handily be described as the creed of Mr. Herbert Spencer—fights to-day with the new weapon of Evolution ; it was necessary that the weapon should be turned against it. This Mr. Balfour has done with an unsparing trenchancy, a dazzling deftness of dialectical fence, a subtlety of distinction, and a power of epigram and of eloquence far surpassing any of its original masters. He has hewn Naturalism asunder and riddled it to shreds, and overthrown it and trampled on it, and if he has not slain it outright the one reason is that its professors are not open to philosophic conviction. For, indeed, the creed was never at any time a philosophy nor expounded by philosophers. Its gossellers are either, like Professor Huxley, investigators of science who have strayed beyond their province, or

anti-theological gladiators like Mr. Frederic Harrison, or else, like Mr. Herbert Spencer, they have mistaken generalisations in natural science for the nearest human possibilities of absolute truth. Such as Naturalism was Mr. Balfour leaves it without a rag to cover its speculative nakedness. Starting out to explain the world without any ultimate principle of personality, it cannot give a coherent account of one single moment of human experience. Let that be said once for all: let anyone to whom it sounds treasonable read the First Chapter of the Second Part once for all. But it will be more profitable for the estimate of the book as a whole to review it rather from the aspect of its constructive parts. "In order that the views here advocated," we are told at the outset, "may be seen in the highest relief, it is convenient to exhibit them against the background of some other and contrasted system of thought." Convenient it is, no doubt; but is it quite fair to judge the stability of any body of conclusions by so shaky a structure as Naturalism? Is not the foil too dull for a fair valuation of the gem? Will it not be better, in fine, to take Mr. Balfour's contentions on their merits, and inspect them against the background of any more plausible theory that their analysis may afford?

Logically, Mr. Balfour's argument begins—and, for that matter, ends, as we shall see later—in "the ineffaceable incongruity between the origin of our beliefs, in so far as these can be revealed to us by science and the beliefs themselves." But for this compendium we have to wait until the last chapter: the actual order of statement is rather morphological than logical: it proceeds as the theory would grow up in the theorist's own mind rather than in conformity with the conveniences of exposition. We begin—not altogether without reminiscence of the maxim, "Abuse plaintiff's attorney"—with an examination of the Naturalistic accounts of morality, æsthetics, and epistemology. Viewing these genetically he finds that, while the evolutionary process was their origin, they are far from being its ends. They are merely accidents in its course—backwaters lying off the perpetual and universal stream of the world's tendency. Bastards of the struggle for life, they can claim no dignity of their own and cherish no hope of perpetuity when once they have served their turn. They came into the world as devices, subservient to the continued existence of man; they will go out of it on the inevitable day when they no longer minister to it. Is this a creed for self-respecting men? asks Mr. Balfour. Can belief and feeling continue to co-exist in such intolerable antagonism? Possibly not; though we

must remember such jars are oftener composed by mutual accommodation than by the utter destruction of one or other of the jarring partners. Yet spite of this the argument seems largely irrelevant and doubtfully valid. It is not the habit of the philosopher to ask first whether this or that is pleasant to believe, but whether it is true. And, supposing that it is true, is it, after all, so humiliating? Amoeba man was and automaton he shall be, says Mr. Balfour, half-dead to know that he must die. But, even so, it is our present, not our past or future, that concerns us. Mr. Balfour calls in humour "to prevent us assuming any airs of superiority over other and more powerful members of the same family of phenomena more permanent than ourselves." Yet surely this invocation of humour is but a back-handed argument. Even on the crassest Naturalistic view humour is a more ingenious and complicated conjunction of atoms than heat. If the phenomena could laugh back it would be different. But while I can laugh at them it troubles me little that in a few billions of years they may perhaps reduce my *n*th grandson to the same unlaughing molecules as themselves.

Human activities, it may thus be argued, have their dignity in their exercise, as determined by such rough approximation as we can make, through their structure, to their function in the world. To some tempers, at least, human life, with all its diverse equipments and possibilities, is an end in itself. If there is anything worthy the knowing and feeling and doing, it remains worthy so long as evolution allows man to remain capable of it. And is our doom, after all, so inevitable? No doubt all that makes man human was evolved, in the beginnings, by accident. The struggle for life first made us moral and æsthetical and rational, in order that we might be better adapted animals. But that was only in the very beginning. Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Balfour appears to confuse the source of a thing with the thing itself. For with the dawn of consciousness begins a fresh struggle, whose sphere is in consciousness alone—the struggle of ideals, the struggle of ideas. This is grafted on to the old struggle for bare life and partly supersedes it. Just as the struggle first entered into the world with organic life, this new mental struggle began with consciousness. Ideas fight for survival in the mind as men fight for survival in the outer world, and the former fight reacts on the latter. It is to this purely intellectual struggle that we owe and shall owe all the more complex developments of æsthetics, thought, and morality. Whence otherwise comes the power that makes

men give up their bread for their art, the hope of posterity for learning, life itself for their country? The primæval will to live becomes modified into the will to live in such-and-such a way: we enrich our conception of life with certain minimum requirements of virtue and refinement. Artificial selection begins to replace natural. As years go on this struggle within the mind will be more and more. *Amœbæ* we were, it is true; but on this view we look back on our ancestry with the juster pride of him who has risen from below rather than of him who at the most has not fallen. And if the phenomena kill us off in the end, at least we shall perish in the bloom.

The Naturalist is hardly in a position to put forward such a suggestion as the foregoing. But we have given up the Naturalist and are trying Mr. Balfour's contentions for ourselves, so that we may derive from it a hope that, even with a Naturalistic origin, things are not quite so desperate with us as he would have us think. He now leaves this quasi-ethical region and proceeds to attack Naturalism as a philosophy. This chapter is a model of destructive analysis, brilliant and sound, subtle and perspicuous. He demonstrates beyond all power of refutation, or even of reply, that the hypothesis of Materialism—for it is to Materialism that, in the limit, Naturalism always comes—cannot state coherently the simplest facts of our experience. This part of the book, therefore, we might pass by but for one discussion which may come in usefully later. In his analysis of Naturalism, piling refutation on refutation, Mr. Balfour takes occasion to make some criticisms of sense-perception. In an immediate experience by sense-perception—Mr. Balfour's example is a tree—"the scientific man knows very well that the material object only resembles his idea of it in certain particulars—extension, solidity, and so forth—and that in respect of such attributes as colour and illumination there is no resemblance at all." Here, then, argues he, is a break-down in the Naturalist's means of knowledge, which can only be explained by the hypothesis that these immediate experiences, on which he depends for all his knowledge, "are merely mental results of cerebral changes, all else is a matter of inference." So that we are confronted by the horrible cataclysm that Naturalism regards the world thus, while her ally, Science, works only on the assumption that it has an independent material existence. As against Naturalism the hit is palpable. But to those who believe that the explanation of the world must rest on the percipient self as well as on the percept—and the point is

already fair, since Mr. Balfour has told us that "there is no theoretical escape from the ultimate 'I'"—it need beget no suspicion of our trusty friends, the senses. To the perceiving mind the tree is a tree, however science may analyse it. You may call it, if you will, an extended solid object, *plus* vibrations, ethereal undulations, absorption of most part of the same, reflection of the green residue, incidence on the eye, arrangement on the retina, stimulation of the optic nerve and molecular change in the cerebral hemispheres. But in the long run it is more convenient to call it a green tree, and in the theory of knowledge it is just as correct. The doubt as to the objective existence of the material world, which Mr. Balfour is continually raising, is equally irrelevant. As it is the earliest of metaphysical problems to suggest itself, so it is the first to be dissipated. In reality the problem has no meaning at all. Whether our perceptions represent independent objects or cerebral changes makes no sort of difference either in speculation or practice. In either case they are equally independent of and complementary to the percipient subject. In a later chapter (the first of Part IV) Mr. Balfour returns to this subject. Ingeniously deriving our unqualified belief in sense-perceptions from the undoubted benefit such a belief would confer in an early stage of the struggle for existence, he argues thence that though this belief is "more inevitable and universal" than, for example, the belief in God, it is not more worthy. He nowhere clearly lays down any canon of the worthiness of beliefs, nor is it altogether clear how this should be done: up to now the worthiness of a belief has been generally held to be determined by its truth. The belief in God can hardly be worthier because it has to do with a higher human function; for higher must mean more specific to man—there being no question of the morality of beliefs, as such—and nothing is more specific to man than thought, of which sense-perception is a vital element. Nor is it a matter of "faith"—or inference, as many would prefer to call it—since that enters into both. Nor of the inevitable allowance for error, since this is at least as great in theological beliefs as in perceptions, from which theology is ultimately derived; and neither the last nor the first link in a coherent chain of thought is any worthier than the other. So that we may approach the next division of the subject with our confidence still unimpaired—remembering always the small allowance for physiological or inferential errors—in what remains the primary coin in the currency of thought.

And now rises before us the fair, formless form of the Transcendental

Ego. Duly Mr. Balfour deduces the portentous abstraction from the possibility of sentient experience. And you would suppose that with this and sense-perception as yet remaining to all but the Materialist, even fastidious he would begin to construct. But no! He continues his wild iconoclastic career. He brushes aside the theories of those who, by the aid of "ideas of relation," would constitute the world of objects out of the subject self: for does not the subject owe its metaphysical existence to the very objects it thus complacently proceeds to beget? So with the sinister souls that dare elevate the abstract Ego into the Divine: how can you venerate, as the God of love, a creature of 'meta-physics whose whole being is summarised in the fact that it is not an object of sense? But there remains a third possibility. Take the objective world and the abstract self as two: can they not figure out a universe between them? Mr. Balfour does not smile upon this possibility. He does not find, for instance, that causation is to be deduced from these elements with due inexorability. But what, ultimately, is causation? Popularly the cause of anything is that on which it inevitably follows; more thoughtfully stated it is that without which it cannot exist. Then what is the cause, let us say, of a drawing-room fire? It follows inevitably (when properly conducted) on the application of a match; without the match it could not exist. But is the match the only thing that fulfils the definition? Could the fire exist without the materials of which it is itself composed, without the human agency that placed these in position, without the oxygen in the air? Come a step further: on this showing, is not the soil in which the wood grew, is not the man that cut it down, and the father that beget him, and the settled social state that allowed his father to devote a peaceful mind to the propagation of a son—are not all these things as much the cause of the fire in the drawing-room as is the match? And could not the list be extended for ever and for ever until nothing that is known to man were omitted? We come to this conclusion, then: that the cause of each thing is everything else. Unless everything else were as it is, each thing could not be as it is. And that fact—the fact that the whole system works together to each of its resultants—is what we call the Uniformity of Nature. Nature cannot but be uniform, seeing that nothing is added nor taken away, and all that there is of her is concentrated in each one of her processes. Now is not the Transcendental Ego competent to have knowledge of this system? To suppose an abstract principle cognisant of cause sounds at first an assumption audacious and

unwarrantable. But the process sketched, viewed more narrowly, is mere matter of addition and subtraction. Hath not a Transcendental Ego memory and comparison, perception of presence and absence in phenomena, and an unity of accumulated truth? By the hypothesis it has all this: all this is just what it is for, just what it is. May we not, then, disallow Mr. Balfour's objection on the score of causation?

Through the Ego and phenomena, therefore, we rise to a bi-lateral conception of the world. On the one side is the self, on the other its objects, which the self is able to schematise into a system of inter-dependent relations which exert a uniform pressure on any one point. It is true that this conception does not top the summit of the philosophic ideal. Philosophy, to have her heart's desire, must needs envisage the world as manifestation of one principle, not two. Yet we might rest in this dualism with a very tolerable, provisional satisfaction if nothing better can be attained. It is true that this compromise cannot be any satisfaction to those who were set on regarding the self as the index of God. Mr. Balfour himself very cogently hints, if he does not explicitly demonstrate, why this is not so. The self is not God, and the related system of its objects is not God. Each depends on the other, and God must be Absolute. If there is to be any Absolute, it must be found in the fusion of the two, in the whole of which they are the related parts. But such an Absolute is beyond relation, and therefore beyond human knowledge, which is itself a relation; the part can have no cognisance of the whole. So that this Absolute, this God, is unknown and unknowable to man; it is merely another Thing-in-Itself, unmeaning and null. The theory, indeed, summarily expressed, justifies the statement that there is no God. But that is no objection to the theory. We started on it, not to find a God at any cost, but to find what there was to be found. One more objection to this view Mr. Balfour alleges, and this is a more head-splitting one than the others. The Ego as we have deduced it is a mere knowing-machine. But the self we live with—the Empirical Ego of the psychologist—is one that feels and mourns and extends itself over body and legs and toes. Now we cannot say that this self is the Ego, because it is the object of the Ego's perceptions. Nor can we conscientiously say that our past and our feelings and our body are no more ourself than our chair or our table. Here, then, is the problem of self-consciousness, perhaps impossible of solution and certainly so within any possible limits. It is the less pressing because for metaphysics the Transcendental Ego is

all the self we want. For empirical psychology the self is mainly cerebral changes ; for ethics it is the sense of freedom. Much criticism might be directed upon Mr. Balfour's objections to Determinism, though they are not, in the main, novel. But again we must pass on, merely marking down that we have in this Dualistic-Idealistic theory a skeleton reconciliation of the world, unhinged, it is true, at one important joint, and in much need of supplementing in every member. Still, it seems a beginning, and we can but wonder what better Mr. Balfour has to offer to us.

Mr. Balfour meanwhile is discursively driving the Juggernaut of his dialectic over most of the guides that mankind has looked to for truth. Sense-perception we have tried above to patch together again ; later language as an accurate vehicle of thought goes down before him, as it must before anybody that cares to tilt hard enough at it. Next he comes to consider of the rival claims of reason and authority. It is an admirably perspicuous chapter, though again not conspicuously novel. To such as plume themselves overmuch on their rationality it will be somewhat disquieting to see exposed in black and white before them the infinite smallness of that portion of their judgments which is based immediately on reason. No man, indeed, has any direct concern with reason except the philosopher who puzzles after principles or the plain man who attempts rarely, and with halting casuistry, to apply them. Infinitely small, if we rest the calculation on the bare number of judgments each puts down to its score, is reason's part. But when Mr. Balfour argues that authority is more characteristic of man than reason, is he not misled by this purely irrelevant consideration of the number of judgments into which each enters? He admits that both are necessary to intellectual life ; why, then, put either above the other? Nothing can be more than essential. Moreover, if either is to take precedence over the other, there are some good grounds for urging that it should be reason. Authority cannot move a step without it, for even the acceptance of authority means a latent syllogism : "it must be true, for Huxley says so, and he knows." Moreover, in every statement that is taken on authority there exists the reasoning by which it was arrived at, held in solution, and capable of being re-reasoned would a man but take the trouble. Reason is there, but you must call for it. Unless Mr. Balfour postulate an infallible source of inspiration, every dictum of authority must be in its original statement the work of reason. And if he does so postulate, then he must either justify his postulate by

reason or else ask us to take him for an infallible source of inspiration in himself.

Mr. Balfour has now examined various forms of belief in three aspects—by the light of their consequences, their reasons, and their causes. He has found their consequences deplorable, their reasons fallacious, their causes misunderstood. This can hardly apply to Naturalistic beliefs solely, for he proceeds thence to draw his deductions as positive truth, and indeed he cannot have written a book with the tame ambition of producing a better creed than Naturalism. So far, then, as these forms of belief go they promise man a mean life and a contemptible death, they will not bear an examination of their rational foundation, they rest on such alien causes as authority and the misapprehension of terms. With such modifications as the foregoing discussions may have brought into this view, we may now follow him as he advances from this shifting ground to the deduction of the Deity. Let it be imputed to him for courage that the sand shifts beneath him, since he is not of those who shipwreck reason and call in God from Heaven to set up the world again. His attempt is to deduce the existence of God by mental process; it is an argument "from needs to their satisfaction." This curious process, hitherto unknown to logicians—and whatever just deductions Mr. Balfour may make from the validity of logic he can hardly argue in any other medium—appears to be of a quasi-transcendental character. As the necessities of certain beliefs about the sensible world lead us to the deduction of the self, so the necessities of beliefs about the universe as a whole lead us to the deduction of a God. We cannot get rid of our difficulties about the world but by "the presupposition that it was the work of a rational Being who made it intelligible, and at the same time made us, in however feeble a fashion, able to understand it." In a feeble fashion, indeed, it would seem, since it is just this lack of understanding that drives Mr. Balfour to postulate his rational Being. The first criticism that suggests itself is not recondite. If we are to be justified in such assumptions by a mere defect of understanding, are there not a thousand other assumptions equally plausible? I might compose all my perplexities by postulating that I made the world when I was a baby, and conduct it while I am asleep. But it is doubtful if this view would command any wide measure of support.

Once more: consider what is meant by a need. Is the need that compels the belief in God of the same nature as the need that forces

us to the belief in the material world? Mr. Balfour asserts that it is not less stringent. If he means our belief in the materiality of the world, that is true. But belief in the material world in the proper significance of the term—bearing in mind the fact that it is all one whether the material world is or is not represented by anything beyond cerebral processes—is an utterly different thing. From this we cannot escape; unless we believe, with reasonable deductions, what we see and hear, we cannot even begin to know or to act. We could not live in the world a moment without it. But the need for the belief in God means no more, at the most, than that without it we cannot know all that we can imagine ourselves as knowing, that we cannot do right so continuously as we can imagine ourselves as doing. On the face of it, then, this argument from need to its satisfaction is an illicit one: the need is not such as to drive us, as a primordial condition of human existence, to satisfy it with a stable belief. We have every call to make our own lives coherent, but what call have we to make the universe coherent by aid of the first hypothesis that comes to hand? The belief in God is not truly a need at all, unless omniscience and perfection be needs: men think loyally, and feel proportionately, and act rightly without it every day. And why should they not? For consider the nature of the satisfaction of which Mr. Balfour's need is capable. He feels it as a need, because he cannot explain the world, and cannot feel assured of right action without it. But can he know and act any better with it? Not one jot. The intellectual problems that were dark before are dark still; the moral quagmires are as desperately trackless as ever they were. Nor could it be otherwise. For what compels us to leave our philosophies half-finished on the roadside, and entangles us in inextricable mazes about the smallest action that may be good or bad, is not ignorance of general principles but of particular facts. The science is always there, but we want the omniscience. Now from the belief in God can proceed no knowledge of the unnumbered accidental circumstances of life. Therefore there comes from it no increase of knowledge or certitude of goodness. No: the need is no need, and the satisfaction is no satisfaction. All that this faith can do is to instil a comfortable confidence in the origin of the world as an alien auxiliary to knowledge, and in its guidance as an alien auxiliary to morals. The most that could result from it would be the statement, "There is a God," grateful as a consolation, but worthless as a truth. And confidence answers not to

a need, but to a hope. But it is not competent even for this. It is no more possible for hope to realise the future, than for remorse to annihilate the past.

But let us assume the reality of the need and its satisfaction. Let us further assume that the conception of God as creator and guide is its one possible satisfaction. Of what nature is the conception thus secured? Clearly, as the result of a transcendental process, the conception is governed by the conditions that gave it birth. The transcendental self is an abstract principle unifying the disconnected phenomena presented in sensitive experience. Even so, this transcendental Deity is an abstract principle unifying the phenomena presented by the intellectual and moral conditions of the world. The world, says Mr. Balfour, is an absurdity without creation or guidance; very well, infer creation and guidance. More than this we have no authority to claim. And then, in a moment, we suddenly come upon Mr. Balfour speaking of "a living God"! Who is hypostatizing the abstract now? He is straying as far outside his mandate as any Fichte making the Ego rebound on nothing, and bounce back in the form of a material world. God, by the hypothesis, is a causative and a guiding principle, and there is no possible right to attribute one shred more of meaning to the conception than what is supplied by the method of its deduction. Is it needful to discuss the value of this result? Such a God is worthless and unmeaning: the result is as jejune as the process is illegitimate. This, then, is the end of the long quest—a baseless assumption, a fulfilment illicitly begotten by an imagined need on an illusive satisfaction, an identical proposition, an empty formula, a Nothing. Sooner than that, let us go back to our old paths that seem to conduct us now and again a step onward, even though it may be no step nearer the goal. Let us turn again and maze ourselves with our broken ingenious relations, and scrape ourselves with our blind industrious scalpels.

G. W. STEEVENS.

THE CYCLE

(BY A CYCLE-MAKER)

IT is common knowledge that we can float a much heavier weight than we can lift, and roll a much heavier weight than we can carry. Applied to human locomotion, this means that a man can wheel his weight far more easily than he can foot with it. Now, a latter-day Cyclist has thrice the speed of those that "pad the hoof," however speedily; and my purpose here is to show briefly some of the steps by which this remarkable consummation has been attained.

It is needless to hark back to the beginning of things. For practical purposes I may take up my tale as late as five-and-twenty years, or so, ago, when a Velocipede, or "Boneshaker," an improved variety of the old Draisene, or Dandy-horse, was brought from Paris to England. It was largely composed of the same materials, and it was built in much the same style, as an ordinary carriage. The spokes, hubs, rims, and tyres were exactly those of a carriage-wheel, only smaller; the bearings were like carriage-bearings; it was fitted with a simple connexion between the two wheels; it was provided with a spring and a saddle hinged in a socket; it was steered by a handle, directly connected to the front wheel, with a vertical, or almost vertical, fork; it was worked by a pair of pedals connected to cranks attached to the axle of the front wheel, and fitted in the upper part with grooves, or guides, to receive the rider's insteps. Not much more than walking pace could be got out of it; but it was found to have a pleasant gliding motion, and this prevented it from falling out of use. By the merest chance, a specimen was brought to Coventry; and my uncle, the late Mr. James Starley—acknowledged to be the man who strove above all others to fit the Velocipede, and more especially the Tricycle, for the public service—perceived its possibilities (or some of them), and in no great while contrived a machine on far better mechanical lines. It is scarce conceivable nowadays, but it is none the less a fact, that the first machine, although driven by the front wheel, which was about

thirty-six inches in diameter, was made with a hinder wheel of almost the same size ; or that it was considered quite the right thing to run alongside it, and, having imparted a momentum, vault into the saddle from the ground. It was not long before the fore-wheel was enlarged, and the rear one made considerably smaller ; a better spring was fitted ; a step was added, by which the rider could more easily bestride his mount. But despite these conveniences, the machine did not take to any great extent until the wheels were fitted with rubber (instead of iron) tyres. This done, it was not long before the wooden rim was replaced by one of metal, grooved to accommodate a rubber tyre, and metal tension spokes were substituted for the old-fashioned spokes of wood. From this point detail after detail was improved in rapid succession. Adjustable cone-bearings took the place of plain ones, and ball-bearings that of cones ; tubing supplanted solid metal in the framework ; rubber was substituted for wood in the pedal blocks, which, further, were applied to the ball of the foot instead of the instep. These improvements, with the many others which I cannot mention, all tended in the direction of lightness and speed : with the result that, though the general form remained the same, the Bicycle began to be in great demand.

It was a good thing of its kind ; but the use of it was restricted to young and active men, till Mr. Starley, working in the interest of those who were neither active nor young, devised the Coventry Tricycle. It had a large driving-wheel on one side, with two small wheels, coupled for steering, on the other ; but it was only driven from one side. It was followed by a Sociable Tricycle, with two small steering-wheels in the middle and a large driving-wheel on each side. Two driving chains connected the large wheel with the cranks, but each chain was independent of the other, so that the machine turned corners with freedom and ease. Very soon, however, Mr. Starley saw that unless the riders pedalled in perfect unison they set up a zigzag or lateral motion, and to prevent the resulting loss of power he invented the Balance (or Double) Driving-Gear, now fitted to every three-wheeled machine that is made. This remarkable device, with others, assured the popularity of the Tricycle ; and in the meanwhile inventors were doing their utmost to improve the Original or Ordinary Bicycle, so that the demand for both types of machine kept steadily ahead of the supply. At that time I had taken out a patent for a handlebar which, being fitted to an Ordinary, could be pushed forward and so locked in position that one could get a better pull and put more force on the pedals ; but it imparted a radial motion

to the arms when steering, and was not at all comfortable to use. Now, years before I had had the idea that what was wanted was a radical change; so, finding that riders had little objection to alter the position in which they sat, I resolved to design a type of machine which should be altogether new, and brought out the Rover (I thought for some time of calling it the Future cycle; but let that pass!) A complete change of form was necessary; but, the essential principles and points determined, that was a mere detail. I regarded the rider as the motive force; and, believing it absolutely necessary that he should be so placed that he could exert the greatest amount of power on his pedals, with the least amount of fatigue to himself—believing, also, that the machine of the future must be so made that such essentials as the crank-shaft, pedals, seat, and handles could be made easily adjustable—I decided to change my shape; make my wheels of a good rolling size; place my crank-shaft as near the ground as safety would permit; connect my back-wheel with my crank by means of a chain, so that the gear might be adjusted and varied at pleasure, and a short, strong man could ride with a fifty, a sixty, a seventy, or even a higher gear, while a tall, weak man could ride with a lower gear than the short, strong one; to give my saddle a vertical adjustment so that it could be raised or lowered at will; so to place my handles that they could be set forward or backward, raised or lowered, as might be desired; and, finally, to make it impossible for the pedalling to interfere with the steering.

Now, with the old-fashioned Ordinary, to put on full power the rider had to sit in such a position that, when his pedal was at its lowest, his leg was stretched and straight; so that a tall man could only ride a tall machine, and, as there was little or no adjustment, all cycles had to be built to scale. Then, the wheel was driven by cranks fastened direct to the axle, and the rider got one revolution of his driving-wheel to one revolution of his cranks. When he put on force, his pedal was in front of the centre of his driving-wheel; his forks sloped backwards and his handle was seldom, if ever, very much in front of the top of his forks; and the only way in which he could effectually put his weight upon his pedals was to double himself up over his handlebar. The Rover changed all that; but for the first year or two of its existence it met with very little success. Then, a few specimens being sent in various directions through the country, where they could be tested against other types, its qualities soon began to be recognised. Letters from all parts of the kingdom told of the conquest of hills impossible before; road races were

won on it; it put in an appearance on the racing tracks, and took to cutting records all round. To show the advance its introduction secured, I give, from Mr. Sturmey's official year-book, a comparative table of distances and times:—

On the Path.

Distance.	ROVER TYPE.			ORDINARY.				
	Year.	Time.			Year.	Time.		
miles.		hrs.	mins.	secs.		hrs.	mins.	secs.
1	1894	0	2	1 $\frac{3}{5}$	1890	0	2	28 $\frac{4}{5}$
5	"	0	10	57 $\frac{2}{5}$	1891	0	13	44 $\frac{1}{5}$
10	"	0	22	10 $\frac{2}{5}$	"	0	27	55 $\frac{1}{5}$
15	"	0	33	26 $\frac{4}{5}$	"	0	42	13 $\frac{3}{5}$
20	"	0	44	36 $\frac{1}{5}$	"	0	56	51
25	"	0	55	49 $\frac{1}{5}$	"	1	12	48 $\frac{3}{5}$
50	"	1	56	45 $\frac{3}{5}$	"	2	33	37 $\frac{3}{5}$
100	"	4	15	29 $\frac{1}{5}$	"	5	50	5 $\frac{2}{5}$
146	9	59	34
200	1894	9	8	4 $\frac{3}{5}$		(This is the longest distance recorded for the Ordinary Bicycle on the path.)		
250	"	11	32	26 $\frac{2}{5}$				
300	"	14	48	3 $\frac{2}{5}$				
350	"	17	43	11 $\frac{3}{5}$				
400	"	20	42	55 $\frac{1}{5}$				
450	"	23	29	54 $\frac{1}{5}$				

At Herne Hill, in the July of '94, Frank Shorland rode four hundred and sixty miles in 23 hours 58 minutes 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds: the longest distance ridden by any rider within the 24 hours. Only one of these distances has ever been beaten, and then it was by a tandem, which did the fifty miles in 1 hour 53 minutes 20 $\frac{2}{5}$ seconds, as against 1 hour 56 minutes 45 $\frac{3}{5}$ seconds. The Rover type has been equally successful on the road, nearly all the road-records having been made on it.

As early as 1886, Mr. Sturmey, of *The Cyclist*, wrote that it had "set the fashion to the world"; and indeed I think it is scarce too much to say that three-fourths of the cycling of to-day is due to it. It has been much changed in detail since its beginnings, but never in principle. Throughout the period of growth the Rubber Tyre had proved so satisfactory that, apart from the questions of flexibility and size, no change seemed either needful or desirable. Then came the Pneumatic Tyre, however; and some saw good points in it, while many others predicted its speedy departure. As for myself, I thought it nearly

perfect—in principle ; but I had grave doubts as to whether it could be so made as to become a practical and commercial success. It was, manufactured so carefully, however, by the Dunlop Tyre Company, which introduced it, that riders soon began to use it with impunity, and that, too, over the roughest of rough roads. It had “come to stay,” in fact ; and it would be hard to exaggerate the debt that cyclists owe to its inventor. It has made cycling luxurious in many places where without it cycling must have remained scarce possible. It has furnished, too, as far as may be, the equivalent to a prepared track (or railway): as, being made of thin material, which is filled with air under pressure, its outer surface is so flexible, that it readily gives before an obstacle, so that in passing over an uneven surface it absorbs vibration, at the same time that, unlike any other tyre, it imparts no uneven or jerky motion to your machine.

My space will not permit me to describe the many delicate details of construction which have been thought out, nor the many devices which have been tried for decreasing friction, increasing leverage, or obtaining greater power or speed. It must suffice me to note that cycle-making has reached a point at which improvement seems difficult. Most makers use the finest materials ; and twelve to thirteen-stone men now race without fear of breakage, at a rate of from twenty-five to thirty miles an hour, on machines that weigh about twenty pounds : which is less than two pounds of material for each stone-weight of rider. I need only add that the cycle, in its present form, is ridden by young and old, men and women, rich and poor ; that it affords a means of travelling great distances at a very good pace ; that, rationally treated, it provides many thousands of persons with a healthy and delightful form of recreation ; that its utility is recognised in fifty ways ; and that, so far as I can see, its popularity is likely rather to increase than to diminish with time. In some countries it is already a part of the national life. There are not many, I believe, in which it will not end in the long run by being popular, and there are none, I take it, in which, once naturalised, it will ever lose its ground.

J. K. STARLEY.

THE COMPLETE HUSBAND

(From *The Bannatyne MS.*, 1568)

TO luvè unluvèd it is ane pain,
For she that is my soverane
Some wanton man so hie has set her,
That I can get no luvè again,
But break my hairt and nocht the better.

When that I went with that sweet may
To dance, to sing, to sport and play,
And ofttimes in my arms plett her,
I do now mourn both nicht and day
And break my hairt and nocht the better.

When I was wont to see her go
Right trimly passing to and fro,
With comely smiles when that I met her,
I must now live in pain and woe
And break my hairt and nocht the better.

Whatt'n ane glaikit fule am I
To slay myself with melancholy,
Sen weel I ken I may not get her?
Or what suld be the cause, and why
To break my hairt and nocht the better?

My hairt, sen thou may not her please,
Adieu! As guid luvè comes as gaes;
Go choose another and forget her.
God give him dolour and disease
That breaks his hairt and nocht the better!

"Finis," quod ALEXANDER SCOTT
when his wife left him

TWO THIEVES

I.—THE ESCAPE OF JACK SHEPPARD.

IT was midnight when Jack Sheppard reached the leads, wearied by his magical achievement, and still fearful of discovery. The "jolly pair of handcuffs," provided by the thoughtful Governor, lay discarded in his distant cell; the chains which a few hours since had grappled him to the floor encumbered the now useless staple. No trace of the ancient slavery disgraced him save the iron anklets which clung about his legs: though many a broken wall and shattered lock must serve for evidence of his prowess on the morrow. The Stone-Jug was all be-chipped and shattered. From the Castle he had forced his way through a nine-foot wall into the Red Room, whose bolts, bars, and hinges he had ruined to gain the Chapel. The road thence to the roof and to freedom was hindered by three stubborn iron doors; yet naught stood in the way of Sheppard's genius, and he was sensible, at last, of the night air chill upon his cheek. But liberty was not yet: there was still a fall of forty feet, and he must needs repass the wreckage of his own making to filch the blankets from his cell. In terror lest he should awaken the Master-Side Debtors, he hastened back to the roof, lashed the coverlets together, and, as the City clocks clashed Twelve, he dropped noiselessly upon the leads of a Turner's house, built against the prison's outer wall. Behind him Newgate was cut out a black mass against the sky; at his feet glimmered the garret window of the Turner's house, and behind the winking casement he could see the Turner's servant going to bed. Through her chamber lay the road to glory and Clare Market, and breathlessly did Sheppard watch till the candle should be extinguished and the maid silenced in sleep. In his anxiety he must tarry—tarry; and for a weary hour he kicked his heels upon the leads, ambition still too uncertain for quietude. Yet he could not but catch a solace from his splendid craft. Said he to himself: "Am I not the most accomplished slip-string the world has known? The broken wall of every Round House in Town attests my bravery. Light-limbed though I be, have I not

forced the impregnable Castle itself? And my enemies—are they not to-day writhing in distress? The head of Blueskin, that pitiful thief, quivers in the noose; and Jonathan Wild bleeds at the throat from the dregs of a coward's courage. And what a triumph shall be mine when the Keeper finds the stronghold tenantless!" Now, unnumbered were the affronts he had suffered from the Keeper's impertinence, and he chuckled aloud at his own witty rejoinder. Only two days since the Gaoler had caught him tampering with his irons. "Young man," he had said, "I see what you have been doing, but the affair betwixt us stands thus: It is your business to make your escape, and mine to take care you shall not." Jack had answered coolly enough: "Then let's both mind our own business." And it was to some purpose that he had minded his. The letter to his baffled guardian, already sketched in his mind, tickled him afresh, when suddenly he leaps to his feet and begins to force the garret-window.

The Turner's maid was a heavy sleeper, and Sheppard crept from her garret to the twisted stair in peace. Once, on a lower floor, his heart beat faster at the trumpeting of the Turner's nose, but he knew no check until he reached the street-door. The bolt was withdrawn in an instant, but the lock was turned, and the key nowhere to be found. However, though the risk of disturbance was greater than in Newgate, the task was light enough: and with an iron link from his fetter, and a rusty nail which had served him bravely, the box was wrenched off in a trice, and Sheppard stood unattended in the Old Bailey. At first he was minded to make for his ancient haunts, or to conceal himself within the Liberty of Westminster; but the fetter-locks were still upon his legs, and he knew that detection would be easy as long as he was thus embarrassed. Wherefore, weary and an-hungered, he turned his steps northward and never rested until he had gained Finchley Common. At break of day, when the world re-awoke from the fear of thieves, he feigned a limp at a cottage door, and borrowed a hammer to straighten a pinching shoe. Five minutes behind a hedge, and his anklets had dropped from him; and, thus a free man, he took to the high road. After all he was minded to desert London and to escape awhile from the sturdy embrace of Edgworth Bess. Moreover, if Bess herself were in the lock-up, he still feared the interested affection of Mistress Maggot, that other doxy, whose avarice would surely drive him upon a dangerous enterprise; so he struck across country, and kept starvation from him by petty theft. Up

and down England he wandered in solitary insolence. Once, saith rumour, his lithe apparition startled the peace of Nottingham ; once, he was wellnigh caught begging wort at a brew-house in Thames Street. But he might as well have lingered in Newgate as waste his opportunity so far from the delights of Town ; the old lust of life still impelled him, and a week after the hue-and-cry was raised he crept at dead of night down Drury Lane. Here he found harbourage with a friendly fence, Wild's mortal enemy, who promised him a safe conduct across the seas. But the desire of work proved too strong for prudence ; and in a fortnight he had planned an attack on the pawnshop of one Rawling, at the Four Balls in Drury Lane.

Now, Sheppard, whom no house ever built with hands was strong enough to hold, was better skilled at breaking out than at breaking in, and it is remarkable that his last feat in the cracking of cribs was also his greatest. Its very conception was a masterpiece of effrontery. Drury Lane was the thief-catcher's chosen territory ; yet it was the Four Balls that Jack designed for attack, and watches, tye-wigs, and snuff-boxes were among his booty. Whatever he could not crowd upon his person he presented to a brace of women. Tricked out in his stolen finery, he drank and swaggered in Clare Market. He was habited in a superb suit of black ; a diamond fawney flashed upon his fam ; his light tye-periwig was worth no less than seven pounds ; while pistols, tortoise-shell snuff-boxes, and golden guineas jostled one another in his pockets. Thus, in brazen magnificence, he marched down Drury Lane on a certain Saturday night in November, 1724. Towards midnight he visited Thomas Nicks, the butcher, and having bargained for three ribs of beef, carried Nicks with him to a chandler's hard-by, that they might ratify the bargain with a dram. Unhappily, a boy from the Rose and Crown sounded the alarm ; for, coming into the chandler's for the empty ale-pots, he instantly recognised the incomparable gaol-thief, and lost no time in acquainting his master. Now, Mr. Bradford, of the Rose and Crown, was a head-borough, who, with the zeal of a triumphant Dogberry, summoned the watch, and in less than half-an-hour Jack Sheppard was screaming blasphemies in a hackney-cab on his way home to Newgate.

The Stone-Jug received him with deference and admiration. Three hundred pounds' weight of irons were put upon him for an adornment, and the Governor professed so keen a solicitude for his welfare that he never left him unattended. There was scarce a beautiful woman in

London who did not solace him with her condescension, and enrich him with her gifts. Not only did the President of the Royal Academy deign to paint his portrait, but (a far greater honour) Hogarth made him immortal. Even the King displayed a proper interest, demanding a full and precise account of his escapes. The hero himself was drunk with flattery; he bubbled with ribaldry; and touched off the most valiant of his contemporaries in a ludicrous phrase. But his chief delight was to illustrate his prowess to his distinguished visitors, and nothing pleased him better than to slip in and out of his chains. Confronted with his judge, he forthwith proposed to rid himself of his handcuffs, and he preserved unto the fatal tree an illimitable pride in his artistry. Nor would he believe in the possibility of death. To the very last he was confirmed in the hope of pardon; but, pardon failing him, his single consolation was that his procession from Westminster to Newgate was the largest that London had ever known, and that in the crowd a constable broke his leg. Even in the Condemned Hold he was unreconciled. If he had broken the Castle, why should he not also evade the gallows? Wherefore he resolved to carry a knife to Tyburn that he might cut the rope, and so, losing himself in the crowd, ensure escape. But the knife was discovered by his warder's vigilance, and taken from him after a desperate struggle. At the scaffold he behaved with admirable gravity: confessing the wickeder of his robberies, and asking pardon for his enormous crimes. "Of two virtues," he boasted at the self-same moment that the cart left him dancing without the music, "I have ever cherished an honest pride: never have I stooped to friendship with Jonathan Wild, or with any of his detestable thief-takers; and, though an undutiful son, I never damned my mother's eyes."

Thus died Jack Sheppard: intrepid burglar and incomparable artist, who, in his own separate ambition of prison-breaking, remains, and will ever remain, unrivalled. His most brilliant efforts were the result neither of strength nor of cunning; for so slight was he of build, so deficient in muscle, that both Edgworth Bess and Mistress Maggot were wont to bang him to their own mind and purpose. And an escape so magnificently planned, so bravely executed as was his from the Strong Room, is far greater than a mere effect of cunning. Those mysterious gifts which enable mankind to batter the stone walls of a prison, or to bend the iron bars of a cage, were pre-eminently his. It is also certain that he could not have employed his gifts in a more reputable profession.

II.—LOUIS-DOMINIQUE CARTOUCHE.

Of all the heroes who have waged a private and undeclared war upon their neighbours, Louis-Dominique Cartouche was the most generously endowed. It was but his resolute contempt for politics, his unswerving love of plunder for its own sake, that prevented him from seizing a throne or questing after the empire of the world. The modesty of his ambition sets him below Cæsar, or Napoleon, but he yields to neither in the genius of success: whatever he would attain was his on the instant, nor did failure interrupt his career, until treachery, of which he went in perpetual terror, involved himself and his comrades in ruin. His talent of generalship was unrivalled. None of the gang was permitted the liberty of a free-lance. By Cartouche was the order given, and so long as the chief was in repose, Paris might enjoy her sleep. But when it pleased him to join battle a whistle was enough.

Now, it was revealed to his intelligence that the professional thief, who devoted all his days and such of his nights as were spared from depredation to wine and women, was more readily detected than the *valet-de-chambre*, who did but crack a crib or cry "Stand and deliver!" on a proper occasion. Wherefore, he bade his soldiers take service in the great houses of Paris: that, secure of suspicion, they might still be ready to obey the call of duty. Thus, also, they formed a reconnoitring force, whose vigilance no prize might elude; and nowhere did Cartouche display his genius to finer purpose than in this prudent disposition of his army. It remained only to efface himself, and therein he succeeded admirably by never sleeping two following nights in the same house: so that, when Cartouche was the terror of Paris, when even the Great King trembled in his bed, none knew his stature nor could recognise his features. In this shifting and impersonal vizard, he broke houses, picked pockets, robbed on the pad. One night he would terrify the Faubourg St. Germain; another he would plunder the humbler suburb of St. Antoine; but on each excursion he was accompanied by experts, and the map of Paris was rigidly apportioned among his followers. To each district a captain was appointed, whose business it was to apprehend the customs of the quarter, and thus to indicate the proper season of attack.

Ever triumphant, with yellow-boys ever jingling in his pocket, Cartouche lived a life of luxurious merriment. A favourite haunt was a *cabaret* in the Rue Dauphine, chosen for the sanest of reasons, as

his Captain Ferrand declared, that the landlady was a *femme d'esprit*. Here he would sit with his friends and his women, and thereafter drive his chariot across the Pont Neuf to the sunnier gaiety of the Palais-Royal. A finished dandy, he wore by preference a grey-white coat with silver buttons; his breeches and stockings were on a famous occasion of black silk; while a sword, scabbarded in satin, hung at his hip. But if Cartouche, like many another great man, had the faculty of enjoyment, if he loved wine and wit, and mistresses handsomely attired in damask, he did not therefor neglect his art. When once the gang was perfectly ordered, murder followed robbery with so instant a frequency that Paris was panic-stricken. A cry of "Cartouche" straightway ensured an empty street. The King took council with his Ministers: munificent rewards were offered, without effect. The thief was still at work in all security, and it was a pretty irony which urged him to strip and kill on the highway one of the King's own pages. Also, he did his work with so astonishing a silence, with so reasoned a certainty, that it seemed impossible to take him or his minions red-handed. Before all, he discouraged the use of firearms. "A pistol," his philosophy urged, "is an excellent weapon in an emergency, but reserve it for emergencies. At close quarters it is none too sure; and why give the alarm against yourself?" Therefore he armed his band with loaded staves, which sent his enemies into a noiseless and fatal sleep. Thus was he wont to laugh at the police, deeming capture a plain impossibility. The traitor, in sooth, was his single, irremediable fear, and if ever suspicion was aroused against a member of the gang, that member was put to death with the shortest shrift.

Now, it happened in the last year of Cartouche's supremacy that a lily-livered comrade fell in love with a pretty dressmaker. The indiscretion was the less pardonable, since the dressmaker had a horror of theft, and impudently tried to turn her lover from his trade. Cartouche, discovering the backslider, resolved upon a public exhibition. Before the assembled band he charged the miscreant with treason, and, cutting his throat, disfigured his face beyond recognition. Thereafter he pinned to the corse the following inscription, that others might be warned by so monstrous an example: "Ci git Jean Rebâti, qui a eu le traitement qu'il méritait: ceux qui en feront autant que lui peuvent attendre le même sort." Yet this was the murder that led to the hero's own capture and death. Du Châtelet, another craven,

had already aroused the suspicions of his landlady: who, finding him something troubled the day after the traitor's death, and detecting a spot of blood on his neckerchief, questioned him closely. The coward fumbling at an answer, she was presently convinced of his guilt, and forthwith denounced him for a member of the gang to M. Pacôme, an officer of the Guard. Straightly did M. Pacôme summon Du Châtelet, and assuming his guilt for certitude, bade him surrender his Captain. "My friend," said he, "I know you for an associate of Cartouche. Your hands are soiled with murder and rapine. Confess the hiding-place of Cartouche, or in twenty-four hours you are broken on the wheel." Vainly did Du Châtelet protest his ignorance. M. Pacôme was resolute, and before the interview was over the robber confessed that Cartouche had given him rendezvous at nine next day. Thirty soldiers crept forth in the gray morning, "en habits de bourgeois et de chasseur," for the house where Cartouche had lain. It was an inn, kept by one Savard, near la Haulte Borne de la Courtille; and the soldiers, though they lacked not numbers, approached the Chieftain's lair shaking with terror. In front marched Du Châtelet; the rest followed in Indian file, ten paces apart. When the traitor reached the house, Savard recognised him for a friend, and entertained him with familiar speech. "Is there anybody upstairs?" demanded Du Châtelet. "No," replied Savard. "Are the four women upstairs?" asked Du Châtelet again. "Yes, they are," came the answer: for Savard knew the password of the day. Instantly the soldiers filled the tavern, and, mounting the staircase, discovered Cartouche with his three lieutenants, Balagny, Limousin, and Blanchard. One of the four still lay abed; but Cartouche, with all the dandy's respect for his clothes, was mending his breeches. The others hugged a flagon of wine over the fire.

So fell the Scourge of Paris into the grip of Justice. But once under lock and key, he displayed all the qualities which made him supreme. His gaiety broke forth into a light-hearted contempt of his gaolers, and the Lieutenant Criminel, who would interrogate him, was covered with ridicule. Not for an instant did he bow to fate: all shackled as he was, his legs engarlanded in heavy chains—which he called his garters—he tempered his merriment with the meditation of escape. From the first he denied all knowledge of Cartouche: insisting that his name was Charles Bourguignon, and demanding burgundy, that he might drink to his country and thus prove him a true son of the soil. Not even the presence of his mother and brother abashed

him. He laughed them away as impostors, hired by a false justice to accuse and to betray the innocent. No word of confession crossed his lips, and he would still entertain the officers of the Law with joke and epigram. Thus he won over a handful of the Guard, and, begging for solitude, he straightway set about escape with a courage and an address which Jack Sheppard might have envied. His delicate ear discovered that a cellar lay beneath his cell; and with the old nail which lies on the floor of every prison he made his way downwards into a boxmaker's shop. But a barking dog spoiled the enterprise: the boxmaker and his daughter were immediately abroad, and once more Cartouche was lodged in prison, weighted with still heavier garters. Then came a period of splendid notoriety: he held his court, he gave an easy rein to his wit, he received duchesses and princes with an air of amiable patronage. Few there were of his visitants who left him without a present of gold, and thus the universal robber was further rewarded by his victims. His portrait hung in every house, and his thin, hard face, his dry, small features were at last familiar to the whole of France. M. Grandval made him the hero of an Epic—"le Vice Puni." Even the theatre was dominated by his presence; and while *Arlequin-Cartouche* was greeted with thunders of applause at the Italiens, the more serious Français set *Cartouche* upon the stage in three acts, and lavished upon its theme the resources of a then intelligent art. M. Le Grand, author of the piece, deigned to call upon the king of thieves, spoke some words of *argot* with him, and by way of conscience money gave him a hundred crowns. But Cartouche set little store by such patronage. He pocketed the crowns, and then put an end to the comedy by threatening that if it were played again the companions of Cartouche would punish all such miscreants as dared to make him a laughing-stock. For Cartouche would endure ridicule at no man's hand. At the very instant of his arrest, all barefooted as he was, he kicked a constable who dared to laugh at his discomfiture. His last days were spent in resolute abandonment. True, he once attempted to beat out his brains with the fetters that bound him; true also, he took a poison that had been secretly conveyed within the prison. But both attempts failed, and, more scrupulously watched, he had no other course than jollity. Lawyers and priests he visited with a like and bitter scorn, and when, on November 27th, 1721, he was led to the scaffold, not a word of confession or contrition had been dragged from him.

To the last moment he cherished the hope of rescue, and eagerly he scanned the crowd for the faces of his comrades. But the gang, trusting to its leader's nobility, had broken its oath. With contemptuous dignity Cartouche determined upon revenge: proudly he turned to the priest, begging a respite and the opportunity of speech. Forgotten by his friends, he resolved to spare no single soul: he betrayed even his mistresses to justice. Of his gang, forty were in the service of Mlle. de Montpensier, who was already in Spain; while two obeyed the Duchesse de Ventadour as *valets-de-pied*. His confession, in brief, was so dangerous a document, it betrayed the friends and servants of so many great houses, that the officers of the Law found safety for their patrons in its destruction, and not a line of the hero's testimony remains. The trial of his comrades dragged on for many a year, and after Cartouche had been cruelly broken on the wheel, not a few of the gang, of which he had been at once the terror and the inspiration, suffered a like fate. Such the career and such the fitting end of the most distinguished marauder the world has known. Thackeray, with no better guide than a chap-book, was minded to belittle him, now habiting him like a scullion, now sending him forth on some petty errand of cly-faking. But for all Thackeray's contempt his fame is still undimmed, and he has left the memory of one who, as thief unrivalled, had scarce his equal as wit and dandy even in the days of Louis the Magnificent.

A PARALLEL.

If the seventeenth century was the golden age of the hightobyman, it was in the eighteenth that the burglar and street-robber plied their trade with the most distinguished success, and it was the good fortune of both Cartouche and Sheppard to be born in the nick of time. Rivals in talent, they were also near contemporaries, and the Scourge of Paris may well have been famous in the purlieu of Clare Market, before Jack the Slip-String paid the last penalty of his crimes. As each of these great men harboured a similar ambition, so their careers are closely parallel. Born in a humble rank of life, Jack, like Cartouche, was the architect of his own fortune; Jack, like Cartouche, lived to be flattered by noble dames and to claim the solicitude of his Sovereign; and each owed his pre-eminence rather to natural genius than to a sympathetic training. But, for all the Briton's artistry, the Frenchman was in all points save one the superior. Sheppard's brain carried him

not beyond the wants of to-day and the extortions of a Poll Maggot. Who knows but he may have been a respectable citizen, with never a chance for the display of his peculiar talent, had not hunger and his mistress's greed driven him upon the pad? History records no brilliant robbery of his own planning, and so circumscribed was his imagination that he must needs pick out his own friends and benefactors for depredation. His paltry sense of discipline permitted him to be betrayed even by his brother and pupil, and there was no cracksman of his time over whose head he held the rod of terror. Even his hatred of Jonathan Wild was the result not of policy but of prejudice. Cartouche, on the other hand, was always supreme when at work. The master of himself, he was also the master of his fellows. There was no detail of civil war that he had not made his own, and he still remains, after nearly two centuries, the greatest robber the world has known. Never did he permit an enterprise to fail by accident; never was he impelled by hunger or improvidence to fight a battle unprepared. His means were always neatly fitted to their end, as is proved by the truth that, throughout his career, he was arrested but once, and then not by his own inadvertence but by the treachery of others. Yet from the moment of arrest Jack Sheppard asserted his magnificent superiority. If Cartouche was a sorry bungler at prison-breaking, Sheppard was supreme in this dangerous art. The sport of the one was to break in, of the other to break out. True, the Briton proved his inferiority by so frequently placing himself under lock and key; but you will forgive his every weakness for the unexampled skill wherewith he extricated himself from the stubbornest dungeon. Cartouche would scarce have given Sheppard a menial's office in his gang. How cordially Sheppard would have despised Cartouche's solitary experiment in escape! To be foiled by a dog and a boxmaker's daughter! Would not that have seemed contemptible to the master-breaker of those unnumbered doors and walls which separate the Castle from the freedom of Newgate roof?

Such, then, is the contrast between the heroes. Sheppard claims our admiration for one masterpiece. Cartouche has a sheaf of works, which shall carry him triumphantly to the remotest future. And when you forget awhile professional rivalry, and consider the delicacies of leisure, you will find the Frenchman's greatness still indisputable. At all points he was the prettier gentleman. Sheppard, to be sure, had a sense of finery, but he was so unused to grandeur, that vulgarity

always spoiled his effects. When he hied him from the pawnshop, laden with booty, he must e'en cram what he could not wear into his pockets; and doubtless his vulgar lack of reticence made detection easier. Cartouche, on the other hand, had an unfailing sense of proportion, and was never more dressed than became the perfect dandy. He was elegant, he was polished, he was joyous. He drank wine, while the other soaked himself in beer; he despised whatever was common, while his rival knew but the coarser flavours of life. The one was distinguished by a boisterous humour, a swaggering pride in his own prowess; the wit of the other might be edged like a knife, nor would he ever appeal for a spectacle to the curiosity of the mob. Both were men of many mistresses, but again in his conduct with women Cartouche proved himself the better fellow. Sheppard was at once the prey and the whipping-block of his two infamous doxies, who agreed in deformity of feature as in contempt for their lover. Cartouche, on the other hand, chose his *cabaret* for the wit of its *patronne*, and was always happy in the elegance and accomplishment of his companions. One point remains to note. The two heroes resembled each other not only in their profession, but in their person. Though their trade demanded physical strength, each was small and slender of build. "A little slight-limbed lad," says the historian of Sheppard. "A thin, spare frame," sings the poet of Cartouche. Here, then, neither had the advantage, and if in the shades Cartouche despises the clumsiness and vulgarity of his rival, Sheppard may still remember the glory of Newgate, and twit the Frenchman with the barking of the boxmaker's dog. But genius is the talent of the dead, and the wise, who are not partisans, will not deny to the one or to the other the possession of the rarer gift.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

THE TIME MACHINE

VII.

A DISCOVERY.

BUT I was not beaten yet. I banged with my fist at the bronze panels. I thought I heard something stir inside—to be explicit, I thought I heard a sound like a chuckle—but I must have been mistaken. Then I got a big pebble from the river, and came and hammered till I had flattened a coil in the decorations, and the verdigris came off in powdery flakes. The delicate little people must have heard me hammering in gusty outbreaks a mile away on either hand, but nothing came of it. I saw a crowd of them upon the slopes, looking furtively at me. At last, hot and tired, I sat down to watch the place. But I was too restless to watch long; I am too Occidental for a long vigil. I could work at a problem for years, but to wait inactive for twenty-four hours—that is another matter.

“I got up after a time, and began walking aimlessly through the bushes towards the hill again. ‘Patience,’ said I to myself. ‘If you want your machine again you must leave that sphinx alone. If they mean to take your machine away, it’s little good your wrecking their bronze panels, and if they don’t, you will get it back so soon as you can ask for it. To sit among all those unknown things before a puzzle like that is hopeless. That way lies monomania. Face this world. Learn its ways, watch it, be careful of too hasty guesses at its meaning. In the end you will find clues to it all.’ Then suddenly the humour of the situation came into my mind: the thought of the years I had spent in study and toil to get into the future age, and now my passion of anxiety to get out of it. I had made myself the most complicated and the most hopeless trap that ever a man devised. Although it was at my own expense, I could not help myself. I laughed aloud.

“Going through the big palace, it seemed to me that the little people avoided me. It may have been my fancy, or it may have had something to do with my hammering at the gates of bronze.

Yet I felt tolerably sure of the avoidance. I was careful, however, to show no concern, and to abstain from any pursuit of them, and in the course of a day or two things got back to the old footing. I made what progress I could in the language, and, in addition, I pushed my explorations here and there. Either I missed some subtle point, or their language was excessively simple—almost exclusively composed of concrete substantives and verbs. There seemed to be few, if any, abstract terms, or little use of figurative language. Their sentences were usually simple and of two words, and I failed to convey or understand any but the simplest propositions. I determined to put the thought of my Time Machine, and the mystery of the bronze doors under the sphinx, as much as possible in a corner of memory, until my growing knowledge would lead me back to them in a natural way. Yet a certain feeling, you may understand, tethered me in a circle of a few miles round the point of my arrival.

“So far as I could see, all the world displayed the same exuberant richness as the Thames Valley. From every hill I climbed I saw the same abundance of splendid buildings, endlessly varied in material and style; the same clustering thickets of evergreens, the same blossom-laden trees and tree ferns. Here and there water shone like silver, and beyond, the land rose into blue undulating hills, and so faded into the serenity of the sky. A peculiar feature, which presently attracted my attention, was the presence of certain circular wells, several, as it seemed to me, of a very great depth. One lay by the path up the hill, which I had followed during my first walk. Like the others, it was rimmed with bronze, curiously wrought, and protected by a little cupola from the rain. Sitting by the side of these wells, and peering down into the shafted darkness, I could see no gleam of water, nor could I start any reflection with a lighted match. But in all of them I heard a certain sound: a thud—thud—thud, like the beating of some big engine; and I discovered, from the flaring of my matches, that a steady current of air set down the shafts. Further, I threw a scrap of paper into the throat of one; and, instead of fluttering slowly down, it was at once sucked swiftly out of sight. After a time, too, I came to connect these wells with tall towers standing here and there upon the slopes; for above them there was often just such a flicker in the air as one sees on a hot day above a sun-scorched beach. Putting things together, I reached a strong suggestion of an extensive system of subterranean ventilation, whose true import it was difficult to imagine. I was at first inclined to associate

it with the sanitary apparatus of these people. It was an obvious conclusion, but it was absolutely wrong.

“And here I must admit that I learned very little of drains and bells and modes of conveyance, and the like conveniences, during my time in this real future. In some of these visions of Utopias and coming times which I have read, there is a vast amount of detail about building, and social arrangements, and so forth. But while such details are easy enough to obtain when the whole world is contained in one's imagination, they are altogether inaccessible to a real traveller amid such realities as I found here. Conceive the tale of London which a negro, fresh from Central Africa, would take back to his tribe! What would he know of railway companies, of social movements, of telephone and telegraph wires, of the Parcels Delivery Company, and postal orders and the like? Yet we, at least, should be willing enough to explain these things to him! And even of what he knew, how much could he make his untravelled friend either apprehend or believe? Then, think how strait the gap between a negro and a white man of our own times, and how wide the interval between myself and these of the Golden Age! I was sensible of much which was unseen, and which contributed to my comfort; but, save for a general impression of automatic organisation, I fear I can convey very little of the difference to your mind.

“In the matter of sepulture, for instance, I could see no signs of crematoria nor anything suggestive of tombs. But it occurred to me that, possibly, there might be cemeteries (or crematoria) somewhere beyond the range of my explorings. This, again, was a question I deliberately put to myself, and my curiosity was at first entirely defeated upon the point. The thing puzzled me, and I was led to make a further remark, which puzzled me still more: that aged and infirm among this people there were none.

“I must confess that my satisfaction with my first theories of an automatic civilisation and a decadent humanity did not long endure. Yet I could think of no other. Let me put my difficulties. The several big palaces I had explored were mere living places, great dining halls and sleeping apartments. I could find no machinery, no appliances of any kind. Yet these people were clothed in pleasant fabrics that must at times need renewal, and their sandals, though undecorated, were fairly complex specimens of metal work. Somehow such things must be made. And the little people displayed no vestige of a creative tendency. There were no shops, no workshops, no sign of importations among

them. They spent all their time in playing gently, in bathing in the river, in making love in a half playful fashion, in eating fruit and sleeping. I could not see how things were kept going.

“Then, again, about the Time Machine: something, I knew not what, had taken it into the hollow pedestal of the White Sphinx. *Why?* For the life of me I could not imagine. Those waterless wells, too, those flickering pillars. I felt I lacked a clue. I felt—how shall I put it? Suppose you found an inscription, with sentences here and there in excellent plain English, and, interpolated therewith, others made up of words, of letters even, absolutely unknown to you? Well, on the third day of my visit, that was how the world of Eight Hundred and Two Thousand Seven Hundred and One presented itself to me!

“That day, too, I made a friend—of a sort. It happened that, as I was watching some of the little people bathing in a shallow, one of them was seized with cramp, and began drifting down stream. The main current ran rather swiftly, but not too strong for even a moderate swimmer. It will give you an idea, therefore, of the strange deficiency in these creatures, when I tell you that none made the slightest attempt to rescue the weakly crying little thing which was drowning before their eyes. When I realised this, I hurriedly slipped off my clothes, and, wading in at a point lower down, I caught the poor mite, and drew her safe to land. A little rubbing of the limbs soon brought her round, and I had the satisfaction of seeing she was all right before I left her. I had got to such a low estimate of her kind that I did not expect any gratitude from her. In that, however, I was wrong.

“This happened in the morning. In the afternoon I met my little woman, as I believe it was, as I was returning towards my centre from an exploration: and she received me with cries of delight, and presented me with a big garland of flowers—evidently made for me and me alone. The thing took my imagination. Very possibly I had been feeling desolate. At any rate I did my best to display my appreciation of the gift. We were soon seated together in a little stone arbour, engaged in a conversation chiefly of smiles. The creature's friendliness affected me exactly as a child's might have done. We passed each other flowers, and she kissed my hands. I did the same to hers. Then I tried talk, and found that her name was Weena, which, though I don't know what it meant, somehow seemed appropriate enough. That was the beginning of a queer friendship which lasted a week, and ended—as I will tell you!

“She was exactly like a child. She wanted to be with me always. She tried to follow me everywhere, and on my next journey out and about it went to my heart to tire her down, and leave her at last, exhausted and calling after me rather plaintively. But the problems of the world had to be mastered. I had not, I said to myself, come into the future to carry on a miniature flirtation. Yet her distress when I left her was very great, her expostulations at the parting were sometimes frantic, and I think, altogether, I had as much trouble as comfort from her devotion. And yet, she was, somehow, a very great comfort. I thought it was mere childish affection that made her cling to me. Until it was too late, I did not clearly know what I had inflicted upon her when I left her. Nor until it was too late did I clearly understand what she was to me. For, by merely seeming fond of me, and showing in her weak futile way that she cared for me, the little doll of a creature presently gave my return to the neighbourhood of the white sphinx almost the feeling of coming home; and I would watch for her tiny figure of white and gold so soon as I came over the hill.

“It was from her, too, that I learnt that fear had not yet left the world. She was fearless enough in the daylight, and she had the oddest confidence in me; for once, in a foolish moment, I made threatening grimaces at her, and she simply laughed at them. But she dreaded the dark, dreaded shadows, dreaded black things. Darkness to her was the one thing dreadful. It was a singularly passionate emotion, and it set me thinking and observing. I discovered, then, among other things, that these little people gathered into the great houses after dark, and slept in droves. To enter upon them without a light was to put them into a tumult of apprehension. I never found one out of doors, or one sleeping alone within doors, after dark. Yet I was still such a block-head that I missed the lesson of that fear, and, in spite of Weena's distress, I insisted upon sleeping away from these slumbering multitudes. It troubled her greatly, but in the end her odd affection for me triumphed, and for five of the nights of our acquaintance, including the last night of all, she slept with her head pillowed on my arm. But my story slips away from me as I speak of her. It must have been the night before her rescue that I was awakened about dawn. I had been restless, dreaming most disagreeably that I was drowned, and that sea-anemones were feeling over my face with their soft palps. I woke with a start, and with an odd fancy that some greyish animal had just rushed out of the chamber. I tried to get to sleep again, but I felt

restless and uncomfortable. It was that dim grey hour when things are just creeping out of darkness, when everything is colourless and clear cut, and yet unreal. I got up, and went down into the great hall, and so out upon the flagstones in front of the palace. I thought I would make a virtue of necessity, and see the sunrise.

"The moon was setting, and the dying moonlight and the first pallor of dawn were mingled in a ghastly half-light. The bushes were inky black, the ground a sombre grey, the sky colourless and cheerless. And up the hill I thought I could see ghosts. Three several times, as I scanned the slope, I saw white figures. Twice I fancied I saw a solitary white, ape-like creature running rather quickly up the hill, and once near the ruins I saw a leash of them carrying some dark body. They moved hastily. I did not see what became of them. It seemed that they vanished among the bushes. The dawn was still indistinct, you must understand. I was feeling that chill, uncertain, early-morning feeling you may have known. I doubted my eyes. As the eastern sky grew brighter, and the light of the day came on and its vivid colouring returned upon the world once more, I scanned the view keenly. But I saw no vestige of my white figures. They were mere creatures of the half-light. 'They must have been ghosts,' I said; 'I wonder whence they dated.' For a queer notion of Grant Allen's came into my head, and amused me. If each generation die and leave ghosts, he argued, the world at last will get overcrowded with them. On that theory they would have grown innumerable some Eight Hundred Thousand Years hence, and it was no great wonder to see four at once. But the jest was unsatisfying, and I was thinking of these figures all the morning, until Weena's rescue drove them out of my head. I associated them in some indefinite way with the white animal I had startled in my first passionate search for the Time Machine. But Weena was a pleasant substitute. Yet all the same, they were soon destined to take far deadlier possession of my mind.

I think I have said how much hotter than our own was the weather of this Golden Age. I cannot account for it. It may be that the sun was hotter, or the earth nearer the sun. It is usual to assume that the sun will go on cooling steadily in the future. But people, unfamiliar with such speculations as those of the younger Darwin, forget that the planets must ultimately fall back one by one into the parent body. As these catastrophes occur, the sun will blaze with renewed energy; and it may be that some inner planet had suffered

this fate. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that the sun was very much hotter than we know it. Well, one very hot morning—my fourth, I think—as I was seeking shelter from the heat and glare in a colossal ruin near the great house where I slept and fed, there happened this strange thing. Clambering among these heaps of masonry, I found a long narrow gallery, the end and side windows blocked by fallen masses of stone. By contrast with the brilliancy outside, it seemed at first impenetrably dark to me. I entered it groping, for the change from light to blackness made spots of colour swim before me. Suddenly I halted spellbound. A pair of eyes, luminous by reflection against the daylight without, was watching me out of the darkness!

“The old instinctive dread of wild beasts came upon me. I clenched my hands and steadfastly looked into the glaring eyeballs. I was afraid to turn. Then the thought of the absolute security in which humanity appeared to be living came to my mind. And then I remembered that strange terror of the dark. Overcoming my fear to some extent, I advanced a step and spoke. I will admit that my voice was harsh and ill-controlled. I put out my hand and touched something soft. At once the eyes darted sideways, and something white ran past me. I turned with my heart in my mouth, and saw a queer little ape-like figure, its head held down in a peculiar manner, running across the sunlit space behind me. It blundered against a block of granite, staggered aside, and in a moment was hidden in a black shadow beneath another pile of ruined masonry. My impression of it is, of course, imperfect; but I know it was a dull white, and had strange large greyish-red eyes; also that there was flaxen hair on its head and down its back. But, as I say, it went too fast for me to see distinctly. I cannot even say whether it ran on all fours, or only with its fore-arms held very low. After an instant's pause I followed it into the second heap of ruins. I could not find it at first; but, after a time in the profound obscurity, I came upon one of those round well-like openings of which I have told you, half closed by a fallen pillar. A sudden thought came to me. Could this Thing have vanished down the shaft? I lit a match, and, looking down, I saw a small, white moving creature, with large bright eyes which regarded me steadfastly as it retreated. It made me shudder. It was so like a human spider! It was clambering down the wall, and now I saw for the first time a number of metal foot- and hand-rests forming a kind of ladder down the shaft. Then the light burned my fingers and fell out of my hand, going out

as it dropped, and when I had lit another the little monster had disappeared.

“I do not know how long I sat peering down that well. It was not for some time that I could succeed in persuading myself that the thing I had seen was human. But, gradually, the truth dawned on me: that Man had not remained one species, but had differentiated into two distinct animals: that my graceful children of the Upper World were not the sole descendants of our generation, but that this bleached, obscene, nocturnal Thing, which had flashed before me, was also heir to all the ages.

“I thought of the flickering pillars and of my theory of an underground ventilation. I began to suspect their true import. And what, I wondered, was this Lemur doing in my scheme of a perfectly balanced organisation? How was it related to the indolent serenity of the beautiful Overworlders? And what was hidden down there, at the foot of that shaft? I sat upon the edge of the well telling myself that, at any rate, there was nothing to fear, and that there I must descend for the solution of my difficulties. And withal I was absolutely afraid to go! As I hesitated, two of the beautiful upperworld people came running in their amorous sport across the daylight into the shadow. The male pursued the female, flinging flowers at her as he ran. They seemed distressed to find me, my arm against the overturned pillar, peering down the well. Apparently it was considered bad form to remark these apertures; for when I pointed to this one, and tried to frame a question about it in their tongue, they were still more visibly distressed and turned away. But they were interested by my matches, and I struck some to amuse them. I tried them again about the well, and again I failed. So presently I left them, meaning to go back to Weena, and see what I could get from her. But my mind was already in revolution; my guesses and impressions were slipping and sliding to a new adjustment. I had now a clue to the import of these wells, to the ventilating towers, to the mystery of the ghosts: to say nothing of a hint at the meaning of the bronze gates and the fate of the Time Machine! And very vaguely there came a suggestion towards the solution of the economic problem that had puzzled me.

“Here was the new view. Plainly, this second species of Man was subterranean. There were three circumstances in particular which made me think that its rare emergence above ground was the outcome of a long-continued underground habit. In the first place, there was the

bleached look common in most animals that live largely in the dark—the white fish of the Kentucky caves, for instance. Then, those large eyes, with that capacity for reflecting light, are common features of nocturnal things—witness the owl and the cat. And last of all, that evident confusion in the sunshine, that hasty yet fumbling and awkward flight towards dark shadow, and that peculiar carriage of the head while in the light—all reinforced the theory of an extreme sensitiveness of the retina. Beneath my feet, then, the earth must be tunnelled enormously, and these tunnellings were the habitat of the New Race. The presence of ventilating shafts and wells along the hill slopes—everywhere, in fact, except along the river valley—showed how universal were its ramifications. What so natural, then, as to assume that it was in this artificial Underworld that such work as was necessary to the comfort of the daylight race was done? The notion was so plausible that I at once accepted it, and went on to assume the *how* of this splitting of the human species. I daresay you will anticipate the shape of my theory, though, for myself, I very soon felt that it fell far short of the truth.

“At first, proceeding from the problems of our own age, it seemed clear as daylight to me that the gradual widening of the present merely temporary and social difference between the Capitalist and the Labourer, was the key to the whole position. No doubt it will seem grotesque enough to you—and wildly incredible!—and yet even now there are existing circumstances to point that way. There is a tendency to utilise underground space for the less ornamental purposes of civilisation: there is the Metropolitan Railway in London, for instance, there are new electric railways, there are subways, there are underground workrooms and restaurants, and they increase and multiply. Evidently, I thought, this tendency had increased till Industry had gradually lost its birthright in the sky. I mean that it had gone deeper and deeper into larger and ever larger underground factories, spending a still-increasing amount of its time therein, till, in the end—! Well, even now, does not an East-end worker live in such artificial conditions as practically to be cut off from the natural surface of the earth? Again, the exclusive tendency of richer people—due, no doubt, to the increasing refinement of their education, and the widening gulf between them and the rude violence of the poor—is already leading to the closing, in their interest, of considerable portions of the surface of the land. About London, for instance, perhaps half the prettier country is

shut in against intrusion. And this same widening gulf—which is due to the length and expense of the higher educational process and the increased facilities for and temptations towards refined habits on the part of the rich—will make that exchange between class and class, that promotion by intermarriage which at present retards the splitting of our species along lines of social stratification, less and less frequent. So, in the end, above ground you must have the Haves, pursuing pleasure and comfort and beauty, and below ground the Have-nots; the Workers getting continually adapted to the conditions of their labour. Once they were there, they would, no doubt, have to pay rent, and not a little of it, for the ventilation of their caverns; and if they refused, they would starve or be suffocated for arrears. Such of them as were so constituted as to be miserable and rebellious would die; and, in the end, the balance being permanent, the survivors would become as well adapted to the conditions of underground life, and as happy in their way as the Overworld people were to theirs. As it seemed to me, the refined beauty and the etiolated pallor followed naturally enough.

“The great triumph of Humanity I had dreamed of took a different shape in my mind. It had been no such triumph of moral education and general co-operation as I had imagined. Instead, I saw a real aristocracy, armed with a perfected science and working to a logical conclusion the industrial system of to-day. Its triumph had not been simply a triumph over nature, but a triumph over nature and the fellow-man. This, I must warn you, was my theory at the time. I had no convenient cicerone in the pattern of the Utopian books. My explanation may be absolutely wrong. I still think it is the most plausible one. But even on this supposition the balanced civilisation that was at last attained must have long since passed its zenith, and was now far fallen into decay. The too-perfect security of the Overworlders had led them to a slow movement of degeneration, to a general dwindling in size, strength, and intelligence. That I could see clearly enough already. What had happened to the Undergrounders I did not yet suspect; but, from what I had seen of the Morlock—that, by-the-by, was the name by which these creatures were called—I could imagine that the modification of the human type was even far more profound than among the ‘Eloi,’ the beautiful race that I already knew.

“Then came troublesome doubts. Why had the Morlocks taken

my Time Machine? For I felt sure it was they who had taken it. Why, too, if the Eloi were masters, could they not restore the machine to me? And why were they so terribly afraid of the dark? I proceeded, as I have said, to question Weena about this Underworld, but here again I was disappointed. At first she would not understand my questions, and presently she refused to answer them. She shivered as though the topic was unendurable. And when I pressed her, perhaps a little harshly, she burst into tears. They were the only tears, except my own, I ever saw in that Golden Age. When I saw them I ceased abruptly to trouble about the Morlocks, and was only concerned in banishing these signs of her human inheritance from Weena's eyes. And very soon she was smiling and clapping her hands, while I solemnly burnt a match.

VIII.

THE MORLOCKS.

"It may seem odd to you, but it was two days before I could follow up the new-found clue in what was manifestly the proper way. I felt a peculiar shrinking from those pallid bodies. They were just the half-bleached colour of the worms and things one sees preserved in spirit in a zoological museum. And they were filthily cold to the touch. Probably my shrinking was largely due to the sympathetic influence of the Eloi, whose disgust of the Morlocks I now began to appreciate.

"The next night I did not sleep well. Probably my health was a little disordered. I was oppressed with perplexity and doubt. Once or twice I had a feeling of intense fear for which I could perceive no definite reason. I remember creeping noiselessly into the great hall where the little people were sleeping in the moonlight—that night Weena was among them—and feeling reassured by their presence. It occurred to me, even then, that in the course of a few days the moon must pass through its last quarter, and the nights grow dark, when the appearances of these unpleasant creatures from below, these whitened Lemurs, this new vermin that had replaced the old, might be more abundant. And on both these days I had the restless feeling of one who shirks an inevitable duty. I felt assured that the Time Machine was only to be recovered by boldly penetrating these mysteries of underground. Yet I could not face the mystery. If only I had had a companion it would have been different. But I was so horribly alone,

and even to clamber down into the darkness of the well appalled me. I don't know if you will understand my feeling, but I never felt quite safe at my back.

"It was this restlessness, this insecurity, perhaps, that drove me further and further afield in my exploring expeditions. Going to the south-westward towards the rising country that is now called Combe Wood, I observed far off, in the direction of nineteenth century Banstead, a vast green structure, different in character from any I had hitherto seen. It was larger than the largest of the palaces or ruins I knew, and the façade had an Oriental look: the face of it having the lustre, as well as the pale-green tint, a kind of bluish-green, of a certain type of Chinese porcelain. This difference in aspect suggested a difference in use, and I was minded to push on and explore. But the day was growing late, and I had come upon the sight of the place after a long and tiring circuit; so I resolved to hold over the adventure for the following day, and I returned to the welcome and the caresses of little Weena. But next morning I perceived clearly enough that my curiosity regarding the Palace of Green Porcelain was a piece of self-deception, to enable me to shirk an experience I dreaded, by another day. I resolved I would make the descent without further waste of time, and started out in the early morning towards a well near the ruins of granite and aluminium.

"Little Weena ran with me. She danced beside me to the well, but when she saw me lean over the mouth and look downward, she seemed strangely disconcerted. 'Good-bye, little Weena,' I said, kissing her; and then, putting her down, I began to feel over the parapet for the climbing hooks. Rather hastily, I may as well confess, for I feared my courage might leak away! At first she watched me in amazement. Then she gave a most piteous cry, and, running to me, began to pull at me with her little hands. I think her opposition nerved me rather to proceed. I shook her off, perhaps a little roughly, and in another moment I was in the throat of the well. I saw her agonised face over the parapet, and smiled to reassure her. Then I had to look down at the unstable hooks to which I clung.

"I had to clamber down a shaft of perhaps two hundred yards. The descent was effected by means of metallic bars projecting from the sides of the well, and these being adapted to the needs of a creature much smaller and lighter than myself, I was speedily cramped and fatigued by the descent. And not simply fatigued! One of the bars bent suddenly

under my weight, and almost swung me off into the blackness beneath. For a moment I hung by one hand, and after that experience I did not dare to rest again. Though my arms and back were presently acutely painful, I went on clambering down the sheer descent with as quick a motion as possible. Glancing upward, I saw the aperture, a small blue disk, in which a star was visible, while little Weena's head showed as a round black projection. The thudding sound of a machine below grew louder and more oppressive. Everything save that little disk above was profoundly dark, and when I looked up again Weena had disappeared.

"I was in an agony of discomfort. I had some thought of trying to go up the shaft again, and leave the Underworld alone. But even while I turned this over in my mind I continued to descend. At last, with intense relief, I saw dimly coming up, a foot to the right of me, a slender loophole in the wall. Swinging myself in, I found it was the aperture of a narrow horizontal tunnel in which I could lie down and rest. It was not too soon. My arms ached, my back was cramped, and I was trembling with the prolonged terror of a fall. Besides this, the unbroken darkness had had a distressing effect upon my eyes. The air was full of the throb-and-hum of machinery pumping air down the shaft.

"I do not know how long I lay. I was roused by a soft hand touching my face. Starting up in the darkness I snatched at my matches and, hastily striking one, I saw three stooping white creatures similar to the one I had seen above ground in the ruin, hastily retreating before the light. Living, as they did, in what appeared to me impenetrable darkness, their eyes were abnormally large and sensitive, just as are the pupils of the abyssmal fishes, and they reflected the light in the same way. I have no doubt they could see me in that rayless obscurity, and they did not seem to have any fear of me apart from the light. But, so soon as I struck a match in order to see them, they fled incontinently, vanishing into dark gutters and tunnels, from which their eyes glared at me in the strangest fashion. I tried to call to them, but the language they had was apparently different from that of the overworld people; so that I was needs left to my own unaided efforts, and the thought of flight before exploration was even then in my mind. But I said to myself, 'You are in for it now,' and, feeling my way along the tunnel, I found the noise of machinery grow louder. Presently the walls fell away from me, and I came to a large open space and, striking another match, saw that I had entered a vast arched cavern, which stretched into utter darkness

beyond the range of my light. The view I had of it was as much as one could see in the burning of a match. Necessarily my memory is vague. Great shapes like big machines rose out of the dimness, and cast grotesque black shadows, in which dim spectral Morlocks sheltered from the glare. The place, by-the-bye, was very stuffy and oppressive, and the faint halitus of freshly shed blood was in the air. Some way down the central vista was a little table of white metal, laid with what seemed a meal. The Morlocks at any rate were carnivorous! Even at the time, I remember wondering what large animal could have survived to furnish the red joint I saw. It was all very indistinct: the heavy smell, the big unmeaning shapes, the obscene figures lurking in the shadows, and only waiting for the darkness to come at me again! Then the match burnt down, and stung my fingers, and fell, a wriggling red spot in the blackness.

“I have thought since how particularly ill-equipped I was for such an experience. When I had started with the Time Machine, I had started with the absurd assumption that the men of the Future would certainly be infinitely ahead of ourselves in all their appliances. I had come without arms, without medicine, without anything to smoke—at times I missed tobacco frightfully!—even without enough matches. If only I had thought of a Kodak! I could have flashed that glimpse of the Underworld in a second, and examined it at leisure. But, as it was, I stood there with only the weapons and the powers that Nature had endowed me with—hands, feet, and teeth; these, and four safety matches that still remained to me.

“I was afraid to push my way in among all this machinery in the dark, and it was only with my last glimpse of light I discovered that my store of matches had run low. It had never occurred to me until that moment that there was any need to economise them, and I had wasted almost half the box in astonishing the Overworlders; to whom fire was a novelty. Now, as I say, I had four left, and while I stood in the dark, a hand touched mine, lank fingers came feeling over my face, and I was sensible of a peculiar unpleasant odour. I fancied I heard the breathing of a crowd of those dreadful little beings about me. I felt the box of matches in my hand being gently disengaged, and other hands behind me plucking at my clothing. The sense of these unseen creatures examining me was indescribably unpleasant. The sudden realisation of my ignorance of their ways of thinking and doing came home to me very vividly in the darkness. I shouted at

them as loudly as I could. They started away, and then I could feel them approaching me again. They clutched at me more boldly, whispering odd sounds to each other. I shivered violently, and shouted again—rather discordantly. This time they were not so seriously alarmed, and they made a queer laughing noise as they came back at me. I will confess I was horribly frightened. I determined to strike another match and escape under the protection of its glare. I did so, and eking out the flicker with a scrap of paper from my pocket, I made good my retreat to the narrow tunnel. But I had scarce entered this when my light was blown out, and in the blackness I could hear the Morlocks rustling like wind among leaves, and pattering like the rain, as they hurried after me.

“In a moment I was clutched by several hands, and there was no mistaking that they were trying to haul me back. I struck another light, and waved it in their dazzled faces. You can scarce imagine how nauseatingly inhuman they looked—those pale, chinless faces and great, lidless, pinkish-grey eyes!—as they stared in their blindness and bewilderment. But I did not stay to look, I promise you: I retreated again, and when my second match had ended, I struck my third. It had almost burnt through when I reached the opening into the shaft. I lay down on the edge, for the throb of the great pump below made me giddy. Then I felt sideways for the projecting hooks, and, as I did so, my feet were grasped from behind, and I was violently tugged backward. I lit my last match . . . and it incontinently went out. But I had my hand on the climbing bars now and, kicking violently, I disengaged myself from the clutches of the Morlocks, and was speedily clambering up the shaft, while they stayed peering and blinking up at me: all but one little wretch who followed me for some way, and well-nigh secured my boot as a trophy.

“That climb seemed interminable to me. With the last twenty or thirty feet of it a deadly nausea came upon me. I had the greatest difficulty in keeping my hold. The last few yards was a frightful struggle against this faintness. Several times my head swam, and I felt all the sensations of falling. At last, however, I got over the well-mouth somehow, and staggered out of the ruin into the blinding sunlight. I fell upon my face. Even the soil smelt sweet and clean. Then I remember Weena kissing my hands and ears, and the voices of others among the Eloi. Then, for a time, I was insensible.

H. G. WELLS.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE

THE NEW CURE FOR OUR ILLS IN THE COUNTRY

To the Editor of the NEW REVIEW

DEAR SIR—Living in these country parts, we are somewhat slow to get the news ; and I have but just heard that the Government, to ease our distress, has a plan for ploughing up the sand of the sea-shore. It is a good plan, and I write to say so. For, be sure, Mr. Editor, that this ploughing of sand is less costly and wasteful than ploughing our land for wheat at the prices of these latter days. And, moreover, it will find use for some hundreds, nay, thousands, of good ploughs, which will presently rot, since we are hurrying our land back to pasture, wherever it be not turning back of itself, through our great discouragement, to useless herbage. And, in the third place, this ploughing of the heavy furrows of the sand will find work for our men, some half of whom will have to stand idle when our fields have all been turned to grazing land. This is our prospect in these parts, nor do I take it to differ widely from England at large. Wherefore, as a practical man, I write this note ; for I take it that you in London want no more of our country folk ; and be sure that, if the plough stand still in England, finding no use in loam nor sand, a new army of country labourers will come to you, and you must find them work at your docks and elsewhere. Yes truly, for it is very truth I write.

J. SHORTREDE,
Yeoman.

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OF THE MAN FROM CORNWALL

(Being a further Episode in the Life of Dick Ryder, otherwise Galloping Dick, sometime Gentleman of the Road.)

NOW, my encounter with Sir Ralph Leybourne, which was the original of certain curious sequels, fell in this wise. I had danced a pretty lively sort of jig across country, and was now posting for the West, several shires, indeed, being at that time too warm for my toes. It was then my usage, as it has ever been, upon such alarms to settle in a private retirement, and hear the wind blow over my head; whether 'twas with Polly Scarlett in the Ratcliff Highway, or may be in a snug corner with some other Mrs. Bitchington. But of all these give me Polly for my taste. And now that the traps were out in town, and I was pictured thick in many a *Hue and Cry*, I was, for the nonce, in pursuance of this policy, for a cheerful seclusion in the distance. So it happened that at eight of the clock on that fift of April I set out from Sutton Valence, astride upon Calypso, and by midday drew up at a little village, a league or so t'other side of Bath. Here was a tolerable ale-house with a large bare room; and me and a red-haired stranger to fill it of ourselves.

If there be one character next to the habit of a prompt arm that best serves our profession, 'tis surely the property of a sharp observation, and so it was upon my companion that my eyes fell now with particular attention. He was a huge, lean-faced man, with tall, rough bones to his cheeks, and a pair of hard, cross-cut eyes—ugly to look on, but something superior in air, and of a certain interest to denote. Nor was his aspect pleasanter than his face, for he wore a nasty scowling look, and had the appearance of a fellow that would leap down your mouth ere you opened it. Now this was the man for my money. He challenged

me, and for the love of God I could not put a name upon his business ; which, as you may suppose, set me off in a twinkling.

I laid down my knife, took a draught of wine, and "Sir," says I, observing him in a friendly way, "for a townsman, as I should interpret you, you show a lively appetite." For there was he filling his belly with the meats in a greedy, hasty fashion, and never so much as a glance at me, or a civil by-your-leave.

At that he turned sharply, stared at me for an instant with a scowl, and then, seeming very lumpish, "No better than your own," says he in a surly voice. "Why, for myself," said I pleasantly, "I make no boast of an old maid's appetite. I can use a knife and platter with my fellows. But there is appetite," said I with emphasis, "and there is a ranting, roaring belly ; and the one I should think shame of, save under sore needs."

"You are scarce civil," says he, with a sour face on him, and shortly, as one who would be at no trouble to pick up a quarrel or pass a pat rejoinder. But I was in no humour to be thus put down.

"Why, then," said I, "to be civil is to sit stark before your meats, gulping like a hog, and for two gentlemen to lower across the table upon one another. If that be civility," says I, "damn your civility," I says.

The fellow went on with his meal without even the compliment of a word, at which I was somewhat nettled ; but seeing I was embarked upon the sally, Dick Ryder was not the man to cry quits with an ugly-visaged, cross-grained, country-bred oaf. And it struck me, too, at the moment that the cully might be one of my own calling, and in much the same plight as myself ; for 'tis notorious that some of our trade are surly rascals enough, with no more manners than a jackal.

"If it be," I resumed tartly, "that a pair of good eyes and a leash of sound legs and arms would be the better wanting in your company, then I take you," says I, "and, faith, I am in the heart to tolerate your reputable dudgeon. But I would have you to learn, my friend, that suspicion breeds suspicion, and that he is a fool who would not dare to carry off his case with a firm, high hand."

"What do you mean ?" he asks, in a startled voice. "I am no head at a guess," says I, sticking my finger at the thick, red soils upon his boots, "but I swear I can pin a point upon honest Quantock mud." I vow I never saw a man's face flame to such a sudden passion. His colour blew as strong as his hair, and he clapped his hand to his sword, muttering very angrily and with a suggestion of terror.

I laughed, and poured out a glass from the bottle. "Mark me," said I, with good humour, "'twas of *honest* Quantock loam I spoke. And 'tween you and me I'll warrant we are acquainted with the discrimination." "I am come," says he sulkily, "from Worcester." "And sure," said I, smiling, "that will serve very well to explain a monstrous appetite; and the rather that the road is poor, and the topsman hath a heavy hand."

Now he looked at me, as I saw, in some perplexity, and with an ingenuous frown of wonder; and with that I knew that I was taken up with a wrong notion, and I drew up mighty sudden, as you may fancy. Presently his eyes fell, and with an indifferent lift of his shoulders he resumed his guttling. It tickled me so to see his unhandsome gestures and his lumpish manner at table that, though I was ruffled by my rebuff and was casting about for some new gate, I could not refrain from laughter. I dropped my glass and chuckled forthright. At which he started again. "What the Devil——?" says he savagely. "Gad's my life, may a gentleman not pass his meal in peace, but you must bawl him out of comfort?"

"Rot me," said I, opening my eyes, and with some choler. "Here's a pretty piece of insolence. And may a gentleman not hug a jest with himself, but must go forth, forsooth, and split himself among the dogs? Stab me," says I, "my young gentleman, you will neither be merry with me, nor suffer me to be merry alone."

He stared at me, as though about to retort upon me, but apparently thinking better of his course. "I beg your pardon," said he, but too bluntly for courtesy. "I was mistook."

"Why, come now," says I amiably, "you make amends like a man of honour, and I will do myself the favour of asking you to a glass with me."

An expression of annoyance beset his features, but he durst not well decline me, and, indeed, I was in no spirit for refusal. I shifted up my chair within reach, and we jingled our glasses.

"A pint of warm wine," said I genially, "is the finest specific for an empty stomach these raw spring days." Considering that he was then three-parts through a capon, with pasties to boot, here was a pretty point enough, but he took no notice of the sally. "True," he answered, briefly. And finding him thus so much disposed to conversation I pushed back my chair, and, lolling in it, surveyed him with a friendly care. I was now less than ever near the knowledge of his calling, but I was to make a smart push for it.

"Goods," says I, smiling broadly, and with an air of intelligence, "are sunk most dismal low this season." "Ah!" says he, vacantly. "Why," I went on, seeing he kept his tongue, "there was a dozen pieces of holland sold in London last week, and that of the finest, at no more than four shillings the ell."

"Ah!" says he again, and adds, "Indeed!" indifferently. "You may well say that," says I, "but 'tis a fact of my own knowledge. Broadcloth, silk drugget, and brocades—s'bud, I know not which lies in the worse case in the markets. Now, in your own experience," says I, "what price have you put upon ——"

"Why, man," says he, interrupting me sharply, "what the Devil! Do you take me for a ——" and there he stopped mighty quick. "O well," says he in another voice, "yes, yes, I find 'em one as bad as another," he says. "And black Colchester bays?" says I. "Ah, yes, yes, that too," says he, nodding: "Colchester bays, too." I could scarce hold from laughing at the droll creature, as he sat waggling his head sagely upon terms he had never so much as heard, and casting restless shots out of his cross-eyes upon me. But I sat grave enough, and looking to him of a sudden, "But you," says I, in a tone of inquiry, "will be no snip, I'll dare swear?"

"Damme, no!" says he, flushing in a moment, and then adds hurriedly, "Well, no—not a snip—no, not quite, that is," and fell to frowning uncomfortably.

"No," said I cheerfully, "I took your measure when I first set eyes on you. But your sword—'twas that put me off in the start. But now," I says, laughing, "I understand how you come by that."

"Oh, yes, now, of course," he replied, echoing me a bewildered laugh of his own. "Does it pay you well?" I asked. "Pay?" he said, stupidly. "O well," says he, "tolerably, tolerably."

"I've had half a mind to it myself," said I, meditatively. "In these hard times a man may do very much worse." He nodded. "And with good honest fare," says I, "and the price of a flask now and then." He nodded again, frowning more than ever. "And on a particular private service, a guinea from one's master." He drew up his red head, staring at me haughtily. "Specially," I went on, "for a secret service to carry letters ——"

To say the truth I had wellnigh forgot the premier business of my adventure; so tickled was I to put this egregious fellow upon prickles. But at my last words, and ere the full sentence was off my lips, he

turned of a sudden deathly pale, stuck his hand again to his sword, and took a fit of shivers. "Damnation!" he cried, all in a blaze of fury. He squinted abominably as his eyes raked me, and one hand crept in a tremor to the cuff of his jacket. Now, I am a man of speedy wits, as indeed 'tis needful in my trade, and in a flash I was aware that I had come upon some more desperate affair than I had imagined. Moreover, the real meaning of his appearance there, I know not how, ran suddenly in my head. But I was my own master, in despite of this; and though, for sure, I felt like whistling, instead, keeping a very demure face, and answering his look with mere surprise, I said: "What is it?" said I. "You ha'n't been robbed?" He glared at me speechless half-risen in his seat, and occupied in gulping his emotion.

"Faith!" I said, with a grin, "an' you present the lady with the letter in a face like that, I'll warrant you, she shall have a fit, and you a beating from your master." He gave vent to a snort of relief, as it seemed, and fell back in his chair, pretty limp. "Ha' some more wine," says I cheerfully. He gulped down a draught, and the colour ran into his cheeks again. He even looked at me with a sickly grin. "I feared," said he, "I had forgot the *billet-doux*."

"Ha, ha!" says I in a manner of raillery, "sink me! but you're a fine rascal for a love-sick gentleman. And I'll swear, too, 'tis no less than an assignation." He nodded, with a miserable kind of wink, and bobbed his nose into the wine, seeming very much pleased with himself. But now I was gotten very big with the notion I had in my head and looked to put it to the test. Indeed, I miscalled myself a fool in that the idea had not taken me earlier, with all those stirring rumours from the South, where that silly cully of a Monmouth was setting the countryside by the ears. The splashes upon my neighbour's feet and legs lay as thick as a Devon brogue might ha' laid on his tongue, and I could almost swear to every mile since he had ridden forth of Tiverton. And with that the shape of my new behaviour came to me boldly.

"Look'ee," says I, speaking earnestly. "Across the main length of this table when I first crossed my legs under it, I liked the fancy of you; and though 'twas in a fashion of snarling you showed your teeth at me, why I mind you none the worse for a fire-eater."

"Go on," said he, regarding me with wonder.

"Come, then," I went on. "You're too good a lad for this fetching and carrying. Your sword brags too loudly for the business. There's a cut about your face that derides you at it; and your hair is not the

colour of a lackey's periwig. If I was you," says I, "sink me, but I'd set up myself for a gentleman of fortune."

"What would you have me do? Where should I turn for a living?" he asked, looking amused.

"You talk of living," said I with a wink. "But, mark'ee, young fellow, there's also dying. And a man may die with his sword in his fist—the faster the better." "Well?" he says, grinning. I bent over, and tapping him on the shoulder, said, very mysteriously, "Come with me," says I. He lifted his brows, interrogating me. "Oh yes," says I, "but there's many a good man is like to follow where I am for." "Where is that?" says he. "Why," says I in a whisper, "to the side of King James III," says I, "by the grace of God, King of England and Scotland and Lord of Ireland."

I felt him give a sudden start under my hand, but, taking no notice, I winked at him and nodded. "Oh!" he cries, looking close at me, and speaking in a lower voice, "so you're for the Prince, are you?" "Hush!" says I, looking about me. "This ground is not safe."

He followed my looks with a little display of timidity, and then returned to the contemplation of myself. He inspected me narrowly, and afterwards dropped his eyes, shrugging his shoulders. "I am no hand with a sword," said he.

I was no longer in any doubts. He was certainly from the seat of the insurrection, and as like as not with important papers. Indeed, his whole bearing was of a man that feared to be taken. But I pressed him a little closer. "Ah!" I cried, feigning to rally him. "But I can see you have used a gully upon requirement. Think on it. I'll vow to further you. An' his Sacred Majesty had ten such swords as mine he would be in no needs of whistling for more, and James of York were best a-sporting at St. Germans with his newest doxy."

Now, I will acknowledge 'twas my own default, for I had put myself all along upon his own level as a gentleman's footboy; and he, poor man, must perforce take me at my own reckoning. But when he broke out into his harsh satirical laughter, it made me mad.

"Oh, his new Majesty is in luck," says he laughing, "with a sword such as yours at his call. And as for James Stuart——" Here he fell a-laughing in a loud rasping country fashion that was ill for me to bear. My temper is of the quickest, and, whoever he might be, I was not for suffering the insolence of a dung-fork like him. "Faith, then," said I, starting red, "since you show such an appreciation of my sword, 'tis at

your service." "Pish, man," said he, still laughing, "sit down." But I was fair boiling now, and the thought that he could thus entreat me with such good-humoured indifference out of a belief that I was the poor huckster I had made myself out, made me the more resolute to show my mettle. I rapped my sword out sharply. "You are pleased, sir," said I, fiery-red, "to laugh at me."

"Why," says he, with the first twinkle in his eyes that I had seen, "and may not a gentleman hug a jest to himself, but must rather go forth among the dogs for his laughter."

I was a little staggered at his ready use of my own rebuke, but I was equal to him in a moment. "True," I says, "your jest is your own, poor though it be. Laugh an' you will. But damn me," says I, "you shall not squint at me." At that he turned scarlet himself, and scowling at me, "You're an impudent rogue," says he. "Draw," says I, and made at him.

He whipped out his iron, and was putting it up with a black expression on his phiz, when all of a sudden a noise of voices and stamping in the passage interfered between us. His weapon dropped, as indeed did mine also. He stared at the door fearfully, and next at me. Nor was I myself very comfortable, for, as you are aware, I was then in particular demand at half-a-dozen Assizes.

"What is this?" he asked, speaking very low. "Why," said I, with a sort of laugh, "it seems someone has come with a *billet-doux* for you or me."

He took a sudden rush at the window, but on that instant the door was flung open and a packet of soldiers broke into the room. My companion turned, sword in hand, and so again did I, not knowing what turn affairs were taking. But of me they took no heed, for it seems that they had full notice of their man and had indeed been on his heels a matter of two days. And so, while we two stood in great disconcert and irresolution, a young man, somewhere near my own height, and of a very lively cast of face, stepped out of the troop, sword in hand, and confronted the man from Cornwall. "Mr. Baverstock," says he, with a bow, and bringing his hat to his knees, "I regret that you must consider yourself my prisoner."

The chamber sounded with the clank of spurs; and the doorway filled with dragoons; but my man was as game as a bantam, or rather as a bubbly-jock, for he was now the colour of his hair all over. "Prisoner be damned," he cried with a sneer, and ran upon the other

without more ado. But the Captain, for so I understood him, took a step back and made play with his point. He stood as cool as a fencing-master, and was more than the match of my squinting friend, who, for all that he made a smart show, being far gone in passion, soon concluded the affair on his own account. Presently I saw the soldier's rapier bend and glimmer; there was a jerk and a twitch, and Master Red-Head's toasting-fork was flying in the air above my head. In a second the privates moved up, and had their prisoner in hand. The thing fell with such dispatch that I could not but admire the ease of its process, but 'twas as much the spunk of the man Baverstock as the skill and nicety of his opponent that took my fancy; and "Bravo!" I cried, "bravo!"

Thereupon the Captain turned, and seeming to observe me for the first time, looked me up and down, and ended with a good-humoured grin in my face. "And who the Devil may you be?" says he, smiling.

"Rot me, Captain," says I, "as to that. Think of me merely as one," says I, "that lacks the occasion to try swords with you." "As to that," he replied, observing me closer and with more interest, "maybe we shall better the chance in good time."

"Why, yes," says I, on an impulse I could not withstand, for the man drew me so. "And here's to the opportunity." And with that I filled a glass, and pushing it at him lifted my own to my lips. He eyed me askew, in a fascinating way he had, from under his bent brows, and then burst into laughter. "And here, my good sir, is to the opportunity," he said. This took me right in the stomach for fellowship. "And 'fore gad," says I a little roughly, "we'll break a bottle on it." He tossed off his wine. "And 'fore gad, sir," says he gaily, "we will."

And thus it was that I became acquainted with Sir Ralph Leybourne. I called for the landlord and Sir Ralph sat down, but then, seeming to recollect, turned to his prisoner, where he stood gloomily within a ring of the dragoons. "Mr. Baverstock," says he, "I am no thief-taker, nor no spy-catcher neither, and if a gentleman of good west-country blood shall choose to set himself up a new sovereign, 'tis nothing against his gentility whatever it be to his oath. But an' you will give me your word, you shall stay here, and," here he swept a graceful bow towards me, "perhaps this gentleman will suffer me a guest and to order for us all." But Baverstock, if that was his name, merely gave him a savage look. "I will give no word," said he. Sir Ralph shrugged his shoulders. "As you will," he said in another voice;

and then to his men, "You had better lay in a stock of food for yourselves, and see you hold your prisoner fast," he says. When they were gone he turned to me smiling, and, "It seems," says he, "that in the hopes of cutting out each other's hearts we must first grow friends over wine."

"Why not?" said I stoutly. "I love a gallant sword, and a passage-at-arms is a sure passage to friendship." "In this case 'tis the bottle," he objected. "Bottle or blade," said I, "I will find some way to your heart, Sir Ralph." He inquired of me with his eyes for a moment with a sort of indifferent good-humour. "Let us drink, at least," said he, "I'll warrant we will both make friends with the wine." I regarded him closely as we drank. He put back his head and swallowed the liquor at a gulp, winked at me, and then, noting some tangle in his lace, slowly combed it out with his long white fingers. He was much taken up with this same lace, stroking out his ruffles and preening himself with a fastidious taste. And then he seemed, at last, to remember me again, and looking at me showed his teeth.

"Another glass, ch?" he observed. I nodded, and we refilled our glasses. But then again, after he had drunken, his attention wandered like the eyes of a light o' love. He hummed a ribald snatch of song without more consideration of my presence than if I had been a boy, and his glance strayed about the room. But presently returning to himself and finding me staring at him, says he, in a very winning fashion, "Well," says he, "do I find grace in your sight, O Lord?" "Sir Ralph," said I, "you warm my heart. You're the man for me if there's never another in the world. As for women, damn 'em," I says. At this he was pleased to go off into merriment, rapping his glass upon the table in applause, and, throwing back his handsome locks, "Why here is praise," says this popinjay; "fie, fie," and laughs immoderately. And then, "Why where is my manners," he cries, "to have sat down to wine without a knowledge of my worthy host?"

"My name, Sir Ralph," said I, "is Ryder, at your command, and I pursue the life of a gentleman of ease."

"And a damned good calling," he says heartily. "And I'll swear you make an excellent living of it."

I looked at him with a suspicious eye, for the turn of his words took me aback; but he regarded me very innocently. And "You are a friend, then," he asked, "of my poor Baverstock, there?"

"Friend!" says I, "as much of a friend as to be drawing upon him

on your interruption." "Why," he says laughing, "a very proper sign of friendship—as we agreed." "I cannot abide sour looks," I said.

"Aye," said he, "he is of a fanatical design; and so, in sooth, are they all. I have never clapped eyes on His Gracious Majesty King James, but I am a good servant of his, and the King is the King, and there's an end. While, as for his Grace of Monmouth, Mr. Ryder, he is a fool who should think one should be born a bastard and begotten a king." "You speak my own sentiments," said I.

He rose now, and sweeping off his hat, with his heels together, "Mr. Ryder," he said mockingly, but with no shadow of offence in his voice, "God or the Devil imposes an end to pleasant company, and we must now part—I to my service and you to your ease." "Until we meet," I put in, and returning his bow with as much magnificence as himself. "Ah!" he replied, "I have an uncommon bad memory. But you must jog it, Ryder, you must jog it."

I accompanied him from the inn, and when we were got into the open, there was all his little company scattered under the huge elm before the doorway, and the man Baverstock set somewhat apart in the charge of two dragoons, looking very black and disconsolate. I had some pity for the fellow, for he was by no means white-livered, and drawing near, gave him a friendly sort of glance. He looked back at me startled, and with a sudden light in his eyes, and appeared to consider very deeply. Then, keeping a wary gaze upon his guards, edged off towards me as near as he dared. There was a commotion of chatter under the elm, and this proceeding went unnoticed. But it was something of a surprise to me, who at the moment had no guess of what the fellow wanted. But when he was come close enough, he spoke very hurriedly and in a low voice. "Sir," says he, "are you a true man? and are you, in truth, for Monmouth?"

"To the first, yes," said I promptly, "and as to the second, why, after that, 'twill need no answer." He made, as though to search me right through with his squint. "I must e'en trust you," he whispered. "See here, I am taken upon a journey of vast moment. But that's no matter for myself, if it were not for what I carry. I have about me papers that must soon be dragged forth and paraded before James Stuart's eyes. You——" He paused and looked at me very troubled.

I put out my hand, for the man's courage was agreeable. "I will deliver them," says I, "or burn them." For a moment more he wavered, and next, with a shifty glance behind him, "I must trust you," he says

desperately, and with a nervous action of his fingers began plucking at his long cuffs. But at that instant, and ere more could pass between us, Sir Ralph's voice broke in like a pistol-shot.

"The Devil take you, Ryder," said he angrily, "stand aback there, or you and I shall have to make of that little affair a matter of business rather than of diversion ; and that mighty soon."

Baverstock dropped his hands, aghast, being the next second in the clutch of the soldiers ; while as for me, this smart command was hardly to my custom. "The sooner the better, Sir Ralph," said I, as sharp as himself. "And I have yet to learn that a gentleman may not have speech of a gentleman, wherever King James or King Monmouth may poke in his nose." "Indeed," says he, "Captain Ryder, as you yourself should know, there are bounds to the liberty of the road."

He had given me a title for the first time, and my renewed suspicion of his meaning, together with the malice of his answer, went direct to my marrow, and forthright I drew on him. But he shook his head, laughing again in his old temper. "Not now, Captain," said he, "but later, maybe, you will give me another chance."

For all that my blood was hot, I was fain to admit he came off with the better grace ; but he bore such an air with him that I put up my sword without a word, and watched him in a mixture of fury and admiration. The men were mounting in their saddles, and he now joined them. Never had I encountered with a man so much of my own kidney. We were as like in disposition and in quality as two oranges, and upon the High-Toby (to which he was a sore loss) he would have achieved an admirable practice. And yet I was like at that time to have disengaged myself from his life once and for all, had it not been for what followed immediately. The troop, being now in order, with Baverstock in the thick of it, was wheeling off upon the Bristol Road, Sir Ralph at the head, when, shifting in his saddle, he waved his sword to me merrily. "To our next meeting, Captain," he cried, "and prythee, an' thou lovest me, let it fall soon, and upon a fine night and a good road."

"Damn me," I shouted, the blood surging of a sudden in my head, "but you shall find no quarrel with date, nor time, nor circumstances, or hang me for a cutpurse." I heard the sound of his laughter, as the horses took the corner ; and it was there and then I got the resolution. I had no more liking for Baverstock than I should spend upon an attorney ; save that he was a fellow of spirit. But I had acquired a

strange fancy for Sir Ralph, and it maddened me that he should have thus put a mock upon me. Well, the enterprise was come upon my hands, and I was now for seeing the end, the more resolutely for his taunt. My wits are quick enough, and I had the true course of my policy ere you could hop out of a saddle. So it was that, after a moment's reflection, I called for my reckoning, and climbing Calypso, struck my spurs into her flank and made by the crossroads for Bristol. I reached the town, somewhere, as I guessed, within an hour of Sir Ralph's company; but I was not precipitate for the surprise; I must needs leave a while for strategy; and so, putting my mare to her bed, I made my quarters at a little hostelry within the heart of the town. 'Twas not until the morrow, and near the stroke of six, that I set foot first within the precincts of the Castle. Colonel Biddulph was a bluff man by reputation, with an open affection for the bottle; but, whether or no he was in wine I know not, I confess he met me very roughly indeed. Upon hearing my business, though he was obviously well pleased with my information, he used me with such contumely that I was hard put to it to keep from his cravat. He cross-questioned me sharply, and when I stuck to my story, turning on his heels without further words, called one of his servants to bring Sir Ralph Leybourne. I smiled to myself to imagine his astonishment upon seeing me there in the Governor's room and about this business, but indeed upon his entrance he disordered me with his first shot.

"Hullo!" cries he, quite gaily. "What, my pet knight-errant in this respectable company! Captain Ryder," says he, shaking his finger at me, "ha' you come for the bottle I owe you, that you figure thus boldly in the precincts of justice?" "What, do you know this fellow?" says the Governor in an amaze. Sir Ralph peers at me roguishly. "Well, sir," said he, "if my eyes be still in my head, it should be a truculent gentleman whom I met yester morning at the Three Thorns out of Eckhurst."

"Ah," says the Governor. "Well you shall deal with him, as you know him. He is a rogue who is to do us the service of finding the despatches upon Baverstock for a consideration. See him brought to the prisoner, and watch him carefully."

At this, Sir Ralph seemed a good deal staggered, and a very different change came across his features. "Hum!" said he, "'tis a dirty business, for which I have no stomach."

The Governor motioned me to follow, which I did in silence, for though I was much mortified I held my temper pretty tight, being resolved to settle the account later, and to my own satisfaction. But Sir Ralph was of too cheerful and lively a nature to be long silent, and as we proceeded to the cells he could not refrain his tongue. It was: "Hark'ee, Ryder, and I take leave to say you're a damned canting rascal," and then in a high-pitched arrogant voice: "And keep a good yard to the fore, Ryder, lest I nose you for a stinkard"; with many other little jibes of the like colour. But all the time I kept my teeth together, and without ever a sign on my part we came at last to the dungeon in which Baverstock was cast. Flinging open the door, Sir Ralph bade me enter, and there I stood in the presence of the man I was to betray. He seemed surprised to see me, as he very well might be, but there was no time for looks, for Sir Ralph curtly ordered me to my job.

"Here's a friend of yours, Mr. Baverstock," says he, "who has taken a sudden fancy for King James, and is come to show it on your own person. I am very sorry for you," says he.

Baverstock regarded me at the first with wonder, and with growing suspicion, and then with a horrible glare of hate. He uttered an abominable oath, and turned to Sir Ralph, who stood looking out of the window. "Sir Ralph," he says, "you are at least a gentleman like myself. Is this the orders that I shall be subject to the familiar insults of a villainous footboy?"

"On the contrary," said Sir Ralph drily, "I believe him to be a very accomplished highwayman."

"Sir Ralph," says I sharply, for I would put up with this no longer, "an' this business is to be done, it must be done in your presence. I shall be obliged, therefore, for your face." He whipped round quickly and shot an angry glance at me. "Nay, my good scoundrel," he said. "'Tis not a job to my stomach. A turnkey shall serve your turn." Thereupon he was stamping towards the door when I stopped him.

"Sir Ralph," says I in another voice, "there's need for you and me to finish this matter atween us. 'Tis true that the gentleman yonder has about him certain papers of value. I had it from himself. Moreover, 'tis certain also that I know where they are hid." Baverstock glared at me, and Sir Ralph bit his lip and frowned. "Well?" he cried impatiently. I laughed. "Turn the key i' the lock, Sir Ralph," says I,

“for the opportunity of our quarrel is now come, and we must risk no interception.”

He started, and opened his mouth, and then fell to whistling slowly, while a pleasant smile grew on his face. “Why, damn me, Ryder,” says he, “what a strange rogue you are, for sure!” He paused, looking at me thoughtfully. “But this is madness, Ryder,” says he, presently. “Come, come, Sir Ralph,” said I; “let me jog your memory.” He was still staring at me, but seemed to wake up, and broke into a merry laugh. “What, you would make a rescue!” he cried. “I would give you the occasion you have asked,” said I, bowing. Again he paused, and at last, “By God! Ryder,” he cried, “cutpurse, canter, or gentleman of the road, you’re a man after my own heart.”

“Here’s a pair of us, then,” said I, smiling. And, “In truth, I will not deny the company,” says he; “but,” he added, “I have a mind to spare you.” “What do you mean?” I asked. “Come,” he says, “I have already forgot this gentleman’s hiding-place. Is’t in his boots, eh? or perchance in his red hair? I vow I misremember, and yet I swear you did your business.” For answer I drew my sword on him, but as yet he made no movement. “My poor Ryder,” he said, “know you not that, should I not finish you myself, there’s a score of stout fellows without the door?”

“Pooh!” said I. “And there’s a key to the door.” Suddenly he turned, and stepping to the gate of that dungeon shot the bolt softly. “I wash my hands of you,” said he, drawing his own weapon at last. “But stay, we must not fight here, or the noise will reach the sentries.” He seemed to consider, and then going to the further wall, took a key from the bunch he held, and turned it in the lock of a second door which was half-hid by the darkness. “Here’s the room for our entertainment,” he said, and following on his heels I found myself of a sudden enveloped in the blackness of night.

“We may not fight here,” said I. “And why not?” he asked, laughing. “We shall meet then on level terms, for I would not take you at the disadvantage of my skill—thief though you be.” “Damn you!” I cried angrily, “what is this gabble about thief? Come, put up your weapon, an’ you will fight in the dark.”

Now the chamber, as I have said, was of the thickness of a foul night, there being no entrance for the light, as I discovered afterwards, save by a little low window looking forth on a deep ditch, the which was now involved in the fall of evening: so that neither he nor I might

discern between the shadows. I heard him try the point of his sword upon the stone floor, but by this, and the door being shut, I had lost all count of his direction ; and then he called to me, his voice coming from the further end of the dungeon.

“Are you ready, Ryder?” he said. I gave him the answer in a clear voice, that he might be at no disadvantage from ignorance of my position, and then moved openly into the centre of the chamber. “Your spurs clank,” says he. “You had best take ’em off, my friend.” “An’ you hold not your tongue,” says I, “it will answer my spurs well enough.” He laughed. “Have at you,” says I, and made a thrust for the sound. But he must have broke away at the moment, for my point took nothing but empty air, and I was wellnigh my length upon the floor.

For himself, he made no noise, and a silence fell upon the dungeon, broken by little sounds and starts from everywhere, for the wind and the rain were playing without, and the human noises within, if there were any, I might not disserve from these signals of the storm. And so for a time there was no transaction upon the part of either. What he was at, I know not, nor indeed had I the least inkling of my own intention, save to watch and to listen in jealous circumspection for my own person. It was like no fight upon which I was ever engaged, and I did not favour the notion of it. For there was I on my side waiting in the horrid blackness, sword in my hand, eager for every sound amid the uproar of the elements, and expectant to be lanced through the groin any moment by the man, for whom I was so far from having any bitterness but I would gladly have shook hands with him there and then. You must conceive me, in this notable predicament, and regretting the job with all my heart, while I listened, straining like a cat at bay. And suddenly a brisker noise to my left set me spinning round, and I struck out fiercely. At the same moment our weapons clinked together, and the next instant his point was stinging in my arm. “Touched, Ryder, touched,” said he merrily ; and at that, feeling the prick, and being now gotten to quarters, I fell sharply to the exchanges with a better stomach. ’Twas a Bedlam business, and I can mind the feel of it to this day. Our swords clinched and clashed, but according with no rules, owing to the remarkable blackness. At the first he whistled away, but bye-and-bye, warming to the work, and, as I suppose, losing something of his breath, he gave up, and I heard only now and then the noise of his hard breathing. We had by this both grown very serious, and I’ll

warrant that he wanted blood of me for his pricks as much as I demanded it of him. And then, as it fell out, the tip of my blade took his shoulder. He swore under his breath.

"S'dearth, Ryder," he cried, "'tis the way to my gizzard. Here's for yours," and came at me more hotly. And this state of affairs ran on for something over the half-hour, so that we soon came to feel worn. I felt now that I had the uppermost of him, being at once more agile in the darkness, and of sharper ears; whereas he may have been the better swordsman—I never knew—so all of a sudden, and when I was pushing him very hard and heard the sounds of distress in his throat, partly, no doubt, because of his wound, I says, "Sir Ralph," says I, "this thing has gone far enough."

"Ha!" cried he, through his panting. "I have you winded, my fine fellow." "Nay," I replied, "for my own part I am in no hurry to quit. Yet why should we be at this labour for a man whom I do not reckon at a straw?" "Fie, Ryder, fie!" says he, "to go back thus upon a friend!" "Indeed," said I, "'twas no friendship but a very common vanity set me on to this; and now that I am like to worst you, I am in no mind to slay a man for the value of a humour." "Worst me!" says he, with a touch of haughtiness; "my good man, I begin, for the first time, to think you have a fear."

But this was too much for me, and I made no more effort to reconcile him, but, on the contrary, beset him lustily. And then began the last scene in that remarkable affair. We were both spent with fatigue, but he was farther gone than myself, and, besides, had his wound. We were now, according to my guess, somewhere about the middle of the room. We directed ourselves by instinct, and 'twas no saying whether the blade would run into the air, meet steel with steel, or cut and hack upon the body. I was, myself, picked out with a score of bloody places, and, being weak for loss of blood, was for ending the hellish business with all despatch. And thus, with thrust and parry, aimed and taken at random, we pushed across the flagstones, he receding slowly from my reach. But presently he seemed to rally, and his blade came whizzing for my vitals. Ere the point struck I was back a foot, and lunging forward sent in my own iron upon the level from my shoulder. It lit upon his sword, and then slid up; but the blow was so hot that still the point ran on, and the next I was aware had slipped softly into something, and the hilt was fetched back in my hand with a jar. All of a sudden there was a dull bang, as a head upon the wall,

and a shrill and horrible scream rang out in that black and fatal chamber. The heavy fall of a body upon the stones ensued, and my sword was jerked from my shaking hand. "Sir Ralph," I cried, "Sir Ralph!" in an alarm, for the shriek in a manner affected my nerves, stiff though they be with a rough life.

And there was a voice calling upon me feebly, and suddenly all was quiet. I stooped over his body, groping for it in the dark as best I might; and the first thing my fingers happened upon was my own sword, which, following downward, took me to his face. And at that and without further inquiry, I fetched up, with my heart in my mouth, for I knew now the meaning of that sickening scream. And there was never a sound from the dead man, but I, fingering in his breast, felt the pulse of his heart was gone.

I remember that I stood up and gazed stupidly into the black vacancy. Sir Ralph was dead as a maggot, and there was the topsman for me, and Baverstock too. This set me thinking, and presently I ran smartly into the other cell, where the fellow himself lay unconcerned in the dusk upon the boards. "See, here," said I, surlily enough, "it seemed that the price of your liberty is the price of a life, and as 'tis a habit of mine to pocket what I buy, come along and ask no questions; for 'tis your head as well as mine's in danger."

He followed me into the inner cell, where, after a short exploration, we hit upon the little window of which I have spoken, and which looked forth low upon a wide ditch half-full of very muddy water. There was a bar across it, which shook to the touch, and this it appeared we might remove; at least 'twas our one chance. "Wrench!" says I to Baverstock, and we shook together. Whether 'twas our united strength, or that the bar was insecure, and the masonry inferior, the room being long out of occupation, I know not; but the iron gave, and there was our egress ready. I squeezed through the narrow hole and dropped plump into the water, whither my companion followed; and, scrambling out upon the farther side, we came presently by devious bye-ways upon the meadows. I was in no mood for talking, as you may believe, neither by reason of my wounds, and the wetting which made them smart, nor because of the horrid affair of Sir Ralph's death. Indeed, I was more than impatient to be rid of the man that had brought me into this needless business. And so, when he turned to me in a formal fashion and spoke out his thanks, my temper broke.

"Sir," says he, very stiffly, "in the name of King James III, I
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thank you for these services to-day. Rest assured that they shall not be forgotten when his Majesty comes to his own."

'Twas then I turned on him savagely. "As for your King James," says I, "or King Byblow, what the Devil is it to me? Let him go hang or go rot," says I. "But damn my soul!" I says, "I have just let the life out of the only man I could ha' took for friend, and all for a squinting country lout. And, damn your soul!" I says, "but I will take toll of you for the fact."

Whereat, taking him by the throat, I made him deliver, for all his oaths and his fury. And a pretty sum I took upon that occasion, as I remember well, the which bought a box of dainty trinkets for Mrs. Polly.

H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

TWO DEMAGOGUES

A PARALLEL AND A MORAL

ROUGHLY speaking, there are three ways of looking at practical politics. One is the point of view of the Superior Person. He stands aloof to criticise, and his concern, which is dashed with a genial scorn, is with the inartistic results achieved; the disproportion between the labour and the effect attained; the bewildering variety in what is literally an artless combination of every kind of material and style; the bulging walls and the queer make-shift props by which they are supported—is, in a word, with the gross, open, and palpable crudeness and awkwardness of the whole edifice. It is a cheap and an easy part, and the actor wisely follows Mat. Arnold's advice, and keeps without the sphere of practice. The second point of view is that of what I shall call the Political Gambler. To him practical politics are an entertaining and a profitable game, and the end thereof is the securing of as many counters as may be; which counters are votes; which votes are ultimately exchangeable for office and for power. The Political Gambler recognises that there are rules of the game: rules which are strict and may not be broken without dishonour, but are referable to no standard outside the game; inasmuch as they exist for the convenience of himself and his kind, and constitute the sole conditions under which the game is possible. You must not spy upon your adversary's hands; you must follow suit; you must pay the penalty of your mistakes; and so on, and so on. The third and last standpoint is that of the Working Politician. Him the Superior Person regards with an even greater disdain than the Political Gambler himself: for the Gambler's theory of politics is at least intelligent—if not admirable—but the other's is neither. Now, the Working Politician is a "tradesman," not an artist. He cannot choose his subject, nor can he forge his tools, nor pick his material. His design is sketched for him by those dear old "circumstances over which he has no control"; his tools are an inheritance from innumerable genera-

tions of ancestors, and though they are modernised from time to time, they are always clumsy, antiquated, and rude ; while his material is just what happens to come to hand—is gold, silver, marble, wood, rubble, rubbish, bricks without mortar, mortar but no bricks, as the case may be. He is quite as conscious as the Superior Person that his results are patchwork. He knows not only that they are so, but even that they must be so. It is not possible to pull the house down and put it up again after a Heaven-inspired design ; or it may be that down the house would come. But even so, he would realise that, while reconstruction was proceeding the children must go roofless. So he goes on ever from shift to shift : propping up an old wall instead of building a new one ; using marble, because it chances to be handy, where brick would serve the turn as well ; patching with wood and rubble, where he knows that costlier and more permanent material were preferable—if he could but lay hands on it ; sometimes using bad and perishable stuff as a deliberate counterpart to other bad and perishable stuff, as a doctor prescribes this poison to minimise the effects of that. In fact, he is no Wren erecting a cathedral, but a Crusoe botching a hut.

This prelude is called forth by the admirable and, in the main, most accurate, sketch of the political career of the late Lord Randolph Churchill which appeared over the signature "X.," in the last number of *The New Review*. That Lord Randolph was a demagogue is absolutely true ; and the demagogue—who, of course, belongs to the second of the three classes enumerated at the outset—is the favourite "horrible example" of the Superior Person. He is a cockshy—so large a cockshy, too, that scarce the clumsiest can miss him—for witticism and criticism, for epigram and jibe. Yet in given conditions he is more than a necessary evil : he is an indispensable factor. That is how the Working Politician sees, and that is how the Working Politician uses, or should use, him. Votes, after all, are of extreme importance to the Working Politician. And the demagogue's sole business is to get them. They stand to the Working Politician in very much the same relation as advertisements to an editor ; and the demagogue is like the canvasser in a newspaper office. There are certain classes of advertisements which, the canvasser knows, cannot be accepted, and there are certain methods of obtaining advertisements which the editor cannot sanction. Subject to these limitations, the canvasser and the demagogue go about their business in the same way ; and if you choose to make your canvasser joint-editor of your paper,

or your demagogue joint-leader of your party, you must take the consequences. They will probably be ruinous unless—as generally happens after a brief experiment—the canvasser renounces editing for canvassing, and the demagogue abandons leading for demagoguing. For, in truth, the demagogue is necessary, as the paid political agent is necessary, or as the bill-sticker who sets forth the party squibs is necessary; and it matters little what his official rank, so long as he is not allowed to lead. It was, therefore, the great misfortune, though it was hardly the fault, of the Conservative Party that in 1885 its ablest canvasser became as it were joint-editor. Lord Randolph Churchill was invaluable in his own important and limited capacity: he was impossible in the position which he assumed, or in which he found himself. Manhood suffrage—and that is what our suffrage is, or might as well be—introduces the Working Politician to a vast number of very coarse people (I use the term in no offensive sense, but merely as the antithesis of refined). Coarse people want the truth in a coarse form. And none was better qualified to give it in that form—which is not to everybody's liking—than Lord Randolph. His social position made the work easy; his temperament made it congenial.

I have dwelt thus much on his career, because I want to make my reader understand the exact position of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and what its limitations ought to be. It is rather amazing that no parallel has hitherto been drawn between the public lives of the two men. For, *mutatis mutandis*, they were singularly alike. It is true that Lord Randolph was born at Woodstock the son of a Duke, and the other at Birmingham the son of a manufacturer; that the one came into the world with a gold spoon in his mouth, while the other had to hammer his spoon out of Brummagem silver; that the one was an aristocrat and the other a plutocrat. But it is none the less hard to realise that the two careers were coincident in time, and that neither was modelled on the other. The aristocrat sought in political success an amusement which the other resources of his class did not afford him; the plutocrat aspired to a social distinction which was scarce to be attained by any other means than politics. Neither had any principles to speak of: for in the beginning neither had any political knowledge, while each was badly in want of a political education, and had to pick up his politics as he went. A single trip up the Nile, for instance, enabled Mr. Chamberlain to cut his Imperial tooth (as it were) and to stomach certain facts at which his gorge had risen before. Lord

Randolph was by way of being a Tory, because he was the son of a Duke, and because he drew his first breath in a Tory atmosphere ; and Mr. Chamberlain was a Radical, because he was born and bred in Birmingham, where Radicalism was once as native as the hardware trade, and it never occurred to a budding politician to be anything else. In fact the two men started from different points ; but the lines of their political careers not only ran parallel, but were continued ever so far in one direction, and, in defiance of Euclid—met in the end !

Lord Randolph entered Parliament in '74, because he had a pocket borough at his disposal ; but he does not seem to have seen the fun of politics till after the Tory rout in '80. Mr. Chamberlain—after an unsuccessful attempt at ousting Mr. Roebuck from the representation of Sheffield in the former year—succeeded Mr. Dixon as member for Birmingham in '76. As he was Lord Randolph's senior by some years, and as he had long since set his ambition on political power, he got to work at once. So that by '80 he was politically somebody, while Lord Randolph, as I have said, was politically nobody. But the methods of their advancement were singularly alike, and if either played the plagiary from the other, it was certainly the older member and the younger man. Thus, in the Eighties he attacked the Old Gang and its leader Sir Stafford Northcote, and indulged in ill-bred references to Marshall and Snelgrove. But Mr. Chamberlain had set him the example in the Seventies by seeking to bring about the defeat of Mr. Forster : Mr. Forster, who was within an ace of succeeding to an Elijah's mantle with which its owner did not intend to part ! Did Lord Randolph insult Sir Stafford in the Commons ? But Mr. Chamberlain had already patented the device by most insolently referring to Lord Hartington as " the late Leader of the Liberal party." And so, as we shall see, until the end.

In '80, then, Lord Randolph Churchill was an unknown quantity in politics, while Mr. Chamberlain was a quantity which Mr. Gladstone, at any rate, was disposed to treat as negligible. And here, in bare justice to him, it must be remarked that the true story of his accession to Cabinet rank disposes once and for all of that ridiculous charge of ingratitude to his chief which the Separatist has so freely urged against him. He has nothing to be thankful for, so far as Mr. Gladstone is concerned. He was not invited to join the Cabinet, he was not even admitted to the Cabinet : he was just pitchforked into the Cabinet. That and no more. The Radical faction returned in '80 was strong

enough—not to dictate terms to Mr. Gladstone but—to make things unpleasant for the Premier who should ignore its claims. Sir Charles Dilke was the most conspicuous and the most influential member of that faction: he had his own reasons for not seeking Cabinet rank at that moment, but he insisted upon promoting Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Gladstone accepted his nominee with a certain reluctance. True, that reluctance was very largely due to his old-fashioned objection to mushroom growths and untried hands; but the two men never liked each other, and never could. Both were born on the same level; but Mr. Gladstone was an aristocrat at Eton and Christ Church, and Mr. Chamberlain has never to this day quite freed his garments and phylacteries from the fustiness and the flue which men observe in the back-parlour of the Provincial Mayor.

But to revert to my parallel. Mr. Chamberlain was pitchforked into a high place in the Liberal hierarchy; Lord Randolph pitchforked himself into the virtual leadership of the Conservatives in the Commons; and what was the effect on both? What but that both pursued, under modified conditions, the methods by which they had found their way to the top? It may be doubted if either understood at all what is implied in the word "loyalty." Why should they? The demagogue fights for his own hand, and uses the party to which he attaches himself as a means to an end. I will take a single instance in each career. The most disastrous mistake the Tories have made in modern times was in accepting office in '85, after Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues had compassed the fall for which they rode so ostentatiously and well. It was a mistake which could not have occurred under Lord Beaconsfield's leadership, and—indirectly—it had consequences, the possibility of Home Rule among them, which were immediately disastrous, and are palpable still. That mistake was mainly attributable to Lord Randolph's resolve for blood. He threatened to abandon his candidature for Birmingham and to retire into private life, unless Lord Salisbury accepted Her Majesty's invitation to take office. In the bewildered and disorganised condition of the party the masterful will prevailed: the Old Gang was broken up, and Randolph the Demagogue was transformed into Randolph the Statesman. Well: in '86 Mr. Chamberlain joined Mr. Gladstone's Third Administration; his critics say (with some show of reason) with the intention of contributing to its downfall. By that time he had pledged himself to the Unionist cause, and he knew as well as Lord Hartington, or Sir Henry

James, or the late Mr. Bright, that no Bill the irresponsible craft or the preposterous subtlety of his leader might devise could meet the conditions with which his leader must comply, and at the same time disarm the objections to Home Rule which the best among his followers entertained. But he could make himself more important (and more conspicuous) by joining and resigning than by following the example of his Unionist colleagues; and he became Mr. Gladstone's colleague for the last time. To a purpose one remembers yet.

In the Cabinet, too, the conduct of both men was singularly alike, and was dictated—so I must infer—by kindred motives. The mystery about the proceedings of the Cabinet is not impenetrable. There may be obscurity as to details, but there is very little doubt about general results. If a house-door suddenly opens, and you see a figure fleeing down the steps, and have the vision of a foot at the coat-tails thereof, you need no great capacity for deduction to convince yourself that there has been a row. And if, further, you recognise the figure, and can assign the boot to its proper owner, and know—generally—the house's inner story, you can piece things as easily together as if you had seen and heard the whole affair. Now, the Opposition has its Cabinet as well as the Ministry; and Lord Randolph got rid of the Old Gang—or a goodly section of it—before Lord Salisbury's Administration was formed. For Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir Richard Cross were sent up into the House of Lords; and, if they were left in the Cabinet, their locks were shorn, and their strength was taken from them.

Mr. Chamberlain's position, when he was interjected into Mr. Gladstone's second Ministry, was not so strong as Lord Randolph's in Lord Salisbury's. But he, too, was determined to get rid of a Statesman whose overthrow he had sought before; and he succeeded in his design. It is not denied that Mr. Forster's resignation of the Chief Secretaryship was virtually his work. Mr. Forster was a strong man in his rugged northern way. But he was too modest, too diffident of his own judgment, to cope with that arrogant and relentless assurance which has been a chief factor in Mr. Chamberlain's success. He was hampered, baffled, thwarted, at every turn; and when at last, on Mr. Chamberlain's instruction, Mr. Gladstone's Government consented to the Treaty of Kilmainham, he could endure his place no more. Still, he had his revenge, and a good revenge it was. For I take it that no more striking scene has ever been witnessed in the Lower House than when the retiring Chief Secretary read out the Chamberlain-O'Shea

Correspondence—with that notorious suppressed passage! And it is commonly (but shrewdly) conjectured, I believe, that but for that reading, Mr. Chamberlain might have ruled at Dublin Castle, after Lord Frederick Cavendish's most unhappy murder.

This is not by any means Mr. Chamberlain's sole achievement in the gentle art of crisis-making. Indeed, so masterful are his methods that Mr. Gladstone has had in his hands—and more than once—the resignations of at least two foremost colleagues; and the difference has ended, most times, in a compromise both ruinous to the country and disastrous to the reputation of the Party. The last, and the greatest row of all, I may add, was provoked by Mr. Chamberlain on the eve of the Government defeat in '85; for then the Cabinet was actually breaking up on the question of Ireland: one faction, led by Mr. Chamberlain, being resolutely opposed to any form of Coercion: when a judicious piece of failure on the part of the Ministerial Whips enabled it to disguise its hopeless disagreement. Now, Lord Randolph's methods were slightly different, I know; but their object was the same. In the closing days of '86 he sought to subordinate the rest of the Cabinet to his sole will, not by demanding or forcing the resignation of any of his colleagues, but by threatening his own. In the circumstances, the expedient was of the silliest; and it failed. He was taken at his word, and the place he had made himself in politics knew him no more. The Member for West Birmingham would never have made so ruinous a mistake. But, then, it must be remembered, the Member for West Birmingham has never been known to lose his nerve; and in '86 Lord Randolph's was already giving way.

Again, the attitudes of the two were curiously like, even with regard to Home Rule. Both coquetted more or less openly with the question. Mr. Chamberlain's negotiation with Mr. Parnell, his comparison of Castle Rule to the Russian government of Poland or to the Austrian Tyranny in Venice, his plan for Provincial Councils with very sweeping powers, were all understood by the Irish Nationalists, as they were probably meant to be understood, as so many bids for their support of the author's party, or of himself and such of his party as he could control. Lord Randolph's overtures were less formally tendered, and were never official; but they were none the less personal and comprehensive for that. Their nature may be gathered from the words which, having failed to convert his colleagues, he used to a Nationalist Member: "I have done the best I could for you; now I must do

the best I can against you." With such evidence staring one in the face, how to believe that either the one or the other of my leash of demagogues was sincere in his opposition? And, on the assumption that it is permissible to treat politics as a game of cards, was there any reason why either of them should be? When a hand is dealt you at nap you may hesitate as to which suit you shall make trumps. But once you have decided, you play your choice for all it is worth.

It would be profitless and wearisome to ride my parallel to death. Points enough have been taken to show that here is no mere series of casual coincidences. Rather that here is a direct result of what may be called the demagogic *ἥθος*. Still, I may indulge in a one last comparison. The demagogue can never afford to be merged in a party. He may sacrifice some of his independence, but he cannot part with his individuality. It follows, therefore, that whenever his party drafts a programme, he also must have one—all to himself: one not necessarily antagonistic, but different, and stamped with his own private trade-mark. And he has an unpleasant habit, as those who have sat in the Cabinet with Lord Randolph or Mr. Chamberlain know to their cost, of making compromising speeches, which his colleagues dare not disavow save at the risk of an open breach. Thus in '85 Mr. Chamberlain capped the Midlothian Manifesto with the Birmingham Unauthorised Version. Well, Lord Salisbury sketched an elaborate political *menu* at Newport; so, of course, Lord Randolph had to "go one better" at Dartford.

And Lord Randolph's methods were not exactly identical with Mr. Chamberlain's? True: but the demagogue employs more arts than one. He may seek to establish his influence by inflammatory rhetoric or by indefatigable wire-pulling. Lord Randolph was probably incapable of the drudgery entailed by organisation; so he confined himself to rhetoric. Mr. Chamberlain combines the two capacities; for, though he is incomparably the better speaker, judged by any canon save that of the immediate effect upon his hearers, he probably never spoke so well as to win a single vote outside his own peculiar sphere of influence. He may be conscious of this weakness or he may not. What is certain is, it is to wire-pulling that he has devoted his narrow and powerful intelligence, and he has done so to such a purpose that he holds in his hand more constituencies than a rich patron in the old, bad days could ever carry in his pocket. Last of all, to mark an essential difference, my demagogues had in their day great power in the land;

but while Lord Randolph's was diffused all over Britain, Mr. Chamberlain's was, and is, concentrated in the Midlands.

I have tried to establish this parallel, not with the purpose of indulging in a political exercise or of calling attention to a curious coincidence; still less from a desire to attack Lord Randolph's memory or to discredit Mr. Chamberlain. I recognise that in these democratic days the demagogue is not only inevitable but indispensable. Mr. Chamberlain has, and Lord Randolph had, exemplars whose names are still cherished by the parties which they used: as Charles James Fox and the young Disraeli. What I want to enforce, however, is what seems to me a notable and pregnant truth: that in the demagogue the very qualities, or endowments, or whatever you care to call them, which command success, unfit him, as "X." remarked, for leadership, and make dictatorship impossible. He does his work and he gets his reward in the shape of honours and official rank. But, if we are wise, we do not let him drive the coach. In Lord Randolph's case, our wisdom was to seek. In Mr. Chamberlain's—? Well: as Unionists we are all grateful to him for the admirable service he has done the Union: and we recognise the fact that, as his reward for that service, he is entitled to lay hands on a great deal. But the right to dictate a policy lies, and must ever lie, outside his reach. On more than one occasion during the first Session of the Home Rule Parliament, the Government might, and would, have been defeated, but for his resolve to have the demagogue's reward. Even in the Session which is still with us, there were one or two manœuvres which brought no credit to the Opposition, but helped to shore up an Administration long since tottering to its fall; and for these the responsibility is laid—and rightly—at his door. Now, in all this there is nothing irreparable; and no great danger need be apprehended so long as Mr. Chamberlain is brought to see that the Member for West Birmingham is not, and can never be, the leader of the Liberal Unionist, still less of the united, Opposition. So long, in fact, as Lord Randolph remains a warning, not only to us Unionists, but also to his brother demagogue.

I have said enough, I hope, of Mr. Chamberlain's immense effect upon the Union. I have said nothing of his alleged great sacrifices in the same good cause: for the simple reason that they never existed. Some of Mr. Chamberlain's colleagues made sacrifices not a few. Not so Mr. Chamberlain. On the contrary, he has neither toiled nor spun neither drudged nor incurred responsibility; yet he has enjoyed all—and

more than all—the importance, the influence, and the power which Office can bestow. This means that he has been suffered to take up a position which few or none can occupy to the advantage of the State. A dictator is a bad thing at the best ; an irresponsible dictator is the very worst imaginable. There cannot be an end of this too soon. There must be no more of that “something outside the Treasury Bench which makes for unrighteousness,” but the Unionist Party must make Mr. Chamberlain a responsible Minister the moment it has the opportunity. It will be good for the Unionist Party and good for Mr. Chamberlain. For no man in England is capable of better and more useful work so long as he is driven and is not on any account allowed to drive.

Just a word of myself. I am very far from being reluctant to sign all this. Indeed, I had rather sign than not. But if I do, the inference will be inevitable: that I express a Party or a section of a Party. Now, I have talked with many politicians about this matter, and the views of most are the views I have set forth. But not one was aware that I thought of putting those views into print. And for that reason it is best that I should remain plain

Z.

THE MANNING OF THE FLEET

I.

L ORD BURLEIGH'S saying, that to provide ships without men is but to put suits of armour upon stakes by the seashore, is a stock quotation. Yet it puts so much truth into so compact a shape and with such telling illustrative force, that it cannot be too often used when the matter in hand is the manning of the Navy. It may, indeed, be said to contain all the law and all the prophets in little. By itself the suit of armour is of small use, except as an ornament on a wall. It is valuable for purposes of war when there is a man to wear it. Nor will any man taken at random do. The wearer must have a natural aptitude, to begin with; and then he must have proved the mail. Every instrument, indeed, from a camel's hair brush to an ironclad of fourteen thousand tons displacement, is capable of serving in the doing of good work only when it is in the hands of an artist, and on no other condition.

The history of war holds no exception to this rule, and least of all the history of war at sea. The Dutch ships, built with a constant regard for economy, and small because they had to sail in shallow waters, gave us more trouble on the Dogger Bank, and at Camperdown, than all the magnificent Spanish liners put together throughout the eighteenth century. There was no want of courage in the Dons. As Swinburne, the quartermaster, said to Peter Simple: "They'd have fought better if they'd only have know'd how." They did not know, and, therefore, whereas at Trafalgar the *Santa Ana* did no harm to speak of to the *Royal Sovereign* in nearly half-an-hour of firing, Collingwood's first broadside left her a beaten ship. But the Hollander was a seaman and a "ropeman," and so with the smaller craft he made the better fight. The illustrations might be extended almost indefinitely. In fact, the case is so clear that those who dispute it, if there be any, may be confidently defied to quote a single instance in which the

worse men have won merely by dint of having more and better ships and a larger number of weapons.

It would seem, then, that a country in doubt as to the sufficiency of its Navy should think first of all of its crews. To have as many competent men as you can, and to have no men who are not competent—those are the essential conditions imposed by necessity on those who would have a good Navy. To send out a fine ship ill-manned is, in peace time, to run the risk of losing her on a reef, and in war is to make a present of her to the enemy. There is one consideration which, of itself, is enough to show how far care for the supply of men should go before care for the supply of ships. It takes longer to get the men. With decent industry a battle-ship can be fitted for commission in three years. A seaman gunner can hardly be made in three years, and it takes thrice the time to make an officer. But this is not all. A highly-trained fighting force is exceeding perishable. The history of war is full of the ruin of fine armies by their own victories. The beautiful little force of Gustavus Adolphus had ceased to exist when the fighting was done at Lützen. The men Napoleon led against Austria in 1809 were no longer the soldiers of Austerlitz. And for an excellent reason. The soldiers of Austerlitz were scattered over the battle-fields of Northern Europe from Jena to Friedland, or had perished in the mud and the snows of Poland. They had to be replaced by men whom there was no time to bring to perfection. Hence Napoleon's increasing tendency to rely on brute numbers: hence his over-grown army for the invasion of Russia, and the multitudes of raw boys whom he led to perish by the wayside in the butcherly campaign of 1813. It is the nature of war, victorious or not, to call for more and more food for powder. We are told that the wars of the future will be short. The assertion seems to me to be based on very insufficient evidence; but even if none is to last longer than the war between France and Germany in '70-'71, it must be remembered that in that affair the invader's resources were stretched almost to cracking point. It commonly, indeed, takes more to hold than to win, and victory may prove barren if there is not the strength to occupy. These examples are chosen from the land; but they apply equally to the sea. We know from the history of our long naval wars between 1793 and 1815, that a larger force may be needed to maintain an ascendancy than was required to gain it. We had to keep a vast force on the sea for years after the enemy's fleets had been beaten into port. The strain was so great that very inferior

crews were employed in distant stations, where the least work was expected, simply because no better were to be got. The result may be seen not only in the frigate actions with the Americans, but in such disasters as the capture of the *Africaine* by the French in the Indian Ocean. There was a distinct fall in the average quality of our crews. No doubt the carelessness bred by constant success was partly to blame but the chief cause was the overstraining of our resources.

There are three conditions which must be observed in providing a fighting force for a great war. (1) It must be strong enough, and of good quality enough, to make full use of all the weapons available. (2) There must be the means of filling the gaps created by wounds and disease. (3) There must be a further reserve to meet the always possible risks that war will breed war, or that, even where fighting is not expected, much police work, of patrolling and occupation, must be done. The prevention of fighting is often one of the main uses of an armed force. A great naval war has always had a marked tendency to bring about a revival of piracy ; and we shall certainly find it necessary to be on the watch against that evil, even in seas which are clear from the avowed enemy. Nobody will assert that we have provided in a fully adequate degree for the calls which may possibly be made upon us. At the present moment, indeed, our position is better in some most important respects than ever it was before. It is no small advantage that the navies of Western Europe, with the exception of the French, have fallen greatly in relative strength. The coalition we more than once had to fight was one between France, Spain, and Holland. To-day it would be one between France and some remoter power than those others. The Spanish and Dutch navies have fallen out of the race. Those of Scandinavia can hardly be said to exist. The naval powers which have taken their places, Germany and Italy, will not be dragged after France to their own detriment by any Family Compact whatsoever, still less by any fear of attacks on their Barrier Towns. Russia would have to move out from the depths of the Black Sea and the Baltic. If we look to number of ships alone (the most fallacious of all tests of strength), we are better armed than we were in '93. If we take the most trustworthy test of all, the crews, then we hold such an advantage as we never had before. At no previous period of our history could the Crown command the immediate service of such a body of picked and trained men as it has under its hand to-day. The permanent strength of the English Navy in men is not only greater

in mere numbers—which would mean nothing—but is *relatively* greater: greater, that is, in proportion to population and the work it can be called upon to do. At no former period of peace was it possible for the King to man a grand Fleet without multiplying by five or six the men in his pay, and therefore bound to go on service at a moment's notice. To-day it is possible, and that of itself is a great advantage.

It may be said that, if this be so, not only is there no excuse for the alarmist, but also there is not much grounds for anxiety. The alarmist is entitled to little respect. But though one may have small regard for the long prayers of patriotism which he says at the street-corner, nor yet for his broad phylacteries of love of country, it is another thing to say that we can regard the readiness of the Navy to face the waste of a great war with confidence. If we could be sure that the first fleet commissioned would be enough, that one battle would settle all the business, and that war would not breed war, then the force we have at hand would be fairly equal to the work. But no man can give us reasonable security on these points; and, unfortunately, it is not enough to be able to pay the first instalment. There is the waste to be met, and there is the possibility of further and greater need. It is somewhat hard for one who declines to take the *a priori* road, and who insists on judging on the evidence, to estimate what the loss of life in modern sea-fights will be. Scientific weapons ought, on the showing of experts, to be more destructive than their ancestors. But, to judge by what little experience we have, they are not equal to their reputation. Chilian and Peruvian, Chilian and Chilian, Turk and Russian, Japanner and Chinaman, have not found them particularly deadly. No torpedo-boat has been more effective than the fireship in the old days of the Dutch wars. No modern officer has exterminated his enemy more completely than the Captain Callis who destroyed the Spaniards in the Bay of St. Tropez. No great guns have been more destructive than the broadside of the *Royal Sovereign*, or—to take an example from the other side—the U.S. frigate *Constitution*. No living officer of any nation has cut his opponent to pieces with a more merciless superiority than that Captain Hillyar (of the *Phæbe*) who stopped the cruise of the U.S. frigate *Essex* in Valparaiso Bay. It may be that, the defence having developed with the attack, the sea-fights of the future will not be bloodier than those of the past. Yet the experiments have not been made between

experimenters of due equality of skill. The finest blade will only go straight in the hand of the competent fencer, and we have yet to learn the cost of victory, and the penalty of defeat, when the game is played between skilled equals. It is hard, at any rate, to believe that war will be less costly than of old; and we must lay our account with seeing our laboriously trained men swept off in battle. Disease is less to be feared. There is no risk that men will be wasted in the brutal style of the early Eighteenth Century by preventable scurvy. The sailor is, with common care on the part of his masters, better off in war than the soldier. He carries his food, his bed, his hospital, with him. He has not to bivouac in half-frozen mud, to go thirsty or drink from stagnant puddles. He runs little risk of leaving his commissariat behind him. Still, confinement, heat, cold, and long cruises tell; and we must look to see our seamen break down in war, even more often than they fall by the bullet.

The question is: How to supply this waste? Our staff will just meet the first call. That is more than we could ever do before; but is it enough? Nobody will say that it is. Let us allow that we can rely on 105,000 men, which is the highest possible figure attained by the Permanent Staff and the Reserve taken together. We may need 150,000 or 200,000 or 250,000—(the highest of these figures has been exceeded in the past)—and it is not too much to say that no answer has been given to the question: Where are they to be found? It is not the least of our difficulties that experience is here of little use to us. The teaching of the past shows that the men may be needed; but it does not show how they are to be obtained, for the conditions are so changed that the old methods can no longer be applied. What is even worse is, that men of the stamp which served the turn are not what is wanted now. If only for the purpose of clearing the ground, it is useful to look for a moment at the old system of manning the Navy. A glance at it will at least show us how useless it is to think of returning to the past in this matter, and how little we have to learn from its ways.

The old Navy rested on the Press. It is true that the ships were not wholly—in some cases not even mainly—manned by impressment. But it was thus, and not otherwise, that the Navy obtained the one man necessary: namely, the prime seaman. Captain Cook volunteered to escape the Press; but Captain Cook was in all ways an exception. There is an absolute consensus of opinion that the real sailor never

came into the Navy of his own free will. The soldier—who whether as marine, or in drafts from the line regiments, and once or twice even from the Guards on duty as marine, formed a large part of our crews—was not, at any rate in later times, a pressed man. The large miscellaneous element, of persons not bred to the sea to be found in all men-of-war, was easily enough recruited. In times of great pressure recourse was had to calling on the counties for quotas, and the call was met by arresting vagabonds, even of advanced years, or by bribing bankrupt schoolmasters, clerks out of place, and men in peril of trial for poaching, or in fear of an affiliation order, to serve their country for a sum down. It is a great, though a common, mistake to suppose that the crews of our war-ships were at any time wholly composed of seamen. Partly in order to show what they were, partly for purposes of a comparison to be made later, I insert here the “disposition” of one of the ships which were in commission in the Trafalgar year. It is quoted from Captain Marryat’s pamphlet on the Press. Very curious it is, by the way, to see how many in the ship’s company were foreigners: how some belonged to nations with which we were at war. Yet she was a ship of the Trafalgar year, when our fleet was held to be particularly well manned; and Marryat quoted her “disposition” in support of his own contention, that not half the company of a man-of-war need be bred to the sea.

Disposition of His Majesty's Ship "St. Domingo."

SHIP'S COMPANY.

No.	Qualities.	No.	Countries.
212	Seamen.	212	English.
5	Shipwrights.	117	Irish.
2	Sailmakers.	34	Scotch.
6	Ropemakers.	14	Welsh.
1	Caulker.	15	Americans.
35	Labourers.	1	Dane.
6	Joiners.	4	French.
2	Tailors.	7	Swedes.
7	Weavers.	3	Prussians.
2	Coopers.	1	Spaniard.
8	Blacksmiths.	3	Portuguese.
13	Fishermen.	4	Dutch.
2	Slaters.	2	Russians.
1	Umbrella maker.	3	Hanoverians.
4	Butchers.	4	Germans.
8	Shoemakers.	10	West Indians.
2	Stocking weavers.	2	Neapolitans.
15	Farmers.	2	Sicilians.
1	Coppersmith.	1	Maltese.
12	Servants.		
1	Gardener.		
2	Curriers.	439	
14	Watermen.		
1	Matrass maker.		
3	Tobacco manufacturers.		
2	Fustian cutters.		
1	Brickmaker.		
1	Bricklayer.		
1	Soldier.		
1	Stonecutter.	8	
2	Sawyers.	61	
5	Painters.	102	
2	Glassmakers.	119	
6	Hatters.	101	
1	Salters.	35	
5	Barbers.	10	
3	Millers.	3	
7	Masons.		
3	Miners.		
2	Woolcombers.	439	
3	Coach and harness makers.		
1	Cordwainer.		
1	Brewer.		
4	Cotton spinners.		
4	Silk spinners.		
1	Wool cutter.	34	
1	Saddler.	81	
1	Warehouseman.	136	
2	Flax and hemp dressers.	86	
4	Dyers.	46	
1	Ironmonger.	27	
1	Tanner.	17	
1	Calenderman.	10	
1	Violin maker.		
1	Optician.		
3	Pedlars.	439	
1	Plumber.		
1	Pipe borer.		
439			

Height.			
	feet.	inches.	
From	4	9	to 5 0
	5	0	" 5 3
	5	3	" 5 5
	5	5	" 5 7
	5	7	" 5 9
	5	9	" 5 11
	5	11	" 6 0
	6	0	" 6 1

Age.			
	Under 20 years.		From 20 to 25 years.
From	25	" 30	"
	30	" 35	"
	35	" 40	"
	40	" 45	"
	45	" 50	"
	50	" 52	"

Table showing the proportions of regular-bred seamen allowed (provided they can be obtained) in a Third Rate of seventy-four guns, with a complement of 600 men :—

Officers bred to the sea	31	Officers not bred to the sea ...	13
Petty Officers and other ratings	66	Artificers... ..	25
Seamen	314	Boys	26
	—	Marines	125
	411		—
Deduct	31		189
	—		411
	380		—
	—		600
	—		—

Yet the sailor, though he was not the only man needed in the ship, was still the one man necessary. It was possible to make a shift to do without the others, or to replace them by cheap substitutes. It was not possible to dispense with the artist in the use of ropes, spars, and canvas ; and as he would not come of his own free will, the artist had to be forced. It was for him that the press-gang hunted. Legally, too, the vagabond was fair game. Sailors and vagabonds, according to the shameful old classification, were the press-gang's lawful prey. But the jails could be trusted to supply the inferior type ; and supply it they did. Much of the mischief of the Great Mutiny in 1797 was due to the turning into the Fleet of crowds of United Irishmen, with the sweepings of the London prisons. To anybody who has looked behind the glory of those years, the wonder is how so much splendid work was got out of such elements. The explanation is to be found in the excellence of the officers, the solid qualities of the Marines, and the admirable spirit of these same prime seamen, who, once they had been fairly netted, were the very pith and life of the crews.

It is no wonder they were hunted. They had served their time in the merchant fleet. The Navy did not train its own sailors. So soon as an apprentice had done his three years, he lost his protection, and became liable to impressment. A bounty was offered on a declaration of war, but it never brought in men enough ; so then a Press was ordered, and hands were taken out of ships in harbour, out of drinking houses, in the street, or from home-coming merchant ships. So effectually was the work done that most of the real seamen were swept into the Navy while the war was yet young. To them that may ask themselves, despairing, how our traders are to be provided with crews in war, it may be remarked that in such times our traders have always

been largely manned from abroad. One of the first measures taken on a declaration of war was always to suspend the Navigation Acts in so far as they related to the employment of foreigners. At the beginning of the Seven Years' War Parliament offered the honour of naturalisation to all such foreigners as would sail two years in an English merchantman. To what extent the foreigner took advantage of a boon which would have made him game for the Press I do not know ; but it is probable that he generally preferred to remain on the inferior footing of foreigner. In the mean time those clauses which made the employment of apprentices compulsory in merchant ships were not repealed. And in this way the merchant fleet served as a training school for prime seamen, whom the Navy could take when it wanted them.

I trust that this digression will be pardoned on the score that it clears the ground by showing how little we can hope to adopt our fathers' methods in this business of manning the Fleet. The Press is dead, and, effective as it was, no man can regret it. The obligation of us all to serve the State remains, and may again be enforced. But it is hopeless to expect that the nation will submit to the old brutal, partial, and erratic system of impressment. Besides, the press-gang swept into the Navy much material which would be useless and, indeed, intolerable now. An old-world crew required a ferocity of discipline which is not in our habits. Men who would not work till they were "started" by the boatswains'-mates' rattans, and could only be kept in order by constant fear of the lash, which can no longer be applied, would drive a modern Naval officer mad. Also, they could not be trusted with machines which need handling by a skilled artificer. And even at its best, the Press would in no wise give us enough of what we want. Steam, divided topsails, machinery for reefing from the deck, all manner of labour-saving appliances have diminished the need for prime seamen. They are in proportion a smaller body than they were. The seaman, too, although he may still be the best of all material to make a man-of-war's man, is no longer of full use as soon as he is brought on board. When arms were small, and their tackle was of rope and block, the man who had been taught to do whatever can be done with such gear was soon turned into a seaman gunner. Nowadays, the prime seaman may be a man without the least familiarity with an hydraulic machine. It is true that a conscription for the sea would include stokers and engine-room hands, and that these are to be found in the merchant ships. But even these would have much to learn ; while it would be particularly

difficult to fill their room in the traders. A rise in wages would soon bring good sailors in crowds from Scandinavia, but there is no such reserve of engineers and engine-room hands.

Again, in considering how to get men for the Navy, we must never forget the Hydraulic Machine and all that follows from its use. During the two last generations all the scheming mechanical brains of the country have been emulously engaged in producing the most complicated machines for use at sea, until ships have become floating workshops, whose management demands a staff of skilled artificers. As it is with the ship, so it is with her armament. The gunner must be a skilled artificer, and apparently it is not thought possible to give too much education to a torpedo man. There are Naval officers—not “salt horse lieutenants” at all, but scientific officers—who are known to think that there has been far too much of this sort of thing. It is possible that there has. It is possible, too, that when the brutal business of war has really to be done, a great deal of this modern clockwork will be found to be merely the cankers of a long peace, and will share the fate of the high-caste monkey in *The King's Own*, which was ended by a high cast overboard. It is possible; but who is there to take the risk of saying it is so probable that we can afford to train our men with the less care? Until the contrary be proved, we must assume that our ships will have to be handled and fought by men who are seamen, and something more. The question is: How is that class of man to be found in a hurry in sufficient numbers during the course of a war? In peace the difficulty has been got over by training the bluejacket up from a boy, at a cost of about three hundred pounds per head. The trade of Sailor in the Navy has been made by far the best of all those that are open to a lad sprung from the working class. Inducement has taken the place of force, and the result is a corps unequalled in the world. For the purposes of peace, and even to meet the first demands of war, nothing better could be desired; but this admirable arm will be hard to replace in exact proportion to its excellence. It is not “a man” we have to replace, but the man whom it has cost three hundred pounds and years of work to form. The loss will be heaviest among the seamen gunners and the torpedo men, who are the most elaborately trained, and for fighting purposes the most necessary, parts of the crew. And that loss must be made good at once under penalty of seeing the fighting quality of our fleet deteriorate with frightful rapidity.

DAVID HANNAV.

THE LITERATURE OF THE KAILYARD

THE revolt of the provinces against the centre—against London—which we all know vaguely as the “Home Rule” movement, is a phenomenon which time has long since robbed of novelty; and to say that in letters an analogous tendency has been perceptible for some years is to assert a truism. Yet the literary impulse has been more tenacious of life than the political, and seems very far indeed from exhaustion. Scarce a locality in these isles from Land’s End to the Moray Firth has lacked a recorder of its darling idiosyncrasies. Cornwall has striven with Galloway to catch the public ear, and Troy Town with Thrums. In this cry of mingled dialects the Caledonian note has rung out with its customary clearness. The penetrating quality of that modulation is, indeed, rarely to be mistaken in any concert; and it is a fact that Mr. J. M. Barrie is fairly entitled to look upon himself as *pars magna*, if not *pars maxima*, of the Great Kailyard Movement. If to-day in Scotland hardly the humblest rag is without its study of native life, and if ne’er a Free Kirk probationer, too modest to aspire to the smug heresies and the complacent latitudinarianism of his teachers, but manfully resolves that he too will storm the world with his *Cameos from the Cowcaddens*, or his *Glimpses of the Goosedubs*, it is Mr. Barrie’s doing. Nay, his writings are eagerly devoured in England by people who, on the most charitable hypothesis, may possibly understand one word in three of his dialogue: and to the curious superstitions which the Southron breast has long nourished with regard to Scotland must now be added a new group of equally well-grounded beliefs; as, for example, that the Auld Lights formed a large majority of the people of Scotland, and that the absorbing interest, if not the main occupation, of nine true-born Scotsmen out of ten is chatter about church officers, parleyings about precentors, babble about beadles, and maunderings about manses.

Yet, after all, ’twere the merest churlishness to ignore the admirable qualities which distinguish Mr. Barrie’s best work. There are papers in the *Auld Licht Idylls* and in *A Window in Thrums* which Galt

himself might have been proud to write. And even *The Little Minister*—that most gallant and ambitious failure—how much rare stuff its pages contain! Whatever else it may be, 'tis readable, and the most careless catches an impression from its scenes which time cannot efface. The book lies not convenient to our hand; yet the atmosphere of the book returns at the call of memory; and we insensibly review its successive pictures from the beginning, where Mr. Barrie so artfully sets the tone of the story by describing the little minister's boyish recollection of how another minister sang "a mouthful" after giving out the psalm, to the last great tableau (so some esteem it) of all. Yet Mr. Barrie, for all his genius, may, without any grave impropriety, be termed the founder of a special and notable department in the "parochial" school of fiction; though we do not imply that his disciples have all consciously striven to imitate his methods or to attain precisely his ends. They may even assure us, agreeably to the custom of our country, that they never read a single line of his composition; and that assurance shall be gladly accepted in the spirit in which it is offered. Nevertheless, Mr. Barrie is the master; he began to play the game; he whetted the public taste. Of his followers we shall draw attention to two only: Mr. Crockett and Mr. Ian Maclaren. The latter is late in the field, but has achieved, apparently, a measure of success which justifies some notice being taken of his efforts. These are, in the meantime (for he threatens more), confined to a single volume bearing the irrelevant title of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*; and it may suffice to note that its characteristics are practically identical with those of the bulk of Mr. Crockett's work, with this distinction: that Mr. Maclaren has a diseased craving for the pathetic. He is never really happy save when he is wringing your heart, and a plenteous distillation of plum-tree gum from the eyes, would, we suspect, be his dearest reward.

It is refreshing to turn from his studied pathos to the opportunities of cheerful intercourse which this "auctorial Bushman" has afforded to an admiring and reverent interviewer. Mr. Maclaren, it should seem, is "tall, strongly built, with clean-carved, decisive features, and the steady, alert eyes which testify to a firm will and a perfectly poised nervous organisation." Moreover the interviewer, thanks to him, enjoyed the pleasures of companionship with "some of the best representatives of Liverpool culture," as well as with "the three little lads who made a bright house brighter by their presence," and with (O

crowning joy!) "the three tiny tawny dormice of which one of them was the proud proprietor—trustful little creatures who would rest," &c. Here, surely, are credentials sufficient to vouch for a thousand *Bonny Brier Bushes*, even though "a firm will and a perfectly poised nervous organisation" were not notorious passports to literary fame.

We are not aware what Mr. Crockett's merits may be in the matter of dormice, nor is our ignorance like to be soon enlightened. For, though "it is no trouble to me to talk," as he admits, he adds, with a dignified determination (all too rare in this tattling age) to baulk the indecent curiosity of the public, "for the future I shall only give interviews occasionally. Three or four a year ought to be sufficient for any purpose which may be served by them." It is comfortable, therefore, to recall that he has been "took up" (in a literary sense) by Mr. Lang; that he had won the good will of the late Mr. Stevenson, whose kindly nature seems to have been incapable of resisting the appeal of anything Scots—from a whaup to a novelist—and to whom Mr. Crockett's "Letter Declaratory" prefixed to the second edition of *The Stickit Minister* is a model of uneasy familiarity; and finally that (on the interviewer's authority) he "has for years enjoyed the intimate friendship of many of our most eminent writers." Perhaps, if he goes on, he may rival Mr. Ian Maclaren, and be able to give some curious impertinent "the privilege of meeting at his dining table" "some of the best representatives of Penicuik culture." At all events, he has been "terribly pressed for work both by publishers and editors," and has "better stories in his head than any he has told." It is stale news that the sweetest songs are the songs unsung. We, unluckily, are tied down to what has seen the light. Setting aside *Mad Sir Uchitred* and the incredible *Play-Actress*, together with a foolish contribution or two to stillborn Radical compilations, we are to consider him as the author of *The Stickit Minister*, a collection of short stories, *The Lilac Sunbonnet*, a bucolic love tale, and *The Raiders*, a shambling, slovenly romance of adventure, without a single "evidence of design," save the occasional interjection of a perfunctory, "as you shall presently hear."

One limitation of Mr. Crockett's art, be it said at the outset, is so manifest as to require no laboured demonstration. He is hopelessly at sea when dealing with what Mr. Gladstone, conveniently and compendiously, calls the "classes." Lady Grizel in *The Raiders*, and Winsome's grandmother in the *Sunbonnet*, are supposed to be old-fashioned Scots ladies of gentle blood. In reality, their speech and

behaviour display the refinement of a fish-wife; while the laird's daughter, in *The Stickit Minister*, who sets her cap at the new parish minister, and endeavours to atone for her father's coldness by a wholly ultroneous civility, speaks the blameless, though stilted, jargon associated with the virtuous aristocracy in *The Family Herald*, or in the popular page of that uncompromising realist, Miss Annie Swan. This weakness is shared by Mr. Ian Maclaren, whose excursions into gentility are far from profitable. Mr. Barrie himself—that relentlessly acute observer—is not wholly free from it. Who does not recollect the brisk Stichomythia in *The Little Minister*? “Are you there, Mackenzie?” “No, Scrymgeour” (or Gemmell, or something). “Have you the lantern, Mackenzie?” “Here it is, Gemmell” (or Scrymgeour). “Where, Mackenzie?” “Just here, Scrymgeour.” And so on, every word of which might have been written by a man who had just mastered the important fact that the classes are in the habit of dispensing with the use of those titles of honour (such as “Mr.”) which the more punctilious convention of the masses rigidly exacts. The Chroniclers of the Kailyard are ill at ease in the flower garden, though they wisely avoid the glaring errors perpetrated, in the zealous striving for vivid touches, by rash men like Dr. Conan Doyle: who makes a scout tell his master to ring the bell if he wants anything, and describes the tricks at picquet as overlapping one another.

If there is any special excellence which Mr. Crockett's admirers would probably with one voice claim for him, that excellence is humour: “kindly,” “genial,” “racy,” “wholesome,” “virile” humour, they would doubtless term it, as their manner is. No Scots book, to be sure, is complete without it. Here, then, are specimens of his gift. The first one belongs plainly to that well-known and somewhat seedy species of humour—the clerical, and is vastly well for a minister of the Gospel:—“The curse that Richard Maxwell sent back is remembered yet in the hill country, and his descendants mention it with a kind of pride. It was considered as fine a thing as the old man ever did since he dropped profane swearing and took to anathemas from the Psalms—which served just as well” (*Raiders*, p. 109). The inspiration of the next sample is not far to seek:—“Once there was a herd of cows in Parton, up Peathill way, that ate a man—chased him and ate him bodily. Their reason was, because the man belonged to a different denomination. But that is not my story” (*ibid.*, p. 183). Here is a fragment of exquisite fancy:—“The subject of her mouth, though a

tempting one, we refuse to touch. It has already wrecked three promising reputations" (*Sunbonnet*, p. 19). And the idyllic flavour of the harlequinade surely lingers about this:—"There was a long silence; then a ringing sound, sudden and sharp, and Ebie Farrish fell inexplicably from the axe-chipped hag-clog, which he had rolled up to sit upon. Ebie had been wondering for more than an hour what would happen if he put his arm round Jess Kissock's waist. He knew now" (*ibid.*, p. 80). Mr. Jerome, sure, must writhe with jealousy as he reads the following:—"The first rook sailed slowly overhead. He was seeking the early worm, but that animal thought the rate of mortality high and was staying indoors" (*ibid.*, p. 90). But the best is yet to come:—"Andra Kissock indicated the culprit once more with the stubby great toe of his left foot. It would have done Ralph too much honour to be pointed at with the hand. Besides, it was a way that Andra had at all times. He indicated persons and things with that part of him which was most convenient at the time. He could point with his elbow stuck sideways at an acute angle in a manner that was distinctly libellous. He could do it menacingly with his head, and the indication contemptuous of his left knee was a triumph. But the finest and most conclusive of all was his great toe as an index-finger of scorn. It stuck out apart from all the others, red and uncompromising, a conclusive affidavit of evil conduct" (*ibid.*, p. 169). In this masterly combination of delicacy with robustness, Mr. Crockett has fairly surpassed himself. After so mighty an effort, the graceful and ingenious wit of calling a horse an "equine" and a parish minister the Revd. "Erasmus Teends" falls a little flat; and even "that upper end which is devoted to imports" seems a less charming and happy periphrasis to denote a cow's mouth than it might had it proceeded from a less Titanic author. For the rest, the episode of the wooing of Saunders Mowdiewort (more "wut"!) is mere dulness; Andra Kissock's progress to school is as pure as Barrie its author can brew; and the few good stories which enliven Mr. Crockett's pages have already amused the world in Dean Ramsay's collection. Mr. Ian Maclaren, too, would fain be as merry as well as a pathetic man, and it is curious to observe how accurately he has caught the mechanical trick of the thing:—"Domsie and Whinnie discussed the weather with much detail before they came in sight of George, but it was clear that Domsie was charged with something weighty, and even Whinnie felt that his own treatment of the turnip crop was lacking in repose" (*B.B.B.*, p. 12).

Mark the fidelity to the Barrie convention :—" It was good manners in Drumtochty to feign amazement at the sight of a letter, and to insist that it must be intended for some other person. When it was finally forced upon one, you (*sic*) examined the handwriting at various angles and speculated about the writer. Some felt emboldened, after these precautions, to open the letter, but this haste was considered indecent " (*ibid.*, p. 21). "The ordinary course of life, with fine air and contented minds, was to do a full share of work till seventy, and then to look after 'orra jobs' well into the eighties, and to 'slip awa' within sight of ninety. Persons above ninety were understood to be acquitting themselves with credit, and assumed airs of authority, brushing aside the opinions of seventy as immature, and confirming their conclusions with illustrations drawn from the end of last century" (*ibid.*, p. 231). So long as the humour is of this artificial kind, with a bit from Mr. Dickens here, a bit from Mr. Barrie there, a bit from Mr. Kipling somewhere else, and a dash of the "new" humorists everywhere, Mr. Ian Maclaren gallantly holds his own. But, unluckily, he seems to have no stomach for rollicking; he is incapable of those flights on broad and manly pinion (so to speak) in which Mr. Crockett revels; he rises to no lyric ecstasy at the thought of a stubby, red, uncompromising, great toe. In other matters, Mr. Crockett may be strained or laboured; but give him a sore "dowp" and he unbends at once; add a man sitting down on a prickly whin and he is unaffectedly joyous and gleeful; while as for the consummate jest of a wife correcting her husband with a "besomshank"—why, it is so excruciating that there is nought to be done save to roar with mirth, and to lug it in, and dwell lovingly upon it, on every possible occasion. Such are the simple and primitive diversions of a Free Kirk minister.

But even Mr. Crockett is not always bending the bow of "manly" humour. He has his serious—his very serious—moments; he has his strenuous attempts at fine writing. We confine ourselves to the *Sunbonnet*, and we encounter not a few masterstrokes: thoroughly "worked up," no doubt, to borrow his language to the interviewer. "Never before had the youth come within that delicate *aura* of charm which radiates from the bursting bud of the finest womanhood. Ralph Peden had kept his affections ascetically virgin. His nature's finest juices had gone to feed the brain, yet all the time his heart had waited tremulously expectant of the revealing of a mystery. Winsome Charteris had come so suddenly into his life, that the universe seemed

new-born in a day. He sprang at once from the thought of woman as only an unexplained part of the creation, to the conception of her (meaning, thereby, Winsome Charteris) as an angel who had not quite lost her first estate" (p. 51). What subtle psychological analysis! No wonder Ralph went northward "wearing Winsome's parting kiss on his brow like an insignia (*sic*) of knighthood"! No wonder "the first authentic call of the spring time for her"—the song of the thrush, to wit—"coursed through her blood, quickened her pulse, and enlarged the pupil of her eye till the clear germander blue of the iris grew moist and dark"! There's physiological analysis, equally irresistible! But our "auctorial Sunbonnet-maker" is no less successful in depicting the beauties of nature. "The world paused, finger on lip, saying, 'Hush!' to Winsome as she stepped over the threshold into the serenely breathing morning air, while the illimitable sky ran farther and farther back as the angels drew up the blinds from the windows of heaven." *As the angels drew up the blinds from the windows of heaven!* Chaste, touching, and domestic simile! Only to be equalled by the comparison of a sweetheart's laughter to "a bell ringing for the fairies' breakfast"! Why not a gong booming for the fairies' boiled eggs and finnon-haddock? Mark, too, with what unassuming command of technicalities Mr. Crockett handles the matchless colouring of nature. "The indigo-grey of the sky was receding, and tinging towards the east with an imperceptibly graded lavender which merged beyond the long shaggy outline of the pine ridge into a wash of pale lemon yellow" (p. 108). "And he stood watching Winsome Charteris who looked past him into a distance, moistly washed with tender ultramarine ash" (p. 115). "The sun shone on the russet tassels of the larches, and the deep sienna boles of the Scotch firs. The clouds which rolled fleecy and white in piles and crenulated bastions of cumulus, lighted the eyes of man and maid as they went onward noiselessly over the crisp piny carpet of fallen fir-needles" (p. 116). We know not whether more to admire these crenulated bastions of prave 'orts, or that complete mastery of the terminology of the child's paint-box, which enables an author thus to polish off the beauties of hill and dale.

Both Mr. Crockett's humour, however, and Mr. Crockett's fine writing might be excused or palliated: and we had let him pass on his road, a' God's name, to popularity and pence, but for the manner in which he has seen proper to handle what Mr. Jowett described as "that illusion of the feelings commonly called love." We are well aware that

at the present day considerable license is granted to an author in this regard. He may record words, and may portray behaviour, which would have shocked our grandfathers, though he could scarce transgress the ample limits permitted by the loose code of morals which prevailed a century ago. If the present age imagines that it has been the first to betray a taste for "warm" plays and "warmer" novels (we thank thee, Mrs. Norris, for the word !), the present age is very much mistaken. But the very fact that authors are allowed a free hand imposes upon them a doubly stringent obligation to certain literary virtues: to tact, to reticence, to good feeling, to discretion. This obligation Mr. Crockett consistently ignores; to these virtues he is a total stranger. He touches courtship and love-making but to disfigure them with his heavy hand; he opens the sluices to an irresistible flood of nauseous and nasty philandering. We do not particularly object to being told that "Winsome's light summer dress touched his hand and thrilled the lad to his remotest nerve centres"; or that "little ticking pulses drummed in her head," and "a great yearning came to her to let herself drift out on a sea of love"; or that "the dammed-back blood-surge, drave thundering in his ears"; or that "strange, nervous constrictions played at 'cat's cradle' about their hearts"; or even that "maidenly tremors, delicious in their uncertainty, coursed along her limbs and through all her being." Such modes of expression, clumsy and inartistic though they be, are but the slang of the day; like the reiteration in the *Sunbonnet*, of the fact that the female villain had Pictish ancestors. But we turn to *The Raiders*, Chapter XXXIV, and we read: "She turned and came near to me and stood very close against me in a way that was sweet to me, but I knew that she did not wish me to touch her then, but only to stand so. Thus we remained a considerable while till my heart became very full, aching within me to comfort her. *Which at last I did with satisfaction to both of us, and the time sped. . . .* So then we looked about for a place to sit down, for it behoved us to talk together, as it were, for the last time (for at least a night and a day). There was but one great chair in all that room, though there was much tapestry and some high tables and corner aumries. So we sat down on it with great content. . . . '*Hae ye a the conserves lickit aff the sweetcake yet?*'"—[It was the high-bred Lady Grizel who spake]—"cried a voice from the door, which opened just a little ajar. . . . Now we sat in one chair, and though I do not consider myself a clever fellow and I had no experience, that was good enough

for me. There is nothing to report of the next half-hour. 'It's my turn, May,' said Lady Grizel, who had been coughing at the door for five minutes. 'I'm whiles ta'en wi' the hoast, but I like a bit quiet hour at e'en wi' a blythe lad as weel as ony.'" This is pretty well, but nothing to what you find in the *Sunbonnet*, Mr. Crockett's favourite book, in which "much of his own life is bound up," and which his nature's finest juices have, no doubt, gone to feed. Here are some passages extracted from Chapter XXXIII of that work:—"Then because there is nothing more true and trustful than the heart of a good woman, or more surely an inheritance from the maid-mother of the sinless garden than her way of showing that she gives her all, Winsome laid her either hand on her lover's shoulders and drew his face down to hers, laying her lips to his of her own free will and accord, without shame in giving or coquetry of refusal, in that full kiss of first surrender which a woman may give once but never twice in her life. . . . Before they had gone a mile the first strangeness had worn off. . . . At this point they paused. Exercise in the early morning is fatiguing. Only the unique character of these refreshing experiences induces the historian to put them on record. . . . Sitting on a wind-overturned tree trunk they entered upon their position with great practicality. Nature, with an unusual want of foresight, had neglected to provide a back to this sylvan seat, so Ralph attended to the matter himself. This shows that self-help is a virtue to be encouraged. . . . 'I think, dear,' said Ralph, 'you must after this make your letters so full of your love that there can be no mistake whom they are intended for.' 'I mean to,' said Winsome frankly. There was also some fine scenery at this point. . . . The scenery again asserted its claim to attention. Observation enlarges the mind and is, therefore, pleasant. . . . 'Your lips——' began Ralph, and paused. 'No, six is quite enough,' said Winsome after a while, mysteriously. Now she had only two and Ralph only two, yet with little grammar and no sense at all she said 'Six is enough.'" Here, in Mr. Squeers's immortal phrase, here's richness! Here's a perpetual flow of juicy bad-breeding which no American Evangelist ever surpassed! You can hear the Young Men's Sabbath Morning Fellowship Association snigger and the Young Women's Guild giggle as you read. The rest of Mr. Crockett's faults—the cynically careless and lazy construction of his plots, the sameness of his characters, his failure to create a single fictitious being neither ridiculous nor contemptible—everything, in a word, fades

from the mind, overwhelmed in this slough of knowing archness, of bottomless vulgarity. It is with a sense of relief that one passes from such trash to the clean and honest wit of Fielding and of Congreve.

The sad case of Mr. Crockett seems, in conclusion, to suggest two observations. The first is that, as we know and have attempted to depict him, he is almost wholly the result of the modern method of reviewing. Not only has he enjoyed the benefit of the ingenious system of log-rolling consistently practised by a portion of the so-called religious Press, but many other newspapers and reviews have conspired to overwhelm him with fulsome and exaggerated flattery. If the critics, instead of telling him that *The Stickit Minister* was "full of grace and charm," and that its stories were "racy of the soil, told with a masterly command of dialect and national characteristics"; instead of declaring that *The Raiders* was "a thoroughly enjoyable novel, full of fresh, original, and accurate pictures of life long gone by," that it abounded in "delightful incident and charming description," and that its author, "the Barrie of yesterday, is to-day a second Stevenson—and no bad second"; instead of slobbering over *The Lilac Sunbonnet* as "a charming love-story, bright, tender, and vivacious, marked by distinction of treatment, and steeped in the sweetness and freshness of the open air," or as "a love-story of the vintage of Eden, strong and sweet, and in the best sense elevating"; instead of asserting that "Nature's secrets hang on the very tip of Mr. Crockett's pen," and averring that they (the critics) rise from its perusal, their pulses "throbbing with a new sense of life, and with a fresh assurance that 'God's in His Heaven, All's right with the world'"—if, we say, instead of raving thus, the critics had been able and willing to do their plain duty, to detect and point out the many glaring faults, to castigate as they deserved the offences against good taste, to persuade to the use of an equable and pleasant style, and to deter from flippancy, from "word-painting," and from clumsy and stupid meddling with the passions, all might have been comparatively well. A certain rude, undisciplined vigour which we seem occasionally to detect might have been turned into a proper channel, and Mr. Crockett might this day have been doing excellent and honest work in a less ambitious sphere in place of grating on one's nerves in every syllable he writes. But such regrets are now vain, for Mr. Crockett, forsaking that ministry to which he was ordained by the laying on of hands by the Presbytery, is persuaded that he has a "call" to literature. A call to "success,"

very likely, or to making money, or to the intimate friendship of eminent literary "cy'arkters"; but not, we take leave to assure him, a call to literature. Not of such as he, at all events, are the chosen. The same torrent of injudicious praise is being poured over Mr. Ian Maclaren, but, though its result will infallibly be to confirm him in his present courses, he discovers no vestige of that natural ability of a sort which makes one rather regret in Mr. Crockett's case that thorns have sprung up and choked it.

In the second, and last, place, it is worth while to pause and contemplate the Great Dissenting Interest taking to the *belles lettres*. It has long groaned under the aspersions of that sneering "buddy," Mr. Matthew Arnold, and has been endeavouring to acquire education and "culture" as expeditiously as possible. How valuable it must have found the *soi-disant* University Extension Scheme as a means of acquiring the appearance of knowledge without the reality, it is needless to point out. But man cannot live by penny-readings alone, and the Great Dissenting Interest has begun to batten upon fiction. The Dissenters have for some time, indeed, almost openly abandoned the doctrinal principles of their forefathers, which alone entitled their ethical views to respect, and, though they retain the snuffle and the whine of Tribulation Spintext, they seem rooted and grounded upon nothing save a bitter hatred of the Church of England. What, therefore, the ultimate consequences of the spread of fiction among them will be it were hazardous to speculate. But we have a shrewd suspicion that if this new wine be poured into the old Bottles, there can be but one result: the old Bottles will burst.

J. H. MILLAR.

INDIA : IMPRESSIONS

XII.

WHAT I call the New Policy is still at work, and goes on continually, automatically. For one thing, as our rule restores law and order in lands where there had been none before, the inhabitants of these lands become less and less fit to be soldiers. We do not nowadays recruit at all from Bengal, and the soldiers recruited from out of the Madras Presidency are said to be the worst in the Service. The backbone of our Native Army is now formed of the very people who first began to serve us at the time of the Mutiny: it is made up of Sikhs, of Afghans drawn from the Afghan territories under our rule, and from other parts outside our dominions. A third element comes from a field which was always far outside the land of the Hindus and out of all touch with them: I mean Nepâl, whence we get our renowned Gourkhas. The fact that from Hindustan proper we draw such a small contingent of our military strength will be emphasised by the complete change in the constitution of the Indian Army which is being carried out at this moment. The Presidential Armies and the Presidential Commands-in-Chief will, in another year, have ceased to exist. In place of them, the Indian Army will consist of four Army Corps, of which three will have their Head Quarters on or near the North-West Frontier. We have seen that in this region, too, will lie their chief recruiting ground. All the four Army Corps will be under the direct control of the Commander-in-Chief at Simla. Not without protests, it may be supposed, have these changes been agreed upon. Madras will find itself reduced to a cipher, contributing next to nothing to the Imperial Army, and, on the other hand, causing, with her low-caste weak population, next to no tremors to the Imperial Government.

The formal change in this constitution only registers the transfer which time has brought about of the centre of gravity of our Indian Empire. But this change is not due solely (I doubt if it is due in chief part) to the pacific character of the long settled districts. The chief factor in all this is, I think, a change in the sentiment of British

officers towards Hindu troops, which was the natural outcome of the Sepoy War. How can there ever again arise that faith in the Hindu which Spottiswoode and so many hundred other officers felt, and to which they were the martyrs? Towards the half-barbarous Afghan or Gourkha this feeling may arise. But never again towards the true Indian soldier. It belongs to an era which has passed away.

XIII.

Some of our wisest Indian rulers would, if they could, destroy all memory of that great Agony of our race, the Indian Mutiny, would bury the hatchet altogether under ground.

Policy may approve of this; but I doubt that poetry or the historic sense would not. I have said that the Mutiny—the Suppression of the Mutiny—is our *Iliad*; the wonder is that it is still without its sacred bard. This you feel, as you cannot feel it at home, when you stand under the still ruined walls of Delhi, or of the Lucknow Residency, or on the steps of the thrice-fateful *ghât* at Cawnpore. The unused steps are there: a small abandoned temple (rightly of Shiva the Destroyer)* overlooks them under the shade of its pipal tree; and where shouts and the ring of shot and cries of death resounded, silence and peaceful shadows fall. The still more accursed well is covered with a sadly ugly Gothic memorial, and all the parts about it—the site of the Bibi-garh, the Women's House of Massacre, is a public garden.

And every day contemporary Nature interposes quaintly yet most impressively among these dreadful reminiscences. It is in the garden at Cawnpore that grows one of the largest banyans which it was my lot to see in India—though small, I know, compared to some trees which are to be seen; and on the site of the entrenchments of Cawnpore I had leisure to notice a mongoose or two standing up on their hind legs and embracing stalks of grass, as a bear stands up embracing his ragged pole or trunk of tree. At Delhi it happened to me, sitting upon the Ridge just above the famous "Ludlow Castle" and "No. 1 Battery," while reading the history of the Great Siege, to hear all of a sudden from overhead the strange half quack, half cry, of wild-fowl, and there-with a great clangour of wings. Looking up, I saw a huge flight of black geese stretching in their wedge shape half way across the sky:

* For which reason, no doubt, the victims were conducted thither. "Lasciate ogni speranza voi che entrate."

for there were some three hundred of them. "Never before had I seen so many," as Dante says of the flight of souls (that seemed like a flight of birds) in the Uppermost Hell. Do you know the mournful sound which these birds make? You may hear it, if you are fortunate, even in London—by night: best at this time of year or in the autumn. It was long before the pulse of it quite died out of the air.

The motionless shadows on the walls of Delhi, the silence and the peaceful flow of the Ganges by the Suttee Ghât, cannot take from you the recollection of those great days of agony, but must rather serve to make them more vivid. Will the quiet intervening years ever blot them out from memory? I can hardly believe so; and I cannot find it in my heart to wish that they should.

It is these memories more than anything else, I think, which cast a halo round the name and the whole being of the Anglo-Indian. Of Anglo-India, which at last has found its sacred bard in Rudyard Kipling, it is not safe for the casual wayfarer to say much. The Anglo-Indians themselves are always warning the traveller to keep away from the subject. Perhaps the worst thing that can be said of these countrymen of ours is that they are singularly ungrateful to their one literary mouthpiece. I am not disposed—as Mr. Kipling seems to be—to prostrate myself before the British subaltern, or before the junior official in the Civil Service. But I acknowledge either type to be a clear-cut and, one may say, cleanly—above all an honourable—specimen of our race, singularly simple as an individual, easily summarised apparently, but as a class most notable and worthy of study. The same remark applies to all Anglo-Indian society. Superficially it is provincial and most monotonous. One station is just like the station you have left: each member of society in the one has his counterpart in the society of the other. The talk of the people seems to the outsider trivial and commonplace almost beyond the region of yawns. But behind the trivial talk you always seem to hear—I always do, at any rate—the reverberation of the guns and muskets which went off of themselves at Meerut, which sank the boats alongside the Burning Ghât at Cawnpore, which roared for ever and in vain round the unassailable defences at Lucknow, which mowed down the English women and children of Delhi and Jhansi. What has been, may be again. This white band in a sea of blackness has nothing but its unshaken courage standing between itself and destruction. You feel that keenly in some moments, when the white and the black population are brought face to face. A good occasion for

such reflections is a railway station thronged, as I have already described it, with rushing and shouting Hindus—some two or three English, men and women, standing quietly in their midst. That the people themselves—that the commonplace Anglo-Indian inhabitant of a commonplace station has no thought of this danger, or of walking over fires on deceitful ashes, makes him not less, but more, interesting and, in a way, more admirable.

XIV.

I am dealing only with the general, what we may call the historic, aspect of Anglo-Indian society and—if the gods will—far distant issues. I do not mean that any personal and individual courage is needed to go among the subjects of the British Empire in India wherever it be found. And this it is necessary to say, because a recent writer, in the course of an article on the Khaiber Pass, gave the reader to understand that he, the writer, had made some call upon his courage and *sang froid* by driving through the streets of Peshawar without an escort. "Everybody," he says, "looks at you as you pass. The looks of the first half-dozen men, as they sit in their shops or stand in the street, give you a new and strange sensation. You straighten yourself and hold your head up, with a resolve, of which you are hardly conscious till afterwards, that if a knife is plunged into your back you will not flinch. . . . You immediately feel there is a responsibility in being an Englishman; you are the representative of your race, and all that you do and say must be worthy of the position. . . . These five minutes in the Peshawar Bazaar reveal to you the secret of British power in the East. It is impossible without utter fearlessness." This, I maintain, is mere foolishness. The streets of Peshawar are as safe as the purlieu of Piccadilly. Anyone (*crede experto*) may wander about them alone, on foot or as he pleases: he does nothing thereby to add to the *prestige* of the British name.

But, in the general sense, the whole aspect of our society in India in face of that other society, the India of Antiquity—that is matter for reflection and study. To the historical student the sight of it should be worth much: for it is not so easy nowadays as it was, say, a thousand or twelve hundred years ago, to find a small conquering aristocracy floating above a mass of conquered population. Every such conquering race is a real aristocracy with the virtues (and the faults, too) of an aristocracy. I hope and believe that it is no prejudice which says that

in our case the virtues are much predominant. As a mere matter of manners, Anglo-Indian society stands ahead of the corresponding social layers in the old country: there is more nearly an equality among its members, and therefore there is none of the uneasy pushingness of social life in England. This is, of course, in essence, a military aristocracy, and the military type gives the pattern for the whole society. I doubt the Anglo-Indian civilian would be loth to admit this, for in a certain sense the civilians have, socially, the *pas* of the military folks: they are much the better paid, for one thing, and therefore their ranks contain more eligible *partis*. But, in reality, these civilians mould themselves upon the soldier pattern, as is the case in all countries where a military caste stands as the guardian of society: the same essentially in India as it is in Russia or in Germany. You will scarce find through the length and breadth of the land a Civil Servant, "covenanted" or "uncovenanted," who would venture not to be keen about sport, least of all about those sports and games which have some element of danger in them, as big game shooting, pig-sticking, and polo. It is absolutely *dé rigueur* to be able to ride. And round the eternal subject of sports and games, which are graduated from tiger-hunting down to playing at badminton, round the cost of cattle and dog-carts, round riding and driving in every aspect and interest, Anglo-Indian social life and almost all Anglo-Indian conversation revolve.

But, fortunately, all these things are raised upon a higher plane than in England. It is fine to think how, by the inexorable laws of society, every man in this great-tiny commonwealth of whites has to inure himself to hardy exercises, and can hardly escape some with a spice of danger in them. Polo—though it is said to have been at one time discountenanced at head-quarters on this very account—is one of the most popular games in India, and therewith one of the most dangerous that is played. I do not mean by this that it is exceedingly perilous; but that, whereas in any English game, in cricket or football, all risk that is run is of bruises and occasional broken bones, every year a certain small percentage of polo-players are killed, while fractures are common. Such peril as exists falls chiefly to the share of the poorer man: a well-trained polo pony shows wonderful skill in avoiding collisions which, to an onlooker, appear inevitable. But, then, a well-trained pony costs something like a thousand rupees, and that is beyond a poor man's means. He must train his mount himself, and take the risk.

To sport, again, the ampler air and the wider fields of India give a poetry which it has not in England. So at least I deem, speaking as one who has next to no knowledge and must, from a mere pin-point of individual experience, construct by imagination a picture of the whole. That individual experience of Indian sport was of pig-sticking, at all events one of the most characteristic kinds. In this you wait, a little group of horsemen, for a long time in some shady corner (if you can), in the great silence of the morning heat and in the deserted undulating plain. Here is a stretch of cultivated ground; beyond a sugar-cane brake; while on your other hand is nothing (say) but jungle-grass thick as osiers and stunted bushes. And, as you wait and watch, the thousand dumb activities of nature go on round you. A fox comes out of cover, and sneaks off to the bed of the huge river which, though unseen, flows through its mud from near at hand toward the horizon. Next, it may be a jackal that shows itself. The jackal is almost the size of an English fox; but the Indian fox is a little creature, looking not much bigger than a good-sized cat. Now a geir-falcon has stooped at a bush ten yards off; but out of the bush, too soon for him, slips a grey partridge. A little while, and your ear catches a sound of distant shouting, as if some village out of sight were in rebellion. What it really comes from is the army of beaters (prickers, *piqueurs*, they would call them in old-world venery), who have gone away a mile or two under the direction of a *shikari*, or huntsman, with orders to march towards you. They form the pack, driving the boars out before them, and there are some sixty or eighty of them. The game of the jungle has given ear to them too, and with more or less haste prepares to flee their approach. An antelope (black buck) bounds out of his thicket; next emerge some spotted deer, slyly, almost creepingly, till they catch sight of the horsemen, when they go off at a gallop; and more jackals break cover and steal away. At last comes forth the brown boar himself. Sometimes it is a whole family which rushes out at once. But very often, when there is a group of this kind, there is no boar in it, and you must let the sow and her farrow go in peace. But finally the old boar will appear. Your little company of three or four, who, boar-spear in hand, have been waiting on his coming, make for him "with an obedient start"; and all nature else, with its sights and its sounds, departs your thoughts. The riding is not so difficult as in the "shires"; but it is rougher, and you must, or should, ride straight, through jungle grass higher than your head, through osiers, across rivers, swimming or pounding in the thick mud. Some

horses, which have had practice in the sport, put their noses to the ground and follow by scent ; if so, where the boar goes you go, following every turn : and to do this you must sit tight.

XV.

To go into camp in a shooting party and live for awhile among the denizens of the jungle far from the haunts of men : this must touch the sublime. But from the mere traveller, garnering his impressions as he goes, these glories are hid away. Alas ! such an one can at any time do no more than guess at the realities which lie dissembled behind the surfaces of things that he sees. Let him not profess to do more than this. Even then, he must feel something of what the Greek historian felt in presence of Egyptian mysteries. He might say more, but he is "not permitted." It is something of a profanity, of an impertinence, to trespass upon these silent centuries. And no doubt it is the sense of this that has made the race of Anglo-Indians almost entirely inarticulate ; so that till yesterday we could most of us form no picture of what the world was like in which they passed the half of their lives. Then Mr. Kipling came and lifted the curtain. In any event, that the curtain be lifted or no, can make no difference to the begetters of all this wonder in us. No voice which we could raise would disturb the air which lies between their vast horizons.

C. F. KEARY.

THE CASE FOR SWEDEN

[The work of a Member of the Swedish Parliament, this statement, which is adapted to English uses from a publication by the Swedish National Association, may be accepted as setting forth with an approach to finality (1) the points at issue between Sweden and Norway: (2) the concessions which the stronger member of the Union is prepared to make; and (3) the terms on which she is willing to make them. It is hoped that the document, apart from its special purpose, may have a more than fugitive interest for a nation still menaced—so they tell us—with Home Rule.—W. E. H.]

THOUGH Swedes and Norwegians would seem geographically predestined to march peacefully side by side, it is unluckily notorious that the differences between the two races have grown graver during the last few years. We Swedes looked forward to the end of 1894 as the time when we might come to a definite understanding upon two points: Norway's actual demands, and her general position as regards the Union with Sweden. The hour has struck, and, though nothing could exceed the interest shown in the recent election by the whole Norwegian people, we are still as much as ever in the dark as to the Norwegian claim.

There is, nevertheless, a means of avoiding consequences disastrous to our common prosperity, and the expedient lies in our own hand. There are—firstly—vital interests which Sweden will never surrender; and there are—secondly—minor issues upon which compromise is possible. These points must be defined with energy and—above all—with unanimity. The vital issues for Sweden are embodied in a code of fundamental laws: the result of centuries of political development. Before we abandon to any but a Swede the dignified and responsible post of Foreign Minister, it behoves us to ensure that the change be accompanied by provisions which shall safeguard the inviolability of the Constitution, and shall leave us with undiminished resources for self-defence. Writing from the Swedish standpoint in the interests of the Union and in conformity with the aims of the Swedish National Association, I shall strive in these pages to show the irreducible minimum which such safeguards must include.

Among other reciprocal recriminations, the Swedes have often

accused the Norwegians of a gross contempt for the existing law, of ignoring the claims of justice, and of rank ingratitude. The Norwegians reply that there is no debt of gratitude, and as a controversial retort the answer is sufficient. Yet it is undeniable that, thanks to Swedish policy, Norway has (*a*) shaken off the Danish yoke, (*b*) that she has acquired complete independence in all local matters, and (*c*) that she has received further concessions which have contributed to her present prosperity. None the less is it true that gratitude is not necessarily due to those whose policy benefits you. And, in any case, one must candidly admit that solicitude for Norway's welfare was not the prime motor of Swedish diplomacy. When Sweden, abandoning all hope of recovering either Finland or the south Baltic Provinces, induced Denmark to resign Norway under the Kiel Treaty, her aim was less to secure Norwegian liberty than to obtain compensation for the cession of Finland. The terms of alliance were proposed by her in the hope of grappling Norway to the Union with stronger hooks than any forged by force; and to achieve this end she also made considerable pecuniary concessions to her partner. The sole justification of this policy is that it was thought advantageous to Swedish interests: for the main concern of every government is the welfare of its own people. To sacrifice this welfare in the interests of another race is indefensible: and the pretensions of Norway needs must be examined from the Swedish point of view.

No Norwegian claim—however specious on the face of it—can be entertained if it imperil the integrity of the Union, if it diminish the defensive strength of the two nations, or if it restrict the power of Sweden to safeguard her own interests. In accordance with the Act of Union, the separation which exists as regards home affairs is superseded in relation to Foreign Affairs by strict unity under Sweden's headship: hence the Foreign Minister of both countries has invariably been a member of the Swedish Cabinet, responsible in the last resort to the Swedish constituencies, and to them alone. But, since Norway has arrived at the consciousness of her own importance, two new proposals have been made: (1) that there should be a separate Foreign Minister for Norway; and (2) that, while maintaining the Foreign Office as it stands, the administration should be so re-organised that Norwegians should be eligible for the post of Foreign Minister, which official should—further—be responsible to both Parliaments, instead of, as now, to the Swedish Parliament alone.

The first proposal, fathered by the Norwegian Left, amounts to a repeal of the Union—and that under circumstances which would cover Sweden with dishonour. The alternative, for which the Norwegian Right is responsible, is another matter. That the Foreign Minister should be a joint official, instead of a Swedish Minister, is not necessarily a proposal endangering the Union; and it may even be argued that under its adoption due restrictions would tend to strengthen the Union. The undeniable difference is, however, less than appears at first sight. The leaders of the Right seem to think that the nomination of separate Consuls for Norway—and *a fortiori* for Sweden—is compatible with united action in the sphere of foreign affairs. But it is evident that the overthrow of the existing system—under which one Consul, Norwegian or Swede, as the case may be, represents both nations—will destroy the joint diplomatic service in the first place, and the joint management of foreign affairs in the second. And this is precisely what the Left desires. Therefore, as a preliminary to discussing the proposal to convert the Foreign Office into a joint institution, Sweden is bound to insist that it be based on the unalterable principle of absolute unity as regards all foreign business: and, therefore, as regards all consular and diplomatic appointments.

The proposal of the Left, that each country should manage its own Foreign Affairs, implies a legal cleavage in the present responsibility of the Foreign Minister: in other words, it implies that just as the Swedish Foreign Minister is responsible solely to the Swedish Parliament, so the Norwegian Foreign Minister shall be responsible solely to the Norwegian Parliament. The programme of the Right, advocating the joint nature of the Foreign Office, implies withdrawal from exclusively Swedish control: in other words, it implies that the Foreign Minister shall be responsible to both nations combined. But it is extremely doubtful if this is what is meant by the Norwegian Right. When it speaks of a Foreign Minister responsible to both nations, it may merely mean that Norway should share with Sweden the right of censuring those who are entrusted with the management of the foreign affairs of both nations: a very proper claim, if the right of censure be lodged in a body representative of both nations. In fact, to judge by their speeches, the proposal involves the creation of a special tribunal, composed of both races, with the right of calling to account the conjoint Foreign Minister. On the other hand, it may be intended that this right shall reside in the Swedish and Norwegian Parliaments *separately*, and that

each nation — through her representatives or through committees nominated *ad hoc*—should be empowered to exact from the Foreign Minister a detailed report of his proceedings.

Such a course of procedure might lead to a vote of censure, to an outcry for the Minister's dismissal, or even to an impeachment; and the tendency of our politics makes it likely that this species of ostracism will be exercised more frequently in the future. With critics in two Parliaments, the responsibility of a joint department for Foreign Affairs must be divided, and the possible consequences are obvious. On the self-same day, the Norwegian Parliament at Christiania might be clamouring for the dismissal of a Minister while the Swedish Assembly at Stockholm were expressing its entire confidence in him. The acceptance or rejection of a Minister's policy would depend on the amount of pressure brought to bear at head-quarters. And, in this connexion, one must emphasize the different relations in which the Sovereign stands to the two representative bodies. The ample resources of the Norwegian Parliament, and—thanks to a Single Chamber system—the remorseless unscrupulousness with which that Parliament habitually abuses its powers, leave no doubt as to results. In every disputed case the Norwegians would carry their point. In practice, the proposal of the Norwegian Moderates would be more disastrous for Sweden than the programme of the Radicals. The latter would give to Norway plenary power over Norway's Foreign Affairs: the former would make Norway mistress of her own destiny, and of Sweden's as well. In view of such possibilities Sweden must perforce maintain her position as predominant partner in the management of the Union's foreign affairs, unless—and this is an indispensable condition—the prospective re-organisation of the Foreign Office be so handled that its control be vested in the hands of a special body representing both nations. Neither Parliament, that is, shall possess the power of inspecting the Foreign Office Reports; and Clause 75 of the Norwegian Constitution—under which all Ministers may be examined upon their conduct of official business—shall lapse as regards the Union officials, and, further, as regards the members of the Joint Council for Foreign Affairs.

Again, the proposed special Council for Foreign Affairs would, presumably, consist of members of both Scandinavian Cabinets with the Foreign Minister as President. But this arrangement, while entrusting foreign affairs to a body nominally independent of both representative assemblies, would still enable the Norwegian Parliament

to exercise an undue influence on the foreign policy of both nations. Under the Norwegian Constitution, the Parliamentary responsibility of Ministers is defined in such terms that Parliament may act as at once accuser and judge. Of the two divisions of the Norwegian House, the *Lagting*, or Upper Section, pronounces sentence, while the *Odelsting*, or Lower Section, undertakes the impeachment. If in a House of one hundred and fourteen one Party numbers sixty-nine, judicious management will give that Party a majority in both sections and will enable it to impeach and punish at will. Should its voting strength be insufficient the accusation can be postponed till the necessary majority be secured at a general election. Both in '82 and in '94 this course was actually followed. Nor is it—as in Sweden—merely illegal procedure on the Council's part which comes within the powers of the Norwegian Constitution. That the King's Ministers act on other principles than those of an existing majority is enough to justify their impeachment and punishment. And the sentence may be a ruinous fine, or a declaration of incapacity for office, or imprisonment with hard labour, or punishment for high treason. To all practical purpose, then, an unscrupulous majority is omnipotent. Its menace of impeachment may force Ministers to advise the Sovereign to yield to Parliament; and, if this advice be rejected, the Cabinet may be compelled to resign. And, as the same threat may be used against every possible Ministry, the King is placed in this dilemma: either he must rule, in defiance of the law, without Norwegian Ministers; or he must sanction a Parliamentary decree which he believes to be disastrous to the country's welfare.

This is no mere speculation. By such tactics the Norwegian Radicals, in '84, compelled the King to abdicate his functions and to surrender his prerogative of veto as regards the fundamental law of the Constitution. To this pretension the Swedish Government replied by a solemn declaration that the Royal veto is distinctly implied in the very terms of the Act of Union. Again, in '92, the Norwegian Radicals played the same game. The King refused to sanction a Parliamentary vote in favour of separate Norwegian Consuls: whereupon the political machine was paralysed for a month. Nor did the Norwegian Ministers abandon these tactics, of enforcing surrender by making all government impossible, till the Opposition humbly implored them to resume office. In the spring of '93, the same strategy was only checked by the formation of a Conservative Cabinet; and, even so, the new Adminis-

tration declared that, like its Radical forerunner, it would not counsel resistance to the motion in favour of a separate Norwegian consular service. The question was then left over until the general election of '94. The Left secured a majority which makes it impossible for the Right to hold office; and, being once more in possession of the tremendous machinery of Norwegian politics, it will direct a peremptory address to the King. The Conservative Minister, Stang, has told how this address will run: "Since the Radicals, by such and such a majority, so desire it, you (the King) must arrange the matter, even though the Union be imperilled, by conceding our demands and by ignoring Sweden. Otherwise no form of government will be tolerated in Norway at all." This being the position, it must be said plainly that, so long as the Norwegian law defining the relation between Ministers and Parliament remains in force, Sweden will resolutely oppose any such re-organisation of the Foreign Office as would tend to increase Norwegian influence.

It would be possible to draft an enactment making the Joint Council as irresponsible to either Parliament as is the Foreign Minister himself; but this would not be enough. The policy of the Norwegian members of the Council would become known and their fate would depend upon the vigour with which they pushed Norwegian interests. To avoid the impeachment of Norwegian Ministers on the one hand and, on the other, to escape the risk of "no form of government being tolerated in Norway at all," the Sovereign would, in effect, be compelled to attach a greater importance than is right to the views of the Norwegian Councillors, with the result that, in most cases, Norwegian interests would outweigh those of Sweden. Such a state of things would be so intolerable that, before entertaining the idea of transferring the guardianship of Foreign Affairs to a Joint Council, Sweden must insist on the remodelling of that Norwegian law (Clause 86 of the Constitution) which bears upon Ministerial impeachment.

Another gross blot on the Norwegian Constitution is that it does not empower the King to dissolve Parliament at all. Once elected, the triennial Assembly must complete its term. There may have been a great change in public opinion; there may be overwhelming reasons for a fresh appeal to the country. In any case the King is powerless. For a year or more he may have thrust a hostile Cabinet upon him, whose existence is bound up with that of a scratch majority which has outlived its mandate. To prevent Norwegian influence on Swedish

business from being greater than it actually is, the proposed transformation of the Foreign Office must be accompanied by the insertion in the Norwegian Constitution of a paragraph conferring on the King the power of dissolving Parliament.

More : Sweden must take hostages against the possibility of such safeguards being annulled after the re-organisation has taken place. And she must further guard against the modification of the Norwegian law in other respects : *e.g.*, by any transference from the King to the Parliament of the right of nomination to the Council. It will, doubtless, be said that so much prevision denotes an insolent mistrust on the part of Sweden. The answer is that such mistrust is amply justified by Norway's mode of escaping her Treaty obligations as regards the defence of the Union. The essential guarantees must also include a proviso that no change in the Fundamental Law of Norway can take effect without the Royal assent. It is beyond dispute that this was taken for granted when the existing law was drafted. And its importance to the stability of the Union was shown by the above-mentioned declaration of the Swedish Cabinet in '84 : that under the Treaty of Union no change of Fundamental Law can be made either in Norway or Sweden without the Sovereign's sanction. For the protection of Swedish interests, the King's veto, established by law in the fabric of the Norwegian Constitution, is an indispensable preliminary condition to the removal of Foreign Affairs to the hands of a Joint Council.

If Sweden consent to yield her established position as prime agent in the system of Foreign Politics, or if this legal right be shared with Norway, the relation of the two branches of the Scandinavian race will be radically changed. To justify this innovation, it is not enough to say that Sweden cannot lose by it. We know where we are to-day : we cannot forecast the morrow. The present system has been proved : the possibilities of the new one may be still worse. In the interest of self-preservation, a State may not forego its rights for the satisfaction of its neighbour's ambition. If it does so forego its rights—save at the sword's point—it exacts conditions which assure it a position no whit less advantageous to the national honour and the national prosperity. The contention is that the new proposals afford just such an opportunity. The Union, founded by Sweden for her own security, will gain—it is urged—in strength and stability by admitting Norway to an equal share in the administration of Union business. Norway's interests

would then be inseparably bound up in the continuance of the Union ; while the prolongation of the present system tends to exasperate Norwegian disaffection to a point that may reach disruption. This is the old argument : we in Sweden know it too well. How stands it in the past ? By the Treaty of Union Norway was granted local autonomy ; in such grave matters as the choice of the Sovereign and of the Heir to the Throne, she was raised to an equality with Sweden. And from the first day to the last the history of the Union is one eternal record of Swedish concessions in the hope that a magnanimous policy would amalgamate two kindred races and consolidate their alliance. And the result ? Every effort to weld the two nations into one by means of common laws and common institutions has been baffled. Every change within the Union has been separatist in tendency. And the original sentiments of aversion and of fear, with which the Norwegians regarded Sweden, have changed for the worse : the aversion has deepened, the fear has turned to contempt. Not otherwise can you explain the arrogance of Norway : not otherwise can you account for her threat to rend the Union in twain if her demands be not paid in full.

Doubtless it is our duty to ally, as far as may be, the Norwegian disaffection ; for the maintenance of the Union—brought about, as it was, by costly sacrifices—is to us a matter of mortal importance. But if we gave ear to the Norwegian vaunts and menaces, it is evident that all Swedish interests would have to yield to those of Norway. It is, moreover, worth while remarking that the existence of the Union is not, after all, a matter for the Norwegians alone. Into that Union Norway was brought almost by force ; and it in no way depends on her wishes whether that Union shall, or shall not, continue. Of course, as a discontented Norway weakens the Union, all genuine grievances must be relieved. But we must see to it that the remedy be not worse than the disease. Important as it may be that Norway should be on good terms with her ally, it is—at the lowest—not less important that the Union should redound to Swedish prosperity and to Swedish honour. And as every day shows more clearly the abject failure of the simple, old policy of conciliation, we in Sweden hold that, before abandoning our few remaining rights, we must ensure that our final sacrifice in the cause of the Union be not in vain. And the least that justice calls for is that, if Norway be admitted to an equality with Sweden in the control of diplomatic relations, there shall be a

corresponding equality—proportionately to population—in respect to taxation under these three heads :—

- (1) The proper maintenance of the Rulers who represent the Union in relation to other powers (Estimates for the support of the Throne).
- (2) The Department of Foreign Politics (Estimates for the Foreign Office, the Diplomatic Corps, and the Consular Service).
- (3) The execution of the policy sanctioned by the Sovereign on the initiative of the single Foreign Ministers for both nations (Supplies for the Defence of the Union).

In other words, regard being had to her resources, on Norway shall fall such burdens as shall correspond to the new privileges conceded by Sweden. And, as regards (1) the Estimates for the support of the Throne: her contribution need not exceed its present amount. But in '93 and '94, her Parliament took upon itself to curtail the annual grant for this purpose, on the ground that, in matters affecting both nations, the Sovereign had not given effect to the Norwegian view. It will, therefore, be necessary for us to exact an enactment which shall prevent the Norwegian Parliament from thus abusing their power of granting supplies. Then, in respect to (2) the Foreign Office Estimates: the contribution made by Norway up to '92 would suffice; with an addition inseparable from the proposed re-organisation. Norway must pay her share of the salary of the future Foreign Minister in his capacity of Joint Official. Here, again, in '93 and '94 there was tampering with regard to the Foreign Office grant. And, as this tampering was attempted, in flagrant disregard of Swedish opinion, with the aim of subverting—or at least reconstructing—the institution to which this grant was destined, we must pass a statute which shall deprive the Norwegian Parliament of its right to decide these questions separately.

Last of all, in so far as concerns (3) the Supplies for the Defence of the Union: it is notorious that the Norwegian Parliament has made a bad use of its power in the interest of the two nations. All the same, this is not our chief reason for insisting that any radical change at the Foreign Office must be accompanied by the stringent definition of Norway's obligations in view of the Defence of the Union. Our chief reason is the intimate, indissoluble connexion between (a) the right of sharing the diplomatic administration, and (b) the duty of

sharing the perils which the exercise of such right may entail. In entering the Union, Norway's chief fear was that the Swedish alliance would involve her in war: and—to Norwegian eyes—the risk loomed all the larger since Sweden's predominance in foreign policy was unquestioned. Hereupon the Norwegians cast about for some means of avoiding such dangers as seemed most incident to the Swedish administration of Foreign Affairs. First there came certain proposals to restrict the King's right of employing the Norwegian forces in the cause of the allied nations. And of these proposals—finally included in Clause 25 of the Norwegian Constitution—the general drift is that neither the Norwegian Army nor the Norwegian Coast Flotilla is available for aggression save with the express consent of the Norwegian Parliament. Further, that portion of the army called the *Landvärn* (militia) cannot—even did Parliament give its sanction—be sent across the Norwegian frontier: and this enactment applies equally to all arms save the Line. This is not the place to argue whether it be wise or not to hamper the disposition of an army by enacting that a Parliamentary sanction is needed before certain troops can be used aggressively. What concerns us here is this: that by law the King is free to handle, as seems best, the whole Swedish force by land and sea, while his right in that of Norway is limited to the Fleet. Army and Coast Flotilla he cannot move, unless assured that the Norwegian Parliament does not regard the war as aggressive. And, inasmuch as the Norwegians are so fond of hairsplitting, it is fair to ask: What war a Norwegian Parliament would not be able to declare aggressive if need were?

Not only thus did the Norwegian draughtsmen of the Treaty of '14 seek to shelter Norway from the dangers of a too adventurous foreign policy. Lest her Army be exhausted in the Swedish cause, it was decreed—as we have seen—that none but the Line should be employed beyond her frontier. Thus, at a stroke, one whole section of her army was exempted from all part in the defence of Scandinavia: and the decree was so worded that her Parliament could not, even if it would, empower such employ. Moreover, a closer examination of these evasions shows the more flagrantly how consistently she has sought to shirk her share in the burden of the common defence. By ill hap, in consenting to these clauses of the Norwegian Constitution, we failed to exact a plain definition of what was meant by Line, and what by *Landvärn*; at the same time that we omitted to have set down in black and white

the effective strengths of these two branches. Taking advantage of this error, Norway transfers as many troops as she chooses to that branch which is kept at home; and this is the more easily achieved, as on matters of military organisation a Parliamentary resolution has no need of the Royal Assent.

Should the proposed Joint Foreign Office come into being, all these restrictions must go by the board. When Sweden alone directed both countries' foreign policy, there was, perhaps, some excuse for them. With a divided responsibility, the reasons for such restrictions cease; and the restrictions will cease with them. The Swedish Parliament will have no right to debate the question whether such and such troops shall be garrisoned here or garrisoned there: and, on the basis of equality which Norway claims, the Norwegian title lapses too. Neither will the Norwegian Parliament decide what proportion of Norwegian troops shall be detailed to execute the operations which a Joint Foreign Policy may necessitate. If Sweden acknowledge Norway's right to share in the direction of the Foreign Policy of the Union, Norway, on her side, must acknowledge her obligation to contribute to the execution of that policy. And the stipulation must be drawn in terms so definite as to make it impossible for her to evade her responsibilities.

So obvious is the justice of the Swedish claim, that even Norwegian politicians have frankly admitted it. The Conservative Professor Aschehoug spoke as follows in the Norwegian Parliament in '71:—

All rights or privileges entail corresponding duties. Should a new Act of Union concede to us a share in the direction of foreign politics, we must be ready to incur the specific obligation of contributing towards the expense of executing the policy of the Joint Council. Privilege and duty are so intimately connected that their separation is impossible. And in this question of Joint Defence, I am convinced that we shall never acquire—at least, by constitutional means—our share in the control of diplomatic business till we consent to share the burdens inseparable from that control.

And twenty years later, the Radical Doctor Sigurd Ibsen declared himself in the same sense:—

To my mind the proposed amendment of Clause 25 is the logical outcome of our claim for equal rights: if Norway and Sweden be made equals as regards the control of foreign policy, it is just that the military responsibility be made equal too.

Now, the Norwegian method of manipulating the clause forbidding the employment of the *Landvärn* beyond the Norwegian frontier, makes

its repeal imperative. For, be it noted, that when we sanctioned that clause, the *Landvärn* was something quite other than what it is. It was then no part of the regular army: it was simply a reserve of 9,000 men as against 23,000 troops of the Line. So things stood in '14, when the Treaty of Union was drafted. But, by '44, these proportions had been so altered that the Joint Commission charged with the drafting of a new Act of Union, described the *Landvärn* as "perhaps the most important branch of the Norwegian forces." And, thanks to the recent re-organisation under the Army Act of '85, the description is truer now than it was before. By the new law, the effective force is classified under three heads—Regulars, *Landvärn*, and Reserves: and there is a further sub-division into thirteen groups, according to age. Five of these groups are included among the Regulars, whose strength must not exceed 18,000 men, save by special grace of the Norwegian Parliament: the remaining eight are divided equally between the *Landvärn* and the Reserves; so that the Norwegian troops available for the Defence of the Union, as compared with those available for home service only, are in a ratio of 5 to 8! And, in truth, the disparity is even greater: for the law of '85 reduced the length of service of the Regulars and extended the term for the first division of the *Landvärn*, so that the proportion is as 37 to 63. And the thing works out thus. By the Act of Union one-fourth of the Norwegian force was to be employed solely for home service: in '94 the proportion of Norwegians escaping the duty of defence is almost two-thirds. Further, by the Treaty of '14, 23,000 Norwegians were available for defence. Since then, the population has more than doubled; but the number of men effective for this purpose has fallen to 18,000. As for the Norwegian fleet, the Sovereign has unrestricted power over it. Consequently, it has been so starved, that it can scarcely count an efficient ironclad.

Before the suggested transfer of Foreign Affairs can take place, it is our imperative duty to insist that the Norwegian obligations as regards the Defence of the Union be set forth in terms so definite as to end all shuffling. That these terms will be unacceptable to Norway is likely enough. But with Norwegian wishes the Swedes have no immediate concern. The first duty of the Swedish Government is to foster the interests of the Swedish people. Equality of rights implies an equality of duties. Sweden is asked to share her privilege of exclusive diplomatic predominance with a nation whose conception

of reciprocal duty is—as we have seen—of a somewhat primitive kind. Did she consent to this, without assuring herself a corresponding increase of defensive strength, her negligence would amount to a national crime. In view of the nature of the Norwegian Constitution, in view of the political tendencies of the Norwegian people, she owes it to herself to exact the guarantees herein set down. The Union was founded to protect the interests and the honour of the land : and we are determined that by no manipulation shall the Union be made the instrument of its ruin.

A SWEDISH M.P.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

A CAUSERIE

Put out your rush candles, you Poets and Rimers, and bequeath your crazed quaterzayns to the Chaundlers; for loe, here he cometh that hath broke your legs.—
T. NASHE.

WE had a little Society for reading English Literature. Indirectly it was a society for the mutual exposure of ignorance. Sometimes large fields of ignorance were exposed, sometimes tit-bits. Our motto might have been from Dr. Johnson—"Sir, it is amazing how little literature there is in the world." We were all University men, rather "swells" than otherwise. This made our ignorance more piquant even to ourselves, and to one another more interesting. Our plan was to meet once a week, and every member was expected to produce and read a bit of English which he might have stumbled on during the week, and which, having been previously unknown to himself, he might suppose to be still unknown to his fellows. There were pipes, and there was *whusk*.

We were often surprised. Of course a man at Oxford or Cambridge has plenty to do without bothering about English Literature, whether by way of substantial diet or garnish. No one could have accused us of shyness, or of any desire to conceal the dreadful state we were in. Most of us were as candid as babes, and the exposure was liberal and complete. After all the attempts which we had made at our innumerable examinations to hide our nakedness, the process of denudation was a positive luxury, only in danger of being too precipitate. Many of us revelled in the sense of freedom to which it gave birth. This is incidental to the Public-school boy proceeded Public-school master. If he is not *gauche* and a trifle too reckless in feeling, we are apt to welcome him in his new capacity. Mutual ignorance, qualified by trifling and irregular exceptions, is always pleasant. We found it so. It is true, if any member of our Society showed the least primness, we urged him for his own sake to lay aside so fatal an impediment to his progress

in knowledge ; we possibly waylaid him and set traps for his innocence. At all hazards we had to strip him of that panoply wherein juvenile Classics are so fain to wrap their, their—well, their Classics.

A few Prudes joined us ; but they soon yielded to our importunities. Kitty Termagant tells us how the Club of the She-Romps dealt with such cases :—“ Once a month we demolish a Prude, that is, we get some queer formal creature in among us, and unrig her in an instant. Our last month’s Prude was so armed and fortified in whalebone and buckram that we had much ado to come at her ; but you would have died with laughing to have seen how the sober, awkward thing looked when she was forced out of her intrenchments.” As a rule, University men are comfortably free from buckram, and not overburdened with modesty : so we did very well. In fact, we had more frequently occasion to laugh at the sincerity of revelation than at the artifices of concealment. For instance, who could help laughing when an excellent scholar of his College sprang upon us as a refreshing novelty the Sir Roger de Coverley papers ? It is true we did not laugh at first, but listened in respectful silence, thereby augmenting the catastrophe of the matured jest. Another “innocent,” not quite so much “abroad,” introduced us to Shenstone his schoolmistress, throwing in as a *bonne bouche* the Pastoral Ballad. It is a *bonne bouche*, and I believe many of us had forgotten it. But *The Schoolmistress*—we looked grave.

One evening I introduced the *Apologie for Poetry*. I confess it was rather under false pretences ; for the rule was to bring forward only some piece which was new to oneself, and, as regarded the Society, to rely upon the probability of an ignorance concentric and co-extensive with one’s own ; and the *Apologie* was an old friend of mine. Still I was fully justified by the sequel. [“ Sir, it is amazing,” &c.] One after another, the flashes of conscious ignorance on the faces of my hearers made me feel “amazingly” comfortable, and the outcome was a triumph for my small *peculium* of “Literature.” “You don’t mean to say,” I began ; but I was interrupted by cheerful cries of “No, no ! Read, read ! read more !” I read it all at a sitting, and no man gainsaid. *Bullying* ? Ah, no ! ah, don’t say that ! *Bullying*—well, perhaps just a little in a way. But they did not need to be bullied. I protest the men were quiet as mice, except when they shouted with delight. They were listening to the glowing words of one who long ago presented to the world the ideal of what God means by “His Englishman,” as Milton has it : one who by subtlest training was wrought into the very

perfection of the type. How could young Englishmen be deaf to the voice of such a brother?

It was a memorable experience. The only wonder was, that it had happened. The little Queen's man with the bright merry eyes; the Balliol Scholar, Jowett-haunted, Jowett-snubbed, but radiant; the Trin. Coll. Cam., versatile, open to conviction, great in Goethe, great in Hugo—not a soul of the lot had ever read a word of the *Apologie*. I suspect this was quite an average. In fact, my men were more than an average. And this is what has become of Sidney. If he had written only the *Arcadia*, we might not have marvelled at this state of things. The Elizabethan Romance is and must be dead by this time. A more strenuous muse has swept it into the background of fiction: it remains "a' babbling o' green fields," but not to us. I suppose this is inevitable, and hardly even regrettable. "Another race hath been, and other palms are won." We have outgrown the complex simplicities of the *Arcadia*. But the *Apologie for Poesie* we certainly have not outgrown. It is as modern as Mr. Saintsbury, and modern with a difference. There are things which can never grow old, partly from their truth, partly from their beauty. Truth obviously has this privilege, beauty, if it be exceeding, has it also. I don't speak of consummate beauty, of perfect form from title-page to colophon. Such beauty was probably impossible in Sidney's time, inconceivable. Redundance, the clatter of joy-bells, and the blast of the trumpet—these have no place in the legitimate and well-balanced essay. In the *Apologie* be prepared for outbursts. They will shake you shrewdly.

But you know all about it? My comrades-in-arms, however, did not. And, at this point, you, who know, be thankful and retire, for I don't want you. My dear old ignoramuses will do for me, and we shall go on together. As I think it well for all brave and noble young Englishmen to be introduced to one another, I do not say it is an honour to be introduced to Philip Sidney, but I really think it is something very like it. Most likely, even if we had been contemporaries, we should not have known him in the flesh. *Crème de la crème*, how could we have got into his set? There are ways and means, always were; but even to the astutest among us this would have been a difficulty. Sidney would have despised a flatterer, he would have detected the veriest hint of a cringe afar off, upon the horizon of an attempt. Christ Church and Trinity, Penshurst and Wilton—even now these are places not exactly open to all chance-

comers. Confess it would have been difficult. His portrait? Well, we have his portrait. Was there ever such another gracious creature? We have Penshurst too, and we can go and frame it there. Take a boat from Rochester, and, by permission of a few locks, you will be at the junction with the Eden: there is Penshurst. Paradise is at least vehemently suggested, but the Kentish rivers are modest. Nor must I be rapturous, or I shall lay myself open to the accusation of recent enrolment in the Sidneian cultus.

But I will quote a safe man. I will quote Camden (*apud* Wood):—“This was that Sidney (‘*Hic erat ille Sidneius*’—it reads straight off into monumental Latin), whom as God’s will was he should be therefore born into the world, even to shew unto our age a sample of ancient virtue; so His good pleasure was, before any looked for it, to call for him again, and take him out of the world, as being more worthy of Heaven than earth. Thus we see perfect virtue vanisheth out of sight, and the best of men continue not long.” Thus Camden—not given to gush, sedate, measured. It is also worth hearing old Anthony himself. He is not often in the melting mood:—“He was a statesman, soldier, and scholar, a complete master of matter and language, as his immortal pen shows. His pen and his sword have rendered him famous enough. He died by the one, and by the other he’ll ever live, as having been hitherto highly extolled for it by the pens of princes. This is the happiness of art, that although the sword doth achieve the honour, yet the arts do record it, and no pen hath made it better known than his own, in that book called *Arcadia*. Certain it is he was a noble and matchless gentleman; and it may be justly said without hyperbole or fiction, as it was of Cato Uticensis, that he seemed to be born to that only which he went about.”

And again—“Philip Sidney, the short-lived ornament of his noble family, and the Marcellus of the English nation, hath deserved, and without dispute or envy enjoyed, the most exalted praises of his own and of succeeding ages. The poets of his time, especially Spenser, revered him not only as a Patron, but a master; and he was almost the only person in any age (I will not except Mæcenas) that could teach the best rules of poetry, and most freely reward the performances of poets.”—In all this there surely is a ring of sincerity.—“James, King of Scots, afterwards of England, honoured him with an epitaph of his composition. The Muses of Oxon, also lamenting much for his loss, composed verses to his memory, among which I find Cardinal Wolsey’s

daughter [Christ Church] lamenting the loss of her alumnus. Those of New College, in their *Peplus Sidnaei*, dedicated to Henry, Earl of Pembroke (who married Sir Philip's sister), as having been formerly of that house, did bewail his death. The most ingenious of Cambridge University did also exercise their fancies, made public by Alex. Nevill." And so on and so on: a *consensus* of sorrow, if ever there was.

Sidney belonged to the first and best flight of Euphuists. In him we see the very pattern of the School while it was yet devoted to the genuine cultivation of beauty and grace. He has left both prose and verse, and in both the racy, generous thought of the man crystallises into these complicated and gorgeous forms. An imperial, consummate Euphuist, in him you know that it does not result from poverty of imagination. His is a most opulent nature, lush and fragrant and princely as the Tudor rose. A pure and most lovely nature, not without the regal lion look that fits brave men. Nephew of the Earl of Leicester, he was born to splendour, and cradled in the very sanctuary of the proudest aristocracy in the world. And to all this he added the culture of courts and of refined society. That ease, that almost voluptuous finish of style and manner which, however endowed he might have been at his birth, he could hardly have carried to such perfection except by outward converse with the most polished circles of his day, and by inward converse with all lofty imaginings and pure and noble emotions.

The darling of two Universities, he had read Aristotle and Plato; the Greek Drama was familiar to him; he knew to its nicest vibration the harmony of the Italian sonnet; he maintained a regular correspondence with the great scholars of other countries, Hubert Languet, for instance. And, at this same time, remember, he was a man of fashion, a favourite of Elizabeth, supreme arbiter in all questions of taste, and gallantry, and elegance; and he died a hero's death at thirty-two. It is an astounding programme.

Courteous, tranquil, it would not have done to trust too much that sweet flexibility. "Mr. Molyneux," he writes to his father's secretary, "if I ever hear that you have read one of my letters without my consent, or without my father's order, I'll stick my dagger in your carcase, and make up your mind to it; for I am serious." *Serious!* I should think so.

The *Apologie* was written in 1581, when Sidney was twenty-seven years of age. What astonishes one at first is the width of learning as

displayed by so young a man. Then the maturity of thought and the critical discernment fairly take one's breath away. In this respect we are reminded of Milton's *Areopagitica*, written, however, at the age of thirty-six. In both works a difficult subject has been almost exhausted. To the history of poetry Sidney's Defence stands in the same relation as does the *Areopagitica* to the Freedom of the Press. They are *loci classici*, they can never be neglected or superseded.

Then for the Style. In the *Apologie* the style may be described as modern, much more modern than that of the *Areopagitica*. When we say "modern," we pay a great compliment to the age in which we live and write. Few Modern books carry this Modern style to the pitch attained by Sidney. Greater accuracy you may get, but how about purity of diction, how about energy? The *Apologie* is occasionally Euphuistic, but the straining throughout is towards our best Modern style, sinewy, vigorous, unaffected, hitting clean and strong, and making its mark. Ciceronian complexities you may find, sentences like those of Hooker, *systemata*, ramified, umbrageous, curved with great knee-timbers after the Latin, but not often. Sidney, in the *Apologie*, is too eager for that, has too much pace and fire. For the most part it is a straightforward style, a style that wants to be getting on with its work, but sufficiently restrained to bethink itself of cadences which are as modern as possible, and rhythms athletically musical. Here is a famous example:—"I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet. And yet it is sung but by some blind crowder with no rougher voice than rude style; which being so evil appareled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar?" Pindar and Chevy Chase—there you have him, child of the Renaissance, but with a vigorous dash of the mediæval, the feudal; above all, with a sound English heart that thrills at the call to arms.

And is not this a glorious way to talk? "Nay, he (the poet) doth as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first, give you a cluster of grapes, that, full of that taste, you may long to pass further. He beginneth not with obscure definitions which must blurre the margent with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness; but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportions, either accompanied with or prepared for the well-enchanting skill of musick, and, forsooth he cometh unto you with a tale, which

holdeth the children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner." "Set in delightful proportions": that exactly describes the art of which the passage quoted is so brilliant a specimen. No one can fail to observe the sweetness and the strength, the outspokenness, the downrightness, and, at the same time, the nervous delicacy of pausation, the rhythm all ripple and suspended fall, the dainty *but*, the daintier *and forsooth*, as though the pouting of a proud reserve curved the fine lip of him, and had to be atoned for by the homeliness of "the chimney-corner." Perhaps he was not always quite sure of his company. Such a man could not be a coxcomb; he might well be fastidious. But when he makes up his mind, the word comes; pauses, suspensions, (*mieuxeries*?), and then—straight as a bayonet.

It is such passages as these that Matthew Arnold had in view when he bade us take into our mouths every morning some choice morsel of prose, and roll it well upon the tongue. "It originates a *diathesis*, if it will not give you a style," he said; and this is the prescription, a sufficiently simple one, recommended by the first stylist of our age and country. One might do worse than adopt it.

Hactenus de Apologiâ. In the *Arcadia* we have a different atmosphere. This is pure Euphuism, Euphuism of set purpose. He says himself that the *Arcadia* was the *outpouring of his boyish brain*. It was written before, but not long before, the *Apologie*. One cannot expect it to fascinate our contemporaries: it is Euphuistic. Not that it stands, therefore, condemned. There is a noble Euphuism, the Euphuism of Shakspeare and Spenser:—"Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?" It is Touchstone that speaks, and he speaks as a Euphuist. Shakspeare laughs at Euphuism, but he employs it gravely and to purpose. Hooker deliberately weaves it into his well-knit, classically articulate phrase. Jeremy Taylor is quite intoxicated with it. The *Arcadia* is a medley of prose and verse. In prose, it is a Pastoral; the scene is the Classic region of the pastoral *Arcadia*. "Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?"

Both shepherds and shepherdesses, in this pastoral, discourse the

most charming philosophy that ever wedded music to speculation. Shepherds, of course, they are not, nor shepherdesses. 'The *Arcadia*, as a witty Frenchman has said, is "un salon au milieu des champs." All the hair-brained conceits, all the inverted locutions, all the graceful gallantry, all the quaint masquerade of thought and language, which belong to this period, are here, here amid the mountains of Arcadia, here in the mouths of shepherds such as never were nor are like to be. Princes and princesses in disguise, who contrive to be extremely good poets and very able metaphysicians. There is much love-making, love-letters which would puzzle the recipient of a modern valentine, songs, duets, echo-songs, where the last word of the stanza echoes and answers itself in the most ingenious way. Then the young Prince, charming, graceful, refined, will lean upon his shepherd's crook, and pour into the ear of his beloved the most sublime speculations of Plato. Then there will be a dance. These delightfully unreal, unimaginable beings, who bask in the sunshine of perpetual bliss, and never know hunger, or thirst, or cold, arrange themselves in two bands. The dance is allegorical: of course it is. One company of dancers represents Vice, the other Virtue, and "What for no?" James King of Scots might have said if he had been present. And so a stately allegory passes before us unfolding its diorama of grave but impassioned morality.

Here is a specimen of the letters written by these amiable phantasts:—"Therefore, mourne boldly my inke. For while she looks upon you, your blackness will shine; cry out boldly my lamentations, for while she reads you, your cries will be musick." That is a Euphuist conceit: Dr. Johnson would have perhaps called it metaphysical. But here is a Euphuist bit of special prettiness, where the "gush" of native thought is full, but perfectly balanced by the strength of the rhetorical form. He talks of morning, and of the sleeping maidens awakened by the nightingales:—"In the time that the morning did strew roses and violets in the heavenly floore against the coming of the sun, the nightingales (striving one with the other which could in most dainty variety recount their wrong-caused sorrow) made them put off their sleep."

Awful foolery? Well, *bona verba! bona verba, et bona fides!* You don't like this: you might do worse than listen to a little more of it for the nonce. I know, I know, you belong to the nineteenth century: but don't be too proud of that distinction. For my part, I think it does one good to slip quietly down these waters between banks of old-world

flowers—quietly, a slight paddle of the sculls now and then to balance you; but, otherwise, deep, unutterable, idiotic peace.

But here a terrible youth interrupts me: "*Idiotic!* Are you aware, Sir, that we live in a practical age, in an earnest age?" God bless me! so we do: and I can only reply, "Yes, yes, oh yes!" and retire discomfited. Now, though, "that you've mentioned it," I should be doing scant justice to Sidney if I did not say a word about his Poetry, eminently his Sonnets. He is *Astrophel*, and she is *Stella*. Purer love has never been made: it is what you would expect from this "noble and matchless gentleman," as Anthony Wood calls him. It is tender, delicate, graceful, refined, manly; not by any means without passion, but a passion so chastened, so ethereal—

Fair eyes, sweet lips, dear heart, that foolish I
 Could hope by Cupid's help on you to prey;
 Since to himself he doth your gifts apply,
 As his main force, choice sport, and easeful stray:
 For when he will see who dare him gainsay,
 Then with those eyes he looks: lo, by and by
 Each soul doth at Love's feet his weapons lay,
 Glad if for her he give them leave to die.
 When he will play, then in her lips he is,
 Where, blushing red, that Love's self them doth love,
 With either lip he doth the other kiss;
 But when he will, for quiet's sake, remove
 From all the world, her heart is then his room,
 Where well he knows no man to him can come.

Euphuism, affectation, if you will (though affectation and Euphuism are not necessarily the same thing for a moment), but, under all, what grace! what winsome playfulness! And so he goes on, Sonnet after Sonnet, never wearying of this theme, or of this form. There are more than one hundred of them, and there is no conceivable phase of the tender passion which Sidney has not embalmed in the series. He rang the changes on these love-bells in endless variation. The scale of his delicate music is made to yield its every fixed interval, its tones, its semitones, its fifths and octaves, and superadded enharmonics, all its capacity of manifold combination, from the diatonic of homely affection to the rich, chromatic shadowing of reflective, self-conscious love.

But this is Vaucuse! Yes, I know it is; and, if you can't get on with Petrarch, I fear we must part company. And certainly you will learn nothing from him except to be happy and to be melancholy, that is deliciously unhappy. If you want to prepare for any examination, it

is useless walking with Petrarch or with Sidney. Better take up with the good Hallam, or some Smith or another. The Sidneys and the Petrarchs are not good coaches. Moreover, Mr. Ruskin has said (*Fors Clavigera*, xxxv):—"If you don't like these love-songs, you either have never been in love, or you don't know good writing from bad (and likely enough both the negatives, I am sorry to say, in modern England)." And they are untainted as the snowdrop—these love-songs; and yet Sidney has another love. I merely indicate it. Let me read you the last Sonnet:—

Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust ;
 And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things ;
 Grow rich in that which never taketh rust ;
 Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.
 Draw in thy beames, and humble all thy might,
 To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be ;
 Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light
 That doth both shine, and give us sight to see.
 O take fast hold ; let that light be thy guide
 In this small course which birth draws out to death,
 And think how ill becometh him to slide,
 Who seeketh heaven, and comes of heavenly breath.
 Then farewell, world ; thy uttermost I see :
 Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me.

"Splendidiis longum valedico nugis."

So he closes. So I to my schoolmasters, impressionable, ductile, mutually confessing.

T. E. BROWN.

THE TRUE DEGENERATE

THERE was never a decade but solaced itself with a sham science. Time was when geology filled a corner in every home, since it was rich in suggestions of Hugh Miller and the Mosaic cosmogony. Then, for a while, Darwinism enjoyed a dishonourable popularity, because, with its aid, the ignorant man, gazing in the mirror, could put the question: "Was I ever an ape?" The answer being too obvious, the aspirant betook himself to the "Science of Language": a pleasant parlour-game, invented by the ingenuity of Mr. Max Müller. At the first word of persuasion every slatternly mind in England was attempting to discover the origin of language, or was writing out the Lord's Prayer in twenty-four dialects. But that fashion long ago exhausted its facile attractiveness, and to-day Lombroso is the god of cheap culture. "Of old," says M. Mirbeau, "a man threw himself into the Seine when he was embroiled with a woman; now he throws himself into anthropology." The jest might find a far wider application, for the *mob waits* not the excuse of an embroilment, but splatters ankle-deep in the shallow slush of Lombroso's heresy at the mere bidding of the master. It is doubtful whether there exists in this world of superficiality a treatise more superficial than Lombroso's *Man of Genius*. It is the very rag-bag of science. It is compacted of the most ancient anecdotes, thrown together without selection or verification, and repeated again and again, in a contrary sense, from sheer carelessness. If this writer be the constructor of a theory, then the man who stuffs a lumber-room from a rubbish-heap is a finished architect. He has written a treatise to prove that genius is a form of insanity, and while the most of his specimens are emphatically not men of genius, very few are honestly insane. A casual word in a diary, or a scrap of intentional swagger is enough to delude this sorry Italian. But his credulity is far surpassed by the effrontery of his generalisations. According to his hasty definition, a man of genius is a short, long-lived creature, who stammers and uses his left hand. Now, these peculiarities being shared by madmen, it follows, as night the day, that genius is always

insane. To refute the main thesis were waste of time, because it is merely an affair of definition. You might as well assert that every man who wears check trousers is mad or gifted, and find for your preposterous assertion as sound a body of evidence as Lombroso brings forward. Besides the last word was said of the matter by the writer who recommended hellebore to the poets. Obviously the man of genius is not normal; obviously, also, he transcends the norm; and if there were any truth in Lombroso's argument, he would be compelled to regret that all the world was not left-handed and afflicted with a stammer. But, no, this "man of science" has chosen to imagine an ideal, which is a cross between Ouida's guardsman and the British Workman. This ideal "works and eats"; he is dull and swinish; tall of stature and never "misonestic," he saunters through life uncaring and uncared for. Yet any variant from the common type is degenerate. Michael Angelo and Cæsar are its manifest inferiors, nor does Lombroso understand that eight feet of stature and a stalwart appetite do not save a clod from his cloddishness. Such is the theory which has brought comfort to a thousand common homes, and when you realise the smug rapture wherewith the clerk or the reporter murmurs, after studying his Lombroso, "I thank God I am not a man of genius," you understand the popularity of this, the last of the sham sciences. But the Professor of Legal Medicine (thus our Lombroso styles himself) lets the whole secret out in an instant of inadvertent confidence. "It is sufficient to be present," he writes with enchanting ingenuousness, "at any academy, university, faculty, or gathering of men, who, without genius, possess at least erudition, to perceive at once that their dominant thought is always disdain and hate of the man who possesses, almost or entirely, the quality of genius." Could any confession be more complete, more abject? Lombroso is a Professor at the University of Turin, and none knows better how galling is the truth that Alexander and Napoleon rose above the professorial chair. Wherefore he visits Alexander and Napoleon with hatred and disdain, dismissing them, in a popular text-book, to the limbo of insanity.

The man, however, is ever before the master, and so much has been said of Lombroso to explain the position of Herr Max Nordau, whose work, *Degeneration*,* is boldly claimed by its author as an experiment in scientific criticism. This other amateur of the Insane sets out with a

* *Degeneration*, by Max Nordau. London: Heinemann.

proper admiration for the false prophet of Turin, whom he describes as "one of the loftiest mental phenomena of the century." His purpose is more restricted, if no less silly, than Lombroso's. He would illustrate the master's theory by the literature of to-day. "Degenerates," he says, in his pleasant fashion, "are not always criminals, prostitutes, anarchists, and pronounced lunatics; they are often authors and artists." And so he runs a tilt at Ibsen and Tolstoi, Wagner and Verlaine, Rossetti and Swinburne, with an energy which is admirable, with an ignorance which is sublime. Not for one lucid moment does he realise that he is quibbling over words; that his fat treatise of six hundred pages might be summed up in a phrase: "If the world were peopled by working-men and German philosophers, there would be an end of talent." Defining "degeneration" as a "morbid deviation from an original type," he detects imbecility in every printed page; and himself a philosopher, sees not the conclusion of his argument. Were he but logical, he would crawl on all fours and burrow in the mud. The "original type" refrained from trousers, you may be sure, and did not insult the ears of his fellows with such crazy words as "graphomania" and "hysterical amblyopia." Moreover, while he slips and staggers on the shifting sand of sham science (he may make what deduction he please from the alliteration), he is seldom consistent either with himself or with Lombroso. In one aspect his book is a covert attack upon "the loftiest mental phenomenon of the century." For Lombroso has spoken the "winged word" that "genius is always a disease of the nerves," and Herr Nordau stands or falls by the degeneracy of to-day. The ancients, who for Lombroso were already insane, are for his pupil patterns of sound sublimity. Was Schiller degenerate? Not a bit of it, though he did plunge his feet into ice when he sought inspiration. And for the future the author of *Degeneration* is manifestly hopeful. The genius of to-morrow, addressing the proletariat, will burst with zeal and common sense. Therefore the theory which Lombroso would establish for all time, is true only for a passing and a decadent generation! At variance on the main question, the two philosophers quarrel also in detail. "Hyperæsthesia," says the Italian, "is the essence of genius." "Egomania," says the German, "the true mark of the degenerate, is produced by defective sensibility." And not content with attacking his model, he must needs make constant onslaughts upon himself. None ever employed a more perverse or revolting jargon to state a simple case; yet he charges his colleagues with "philologico-

medical trifling," and, being a Teuton and a philosopher, sees not the monstrous folly of his position. The truth is, he occupies no position at all. He merely beats a drum in the market-place—shall I call the disease "Agoromania"?—and hopes for an effect at any price: an ambition he attributes to the most distinguished writers as to the most hopeless lunatics of the age.

Lombroso's method is anecdotage. Herr Nordau cannot treat the world of letters, as Charles Lamb treated the exciseman, and feel its bumps, so he is driven, perforce, to consider his victims' works, though more than once he descends to such impertinences as lie far beyond the scope of "scientific criticism." It is inevitable, but unfortunate; for, being a German and a philosopher, he is obviously incapable of tasting any save the coarser flavours of literature. He has read much, if not so much as he pretends—at least he may be allowed the virtue of a qualified industry—but he has understood little, nor has he the vestige of a literary principle wherewith to cover his anthropological nakedness. The best passage in a book, by no means without its good passages, is a close-reasoned exposure of Ruskin's heresy. Yet so little does Herr Nordau profit by his own instruction, that, Ruskin left, he proves himself a thick and thin Ruskinian. "Ruskin does not take into consideration," thus he writes with absolute truth, "or deliberately overlooks the fact, that the pleasurable feelings which are produced by the contemplation of a picture, are not aroused by its intellectual import but by it as a sensuous phenomenon." That is well said, but presently, in ill-feigned repentance or with a sanguine confidence in his reader's forgetfulness, he stumbles upon this chaste aphorism: "Beauty without morality is impossible." In truth, form and craftsmanship are nothing to him. He is still scratching below the surface in search of some fictitious "message." So hostile is he to the whole game of poetry, that he detects a weird disease, which he calls "echolalia," in every refrain, in every echoed sound, and it is only an inborn lack of logic which prevents him from denouncing "rhyme" as the common trick of criminals and lunatics. He condemns Rossetti's *Blessed Damosel*, because it is not based upon the scientific knowledge of the time, as though a poet were asked to undergo the hapless drudgery, described in Germany as education. Tolstoi for him is *The Kreutzer Sonata*, because (he thinks) it was that piece of Nordavism which carried Tolstoi's name into Western Europe. Thus he confuses art with the public mis-appreciation, nor are you surprised, as in another place

he condemns the degenerate (or man of genius), because "the opinion of the majority is to him a matter of indifference." So have we heard Lombroso proving genius a form of insanity by the damning fact that genius (like insanity) "must needs be original"! Of modern French literature Herr Nordau knows little more than can be gathered in half an hour from M. Huret's notorious *Enquête*, which was in itself the sport of a *boulevardier*, and which any man of humour would have treated with a light hand and a gingerly confidence. He has read Verlaine in a popular volume of selections, and he is ignorant that the more infamous of Baudelaire's poems were long since published in Brussels. His criticism of Ibsen is vitiated from first to last, because he has attributed to Ibsen all the views of all his characters, and asks without shame or diffidence that the dramatist should explain the inconsistency! After these amazing follies one is scarce surprised that this philosopher should believe the Banquet of Trinalchio an epic poem. It is evident that a prolonged study of the lunatic asylum has rendered an intelligent consideration of literature impossible to him. In brief, though he affects to deal with literature and art he judges every artist he considers upon a false issue, and proves that his sole desire is to find in poetry or the drama a sort of Teutonic rectitude. He quotes with unqualified approval Lombroso's absurdity: that "if highly-gifted degenerates are painters, then their predominant attribute will be the colour-sense; they will be decorative. If they are poets they will be rich in rhyme, brilliant in style, but barren of thought." Has it never occurred to either of these anthropologists that a painter who is not "decorative" is no painter at all? that all one asks of a poet is richness in rhyme and rhythm, brilliance in style? Was Milton a highly-gifted degenerate? Or is *Paradise Lost* a miracle of thought? But when Herr Nordau prophesies of the future he gives himself away with both hands. He foresees an age when art and poetry will do for the proletariat what Mrs. Beecher Stowe has done for the negroes of the United States. After which statement our philosopher may return to his academy or his asylum, as pleaseth him the more. He is obviously incapable of reading or of understanding any higher form of literary expression than statistics. If literature be a branch of social science, then Lombroso may be a greater than Shakespeare; but if you contrive to confuse art with the negroes of America, the sooner you adopt some honest trade the better. Why did not Herr Nordau attempt to prove that all pedants were degenerate? The result would

have been quite as profitable, and the investigator would at least have stood upon familiar ground.

In fact, if there were any truth in the Nordavian heresy, then it would be easy to prove that Herr Nordau himself was ripe for a strait-jacket and a padded room. Now, it is quite evident that he is not a man of genius; and as he displays all the qualities of the degenerate, may we not conclude that he stands on the other side of the thin dividing line? Were we permitted to feel his bumps, or to examine his stigmata, the doubt might be set at rest for ever. Maybe his cranium is asymmetric, his type Mongolian. Perhaps he has "squint eyes, a hare-lip, a pointed or flat palate, webbed or supernumerary fingers (syn- and poly-dactylia), &c." It is further possible that he suffers from nystagmus; and, being peculiarly blessed by Providence, he might even know the pangs of hysterical amblyopia—a disease of which anybody might be proud. If the binding of his book be a satisfactory test, he appreciates the dynamogenous quality of red, and that, as every schoolboy knows, is the exclusive privilege of the degenerate. However, the law is not yet passed, which shall compel our neighbours to give an account of their physical imperfections, and Herr Nordau, for all his zeal in the cause of science, has made no public confession. Wherefore, we are forced back upon his book, which most easily renders up its author's secret. In the first place, he is a mattoid and a graphomaniac, which mean, according to Lombroso's definition, a "semi-insane person who feels a strong impulse to write." The "strong impulse" is certain, since without it, Herr Nordau could never have survived six hundred pages of inconsistencies and repetitions. The "semi-insanity" is shown in the assurance wherewith he discusses literature, whose end and aim he misunderstands, and which he erroneously supposes a mere vehicle of German thought. None the less, he proudly describes himself as a "scientific critic," and in this way recalls the monster who personated a wild man at a fair and thought he was an artist. Worse still, Herr Nordau is manifestly a mystic. He strings words together, which have none but a cryptic meaning, at the same time that he visits all such rivals as follow his method with an inconsiderate jealousy. One half of his theory depends upon a ridiculous jargon of his own and Lombroso's devising; and there is no surer sign of mystic degeneration than the parade of meaningless and pedantic tags. Take the man's definition of mysticism, and you will find an accurate

description of his own work: "The word describes a state of mind in which the subject imagines that he perceives or divines unknown and inexplicable relations amongst phenomena, discerns in things hints at mysteries, and regards them as symbols, by which a dark power seeks to unveil or, at least, to indicate all sorts of marvels which he endeavours to guess, though generally in vain." In these lines are set forth every point and detail of the fantastic jugglery, wherewith Lombroso would attempt to confuse insanity and genius. Closely related to Herr Nordau's mysticism is his love of vain repetitions. The same words occur in every page of his book, I had almost said in every line. Mattoid and graphomaniac, imbecile and criminal—these epithets are ever upon his tongue. He uses them as the British Working Man slings his expletives—"bloody" and the like—without the smallest discrimination or sense of appropriateness. Indeed, though I blush to write the word, he must plead guilty to "echolalia," that vice of weak-minded repetition, with which he would charge Rossetti and Swinburne, Gautier and Verlaine. But in order to leave no loophole of escape, he has boldly proclaimed himself of the school of Lombroso, which is enough, without further evidence, to convict the sanest of insanity. For it has been observed that "criminals frequently unite in bands"; hence "the formation of a school is a mark of degeneracy," so that our philosopher approves himself as debased as the most inveterate symbolist or decadent of them all. Alas, poor Nordau! How deep a ditch he hath digged himself! Thus, the degenerate is always misonestic, and does not Herr Nordau confess a hatred for everything newer than Schiller or Goethe? According to Lombroso, insanity is also notoriously vagabond. Well, Lenau removed from Vienna to Stokerau, and has not Herr Nordau been heard of in Paris? Again, "it is known"—once more the discovery is the ingenuous Italian's—"that very often the great conceptions of thinkers have been organised, or at all events have taken their start, in the shock of a special sensation." Thus "reading one of Spenser's odes aroused the poetic vocation in Cowley." The philosopher does not explain how else the "poetic vocation" should be aroused than by reading poetry; but, inasmuch as it is patent that *Degeneration* would not have been written without the shock produced by the labours of the "lofty phenomenon," Herr Nordau is perforce as mad as Cowley. And let it not be forgotten that the imbecile is always monotypic; "he occupies himself with one

problem." We thank thee, anthropologist, for teaching us that word! For if there be any truth in your conclusions, then you and your "school"—(shame on you for founding a school!)—should be fenced round with the walls of a lunatic asylum.

Enough has been quoted to prove that Herr Max Nordau is the True Degenerate. We have his own authority for pronouncing him a mattoid, afflicted with graphomania and monotypism, with misoneism and echolalia. And further, the supreme vice of egomania is added to his account, that he may not by any artifice escape the effect of his own conclusions. "Hegel," says Lombroso, "believed in his own divinity." He began a lecture with these words: "I may say with Christ that not only do I teach truth, but that I am myself truth." So too Herr Nordau concludes his experiment in a sham science with this impertinence: "Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets; I am come not to destroy, but to fulfil." His mind may be easy; he will destroy nothing more valuable than himself. And after this masterstroke of egomania you are confirmed in the opinion that his chin and his forehead recede at the same angle of forty-five degrees, and that he is decorated with a fine pair of long-pointed fawn-like ears. For of such is the Kingdom of Bedlam.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

THE COMPLETE LOVER

(1557)

MY heart is high above, My body is full of bliss
For I am set in love As weel as I wad wis :
I love my lady pure, And she loves me again ;
I am her servitour, She is my soveranc ;
She is my very heart, I am her hope and heill ;
She is my joy invart, I am her lover leal ;
I am her bond and thrall, She is at my command ;
I am perpetual Her man both foot and hand.
The thing that may her please, My body shall fulfill ;
Whatever her dis-ease, It does my body ill.
My bird, my bonnie ane, My tender babe venust,
My love, my life allane, My liking, and my lust !
We interchange our hearts In other's arms soft ;
Spriteless we twa departs, Using our lovès oft ;
We mourn when daylight dawes, We plain the nicht is short ;
We curse the cock that craws That hinders our disport.
I glowssin* up aghast, When I her miss on nicht,
And in my oxter fast I find the bowster richt.
Then languor on me lies, Like Mor-phe-us the mair,
Which causes me uprise And to my sweet repair :
And then is all the sorrow Forth of remembrànce !
That ever I had a-forrow† In love his observànce,
Thus never I do rest, So lusty a life I lead,
When that I list to test The well of womanheid.
Lovers in pain, I pray God send you sic remeid
As I have night and day You to defend from Deid !
Therefore be ever true Unto your ladies free,
And they will on you rue As mine has done on me.

ALEXANDER SCOTT.

* To awake with a start.

† Afore.

APPEAL IN CRIMINAL CASES

A BILL has been brought into the House of Commons by Mr. Hopwood, Sir Henry James, and several other Members, for the establishment of a Court of Appeal, and Court for the Revision of Sentences, in criminal cases. Whether or not there is any likelihood of its passing, I have not the slightest idea, but I am satisfied that if it does pass it will be productive of no good result, and will do a great deal of mischief. I therefore propose to state shortly the reasons for leaving things as they are.

A "memorandum" states that "the Bill is brought in by reason of the recommendation of the Judges, contained in their Report in 1892, to the Lord Chancellor, urging the creation of a Court of Appeal and Revision of Sentences in Criminal Cases, presented to the House of Commons, May 22nd, 1894." It is true that the Report in question contained a paragraph to this effect. It was, however, in substance, a Report upon the Circuit system, and upon practice generally. The alteration of the Circuit system the Judges then suggested has been effected by Order in Council, and that Order has been in operation for the last eighteen months. Many of the other recommendations of the Judges have been carried out by new Rules. I do not think we are called upon to treat the brief reference to a Court of Criminal Appeal as embodying the final and deliberate opinion of the Judges.

The memorandum further states the present Bill to be a "faithful copy" of the one brought in by Sir Henry James, then Attorney-General, in 1883, "as it was amended and reported to the House by the Standing Committee on Law in that year, after very careful consideration"—the clause as to the revision of sentences being new. Now, the Bill of 1883 was founded upon the recommendations contained in the Report of the Criminal Code Commission (1878-9), but departed therefrom in some points of the first importance, and it is in respect of these chiefly that the present Bill seems to me most strikingly unsatisfactory.

Criminal appeals must, like all others, be either upon questions of law or upon questions of fact. As regards appeals upon questions of law, I have not much to say. The effect of the Bill is to abolish writs

of error, and 'the Court for Crown Cases Reserved, substituting a "Court of Criminal Appeal" for the Court of Appeal in the one case, and the Judges of the Queen's Bench Division in the other. There is some amount of cumbrousness and technicality in the present state of the law on these matters, though in practice it works well enough, and I know of no recent instances of anything that could be called a miscarriage of justice in consequence of it. The effect of the present Bill would be a certain amount of simplification and improvement, but it is really not a matter of substantial importance to the public. This seems to be, however, the appropriate place to remark upon the very odd proposal that the Court of Criminal Appeal should consist of "the Judges of Her Majesty's High Court of Justice and Her Majesty's Court of Appeal, with the exception of the Lord Chancellor." Why on earth except the Lord Chancellor? What conceivable Criminal Court would not be strengthened by the inclusion of Lord Herschell or Lord Halsbury? The exception appears the more indefensible when we find that another clause in the Bill gives an appeal (by leave), on questions of law, from the Court of Criminal Appeal to the House of Lords. And if the constitution of the Court is too narrow, it is also unnecessarily wide, for it could never be thought desirable to invite the attendance at the Court of the Judges of the Chancery Division.

Another defect in the construction of the proposed Court, is the provision (Clause 7 (4)) that the Judge who tried the case is not to sit in the Court of Appeal to hear an appeal against his judgment. If there must be an appeal on questions of fact, the Judge who tried the case would probably be the most valuable member of the Court. As to questions of law, the restriction seems purposeless. In the existing Court for Crown Cases Reserved it is a matter of every-day occurrence for the Judge who has stated a case to be one of the Court which decides it, and no objection has ever been raised to the practice.

I now come to the consideration of the most important provision of the Bill, the appeal on questions of fact. The proposal is that there shall be an appeal on the ground, among others, "that the verdict was against the weight of evidence or was not founded on sufficient evidence," and the Court is to have power thereupon to order a new trial. Every person sentenced to death is to have an absolute right of appeal, and every person sentenced to any other punishment is to be able to appeal by leave of the "Court of trial" (*i.e.*, the Judge who tried the case), or of the Court of Criminal Appeal.

The great, and, in my opinion, fatal objection to this proposal, is that it impairs the sense of responsibility under which juries at present give their verdict. They will, no doubt, do their best to arrive at right decisions, but it is impossible for them to feel the same responsibility if they know there is an appeal to come afterwards, as if there is none. Some persons are apt to view with impatience the traditional theory of our criminal law, that, before a verdict of guilty can be returned, the Crown must prove its case, fully and thoroughly: not, indeed, with the same degree of certainty with which it could prove that a one-armed man had only one arm (by producing him), or that three and two on a specific occasion made five, but still with a much greater degree of certainty than is necessary for the decision of any other legal issue. I do not share that disposition. I believe that that tradition, in the cases to which it applies,* though it undoubtedly enables a certain proportion of offenders to escape punishment, affords practically absolute immunity to innocent persons, and is therefore the strongest part of the foundation of the efficiency of our criminal law, and of the respect in which its administration is rightly held. If there is a recognised public Court of Appeal, I think juries, in the cases where now they hesitate, and eventually give the prisoner "the benefit of the doubt," will feel, though they may conscientiously refuse to say so to themselves, that they are probably right in convicting, and if they are wrong, the Court of Appeal can transfer the final responsibility to another jury.

I think it is generally admitted by those who have discussed this question, that this diminution of the jury's responsibility is in itself an evil. The magnitude of this evil may be in some degree estimated by considering how the jury and the Court of Appeal would mutually affect each other's decisions whenever the task of deciding upon the evidence was peculiarly difficult. The jury would be subject to a strong inclination to leave the further consideration of the matter to the Court of Appeal, that is, to return a verdict of guilty. The Court, on the other hand, would be subject to a strong inclination to say that they were not justified in setting aside the deliberate decision of the jury, and that there was no reason to suppose that another jury would be any more likely to decide rightly. The consequence would be, that no body of

* It is my opinion that it does not apply to cases where the prisoner can give evidence in his own defence, and therefore I think that no prisoner ought to be a competent witness. This opinion of mine is foreign to my present purpose, but it is the cause of the qualifying words in the text.

men, either jurors or Judges, would ever consider the facts with the knowledge that their decision was practically final. Personally, from what I have seen of jurors, and their sensitiveness to all kinds of considerations, I am inclined to think the evil a much greater one than I daresay most of the advocates of Mr. Hopwood's Bill would admit it to be. Two considerations are urged as counterbalancing this evil, and each of them is, in my judgment, entirely fallacious.

The first is that it is "anomalous"—and, what is not exactly the same thing, unsatisfactory—that there should be an appeal in every question as to the liability to pay a few pounds, and none in questions of life and death, or of possibly life-long imprisonment. This contention entirely ignores the fact dwelt upon above: that, by the present system, the law and the practice of it give so much protection to accused persons, that they are convicted only when there is really no doubt as to their guilt. I will not say that the conviction of an innocent person, who cannot be heard as a witness in his own defence, never occurs, but I do not believe that it happens in all England as often as once a year, or nearly as often. That is, it is so rare an occurrence that exceptional treatment is the proper remedy for it, not the creation of a Court which can be set in motion by any person sentenced to death, or, with leave, by any person convicted at all. Civil cases, decided, one way or the other, on any balance of probability that there may appear to be, obviously stand in an altogether different category.

The other argument in favour of a Court of Criminal Appeal is that the Secretary of State ought not to have the responsibility of deciding whether or not capital sentences are to be executed whenever any articulate objection has been made to the verdict. One answer to this is that, do what you will, you cannot get rid of the Secretary of State, or, to put it in another way, you cannot relieve him altogether of the functions now thrust upon him. No one has ever suggested that the Crown should be deprived of the "prerogative of mercy," nor is any such suggestion likely to be made. As long as it exists it will in some cases be invoked, however many Courts of Appeal may have decided adversely to the convict, and as long as it is invoked somebody will have to decide whether or not to advise its exercise. I agree that the labours of the Secretary of State in this respect ought to be diminished. A means of diminution was suggested by the Criminal Code Commissioners: namely, that the Secretary of State should have power, if he thought fit, to order a new trial. This, it may be presumed, he would

exercise when he saw real ground, by reason of subsequently produced evidence, or otherwise, to doubt the accuracy of the original verdict. It would not relieve him of the difficult and odious task of deciding whether or not some almost theoretical figment of doubt justifies the substitution of life-long penal servitude for hanging, but no more would a Court of Criminal Appeal. If such a Court easily granted new trials, such trials would mostly result in the same way as their predecessors, and the Secretary of State would find himself where he started, and equally besought to do the same thing for the same reasons.

It is a significant circumstance that the Judges of the Court of Appeal, in deciding whether or not to direct a new trial upon the ground that the verdict was against the evidence, or not founded upon sufficient evidence, are expressly forbidden by the Bill to "pronounce several judgments," the decision of the Court being required to be "declared" by one of its members. The primary intention doubtless is that the second jury shall not be influenced by reports of what the Judges said on the application for a new trial; but considering that, as a rule, the jury would hear the evidence and the Judges would not, this is rather a far-fetched apprehension. It seems more intrinsically probable that whoever was responsible for this provision wished to guard the Judges from the weakness of "giving their reasons," on the ordinary ground of objection to that practice.

The clause of the Bill providing for a new trial, if, "by reason of the non-production of evidence, whether known or not to the defendant at the time of trial . . . there has been such a miscarriage of justice as to render it necessary in the interests of justice that a new trial should be had," seems to me an excellent clause, assuming that there is to be a Court of Appeal at all. There is, however, in the nature of things, no reason why the same power, or even one less jealously fenced about with qualifications, should not be given to the Secretary of State. The qualifications are intended to meet the case of the criminal who adopts at his trial what he thinks the most promising line of defence, keeping a different story in reserve in case the first should fail him. The existing practice is that the Secretary of State, when such a point is raised, makes his own inquiries, which he can do more simply and less expensively than a Court of Appeal, and in the vast majority of cases finds the guilt of the convict rather confirmed than rendered improbable by their result. The reason why I would give the Secretary of State power

to order a new trial, and would not have a Court of Appeal so empowered, is that the cases where the non-production of evidence has really caused a claim for a new trial, in the sense contemplated by the clause, are exceedingly rare. I doubt whether there has been one for the last twenty years. Why, then, establish a Court to give decisions which it would so very seldom have to give? The provision of systematic remedy for a grievance suggests that the remedy is wanted at least every now and then. If it is wanted only once in a generation, a simple, inexpensive, and exceptional remedy seems to be sufficient.

The other important provision of the Bill is that the Court of Criminal Appeal is to have power to revise all sentences except sentences of death. The "application" to the Court for revision is only to be by leave of the Court itself, which I suppose is a way of saying that the procedure is to be by way of an *ex parte* motion, which may or may not develop into an opposed motion. The Attorney-General—meaning, as I take it, the prosecution—is also to have power to apply (it would seem without leave) for revision, and the Court is required to "confirm, increase, or diminish the sentence."

The best there is to be said of this suggestion is, I think, that if the Court did this part of its work properly the clause would soon become inoperative. As far as regards Judges of the High Court, and also, I have no doubt, for the most part, Chairmen of Quarter Sessions, there is far more "uniformity of sentences" than people suppose whose knowledge of every-day criminal procedure is derived wholly or mainly from the newspapers. I can hardly imagine a case in which the Court of Appeal, having before it, as no doubt it would have, a statement of the reasons which induced a Judge to pass a particular sentence, would interfere with his discretion in the matter. It is quite impossible to schedule the amounts of guilt in different crimes, and the appropriate amounts of imprisonment and penal servitude. On the other hand, in any specific case, the opinions, as to what sentence should be passed, of persons accustomed to form such opinions, who have carefully considered all the facts, differ extraordinarily little.

No doubt the disposition and opinions of a Judge to some extent affect all his sentences, but I really cannot see what ground of complaint there is in that. I do not know of any Judge whose sentences generally can be called severe. Everybody knows that Mr. Hopwood's are lenient, though everybody does not know how lenient. Is it worth

while to introduce into criminal procedure some amount of uncertainty and discontinuity in order to secure rather longer terms of imprisonment for an insignificant fraction of the population of Liverpool? I do not see that it matters to the public if a swindler, who, upon a careful examination of all the facts, seems, to people familiar with the subject, to deserve nine months, gets off with six; nor do I think that a burglar who gets five years is at all to be pitied because some other Judge would very likely have given him only four. He should not have committed burglary.

There is, however, this to be said about "revision," that it will be another, and perhaps a considerable, distinction between rich and poor. It will be well worth the while of people who have strong objections to imprisonment, and who can afford to pay for enforcing them, to brief eminent counsel to make appeals *ad misericordiam* in the Court of Appeal. In such matters, especially after the lapse of two or three weeks, the human tongue is extremely persuasive, and the human heart, especially when it knows practically nothing about the crime, will have to be very hard to resist it. To an ingenious and experienced man the task of discovering circumstances in mitigation presents no very serious difficulty, and presenting those circumstances in the most effective manner is merely a matter of practice. As it is, large fees paid to counsel by prisoners who plead guilty, or have no hope of escape if tried, are frequently most profitably employed from the point of view of those who pay them, and the establishment of a Court for Revision of Sentences will tend unnecessarily and most undesirably to infect the criminal law with the vice of being a respecter of persons.

HERBERT STEPHEN.

A GALLERY OF ATHLETES

The English are, confessedly, a proud and boisterous race, hard to controul, impatient of restraint, lovers of liberty, individually, but anxious to command and controul others. Hence the commanding aspect, the voice of authority, the love of law, the enormous increase of statutes, the admiration of prize-boxers and boxing, the despiciation of missiles, the absence of assassination, the prevalence of athletic exercises and manly sports; hence the generous mind that is trained to a true and dignified investigation of all these topics, and more.—THE FANCY, "Memoirs of the Life of Thomas Cribb."

I.

HOW pleasant could one turn from contemplating the books that are and the books that were, and for half an hour or so, between daylight and lamplight, dip into one of them that never have been, and shall never be! About the most interesting of these unpublished works of genius unborn is a certain stately *History of Athletics* (in about a dozen folio volumes, quaintly bound in pigskin and full of the finest woodcuts), which makes a brave show on the top shelf behind the door in the little shop kept by Lewis Carroll's venerable Sheep. It is a pity one cannot get more than an occasional glimpse of its contents, for an evening's steady reading would solve some curious problems. For the first volume contains a full and particular history of the Olympic Games, interspersed with numberless critical portraits of athletes famous in the Hellenic prime, and sketches of wrestling and boxing bouts as vigorously drawn as the chariot-race in Sophocles his *Electra*. If we knew it throughout we might compare and contrast the wrestling tricks invented at Croton with the various "chips" practised in the Carlisle ring; and so come to possess an opinion as to how Steadman would have fared if matched with Milo. Again, in the second—or maybe the third—volume, the several Schools of Swordsmanship, from time to time fashionable in the arena of Rome, are defined and discussed. I have perused a page of the last chapter, which is concerned with the deadly wiles of the Retiarus; and a footnote informs the gentle reader that the treatise of a famous slinger of the net, who earned

the nickname of "Red Spider" among the rabble, has furnished the writer with the bulk of his material. A later volume deals with the gentle art of *chevalerie*; from which you learn *inter alia* that the Round Table was in the first place a School of Jousting. Arthur himself, it appears, was the first to investigate the theory and practice of that diversion, and a wonderful knack of imparting his knowledge in the end won him a kingdom: Lancelot—his best pupil—"having a truly marvellous insight into Time and Measure, and a strange faculty of ruling the stubbornest horse, invariably succeeded in bringing to the final shock a greater amount of momentum than his opponent could muster, and so succeeded in overthrowing all his enemies, save Age and—" Alas, that the volume should have been whisked away just as the page was fluttering over!

Alas, too, that such a chronicle exists not—nor can exist—but in the imagination of the jaded reviewer! Men of action are seldom men of letters also, and too few of the rare athletes, who could have justified their physical faith by sound argument, have been at the pains to record themselves or their rivals; so that the documents, which the would-be author of that hypothetical *History of Athletics* might safely use as authorities, are brief and far between. Even Cricket, which has been an established favourite among cultured people for a century and a half, has produced only one writer equipped with the necessary knowledge of the game, and a sufficient literary gift—to wit, John Nyren, the composer of *Cricketers of my Time*. "There is scarce another writer"—says Mr. Whibley, in his charming introduction to a recent reprint (London: Nutt) of that admirable fragment—"except Pindar, perhaps, and Hazlitt, the panegyrist of Cavanaugh, who has approached the triumphs of athleticism in Nyren's spirit of grave admiration." Nyren has, indeed, bequeathed us portraits of the Hambletonians—clean-hearted, clear-eyed yeomen, who played, as Pope wrote, in the classic style—as vivid and vigorous as Froissart's; and, as one reads, one cannot but regret that the careful-careless rapture of Jackson's late cuts, the enormous elegance of Gunn's cuts in front of point, the dramatic vehemence of Stoddart's off-strokes, and the delightful insolence of Hewett's pulls should lack their historiographer. Only the monumental Doctor has been portrayed (by Mr. Whibley in a certain series of "Modern Men")—a portrait which enables us to see the champion in the working habit of his mind, and is therefore more complete than Hazlitt's Cavanaugh. For the rest, though each

artist's scores are safely registered in the score-books, there is nothing in those long lines of figures which shall help posterity to discriminate between their several methods. The style, which was the man, must needs be forgotten.

The "Noble Art of Self Defence" (the epithet dates from the golden age of the art, and was added in all seriousness) has fared a little better than Cricket. The names and doings of numberless practitioners—good, bad, and indifferent—are to be found in various chronicles of sport. But Pierce Egan and his likes employed a "miserably defective *slummy* mode . . . a mode whereby *froth* is served up for *the substance*, *epithet* stands in the stead of *sense*, and a constantly feverish state of risible ridiculousness is foisted off for understanding"; Jon Bee himself, though he had an eye for essentials, scarce wrote so well as he believed himself to write; as a rule, in these narratives of *bygone* battles the essential matter is lost in a mass of petty details (mean little facts, the merest sawdust of that *machina mundi*, cherished by the historical pedant), so that it is often impossible to see *how* it happened, or *why*. Of late years several attempts have been made—two of them quite successful—to portray the prize-fighter "in the act." The hero of Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Cashel Byron's Profession*, is a devout "professor" of bruising, into whose mouth the author has put much humorous criticism of the conscientious but incapable artificer. His story, too, includes the description of a glove fight, as one-sided as any of Mr. Blackmore's wrestling episodes, wherein, nevertheless, the difference between the born artist and the mere artisan is as obvious as the antithesis of their complexions. Also, Mr. Arthur Morrison's little tale of *Three Rounds* conveys the cleverest possible impression of an unequal glove-fight, in which the receiver-general of punishment "knocks out" his opponent *παρὰ προσδοκίαν*. Still, to find a portrait-gallery of boxers worthy to be set alongside Nyren's heroes, we must go to Bodley's Library in Oxford, and peruse Captain John Godfrey's *Treatise upon the Useful Science of Defence* (London, 1747), a rare pamphlet, which deserves to be reprinted. This Captain John Godfrey was a swordsman of undoubted experience; his *Treatise*, which is primarily intended to "Connect the Small and Back Sword," also deals with the "Characters of the Masters" (*i.e.*, of the sword) and the "Characters of the Boxers" who adorned the first half of the eighteenth century. He, too, approaches his task in a spirit of grave admiration, and is master of a style which fits his subject like a glove.

II.

Godfrey's "Characters of the Masters," inasmuch as they were intended in the first place to serve as practical illustrations of the writer's theories, are not exactly quotable. However, it may be as well to call the roll briefly. First on the Captain's list come the names of Timothy Buck and "Mr." Millar, whose encounter at Hockley-in-the-Hole, "a place of no small renown for the gallantry of the lower order of the Britons," is the theme of a paper in No. 436 of *The Spectator*. The former is reckoned "a most solid Master," and as it were "the Pillar of the Art": the latter, we are told, was "a most beautiful Picture on the Stage, taking in all his Attitudes, and vastly engaging in his Demeanour." In Millar's case, the critic chooses to speak of the man, rather than the swordsman; whence it may safely be concluded that his skill was not so striking as his mien. No wonder, then, that on the occasion of the Spectator's visit, the too-too solid Buck slipped over and under the ardent Millar's guard! No wonder, also, that a certain poor friend of the vanquished hero burst into tears when she saw the first trickle of scarlet, and covered her face with her hands, so as not to see a second! Next comes a panegyric on Fig—"the Atlas of the Sword"—whose work awoke Godfrey's enthusiasm, just as the bowling of David Harris awoke Nyren's. Generally speaking: "There was a Majesty shone in his Countenance, and blazed in all his Actions, beyond all that I ever saw." And in particular: "He had that peculiar way of stepping in, I spoke of, in a Parry; he knew his Arm and its just time of moving, put a firm faith in that, and never let his Adversary escape his Parry. He was just as much a greater Master than any other I ever saw, as he was a greater Judge of Time and Measure." After the peerless Fig, John Parks of Coventry—"a man of a mild disposition, a gladiator by profession, who fought 350 battles in the principal parts of Europe," according to his epitaph, which appears in that number of *The Spectator* already quoted)—being "a heavy, slow, and inactive Swordsman . . . with no friend to help him but his Staunch Judgement," is contrasted with "one Sutton, a resolute, pushing, awkward Swordsman," whose "busy, intruding Arm and scrambling Legs" disconcerted the best of 'em. Naturally, Fig, "by his charming Discrimination of Time and Measure," managed this whirligig best of any. Seldom, indeed, was the Atlas of the Sword for a moment non-plussed; but this did

really happen in his engagements with one Perkins, a time-honoured Irishman, who would "at first setting out pitch to this Posture—lying low to the Inside so wide as to hide all the Outside" (this sentence suggests the refrain of Mr. Swinburne's Ballade of Villon) "with his wrist so ready raised that nobody knew what to do with him." "Indeed," says Godfrey, "I have seen Fig in Battles with him stand in a kind of confusion, not knowing which way to move; for as Fig offered to move, the old Man would also move so warily upon the Catch that he would disappoint him in most of his Designs."

There is no need to speak at length of Mr. Johnson, who affected the Hanging Guard overmuch, and is gravely censured for his predilection; of William Gill, a Swordsman formed by Fig's own hand and turned out a masterpiece, who had in him a very deadly "Drawing Stroke" at the leg—once with a gentle turn of the wrist he cut an opponent's calf so that it all fell down below the ankle; of Mr. Sherlock, a nervous customer, who would jump out if his opponent did but stamp his foot. The last place in the Captain's list pertaineth to John Delforce, "so well known for a Cudgeller on the Stage" that, albeit he never fought with the Sword, Godfrey, in his discretion, includes him among the Masters of that weapon. It is possible to doubt the justice of this compliment. A plain cudgel is handier in the balance and simpler to play with than an edged tool of living steel; and maybe John Delforce, having one flame of silvery light in his hand and another in his eyes, had failed to justify his title. However that might have been, he was certainly the best Cudgeller of his day. "I have tried with them all," cries the good Captain, "and My Flesh, My Bones remember him the best."

Before we pass to the "Characters of the Boxers," it should be noted that the insight into "Time and Measure," which lies at the root of success in all "personal games," is perhaps best acquired in the study of some form of the sword. Just as the possessor of a cricketer's eye learns to excel in other ball-games sooner than another, so, *ceteris paribus*, the tutored swordsman is apter at learning to use his fists. For, since the delicate *nuances* of sword-play are a matter of life and death in practice, the careful swordsman's eye and hand are bound to become cognisant of subtleties the average man could not discern without the help of a series of instantaneous photographs. That nice discriminating eye which Godfrey developed sword-in-hand helped him to a complete philosophy of boxing.

III.

The Champion is introduced with a solemn (literary) gesture. "Advance, Brave Broughton!" cries the Captain, with the parade rasp in his voice, "Thee I pronounce Captain of the Boxers. . . . What can be stronger than to say that for seventeen or eighteen years he has fought every able Boxer that appeared against him; and has never yet been beat! This being the case we may venture to conclude from it. But"—(for with the true critic success is not the only criterion)—"not to build alone on this, let us examine further into his Merits. What is it that he wants? Has he not all that others want, and all the best can have? Strength equal to what is human, Skill and Judgement equal to what can be acquired, undebauched Wind, and a bottom Spirit never to pronounce the word ENOUGH! He fights the stick as well as most Men, and understands a good deal of the Small Sword. This Practice has given him the Distinction of Time and Measure beyond the rest. He stops as regularly as the Swords-Man and carries his Blows truly in the Line; he steps not back, distrusting of himself to Stop a Blow and to piddle in the Return with an Arm unaided by his Body, producing but a kind of fly-flap Blows such as the Pastry-Cooks use to beat those Insects from their Tarts and Cheesecakes. No—Broughton steps bold and firmly in; bids a Welcome to the coming Blow; receives it with his guardian Arm; then with a general summons of his swelling Muscles, and his firm Body seconding his Arm and supplying it with all its Weight, pours the Pile-driving Force upon his Man. That I may not be thought particular in dwelling too long upon Broughton, I leave him with this Assertion, that as he, I believe, will scarce trust a Battle to a warning Age, I shall never think he is to be beaten till I see him beat."

Of this Broughton, who earned so stately a panegyric (is it not a fine piece of classic prose? Assuredly it marches like Tully's), we do not know too much. From a curious advertisement at the end of Godfrey's pamphlet you learn that at the time of its printing he was about to open an Academy in Walnut-Tree Walk, Lambeth, where, with proper assistants, he proposed to teach the "Mystery of Boxing." "Lest Persons of Quality and Distinction be deterred from entering into a Course of these Lectures"—so runs the Advertisement—"they will be given with the utmost Tenderness and Regard to the Delicacy of the Frame and Constitution of the Pupil: for which Reason Mufflers are

provided that will effectually secure them from the Inconveniency of black Eyes, broken Jaws, and bloody Noses." It had been laudable to hope that the veteran, thanks to such kindly forethought for those to whom he looked to "lecture," found plenty of pupils, and lived long and comfortably. But alas! It is history that he was beat in the end. Being something past the prime of his maturer strength and skill, he encountered with one Slack, a stout and dogged fighter, who took him fairly between the eyes, and thenceforth had him at his mercy: so that Cumberland (of Culloden), who stood to lose some £15,000 on him, was persuaded that he had fought a cross, and would never look at him more. It was a monstrous delusion; but it served, and Broughton was gathered again to the shades whence he had fought his way, and Slack reigned—reigned for many years, too—in his stead. Now, Slack was grandsire to the two Belchers: Jem—that renowned, unarmed, Irresistible! "The very best man that ever engaged in the *natural* defence of himself"; in whose record "every line counts one for his fame and two for his character"—and Tom, the model pugilist, the master-artist with the mufflers. So that Broughton did but take off his helmet to a countryman (in a manner of speaking) after all.

Pipes and Gretting were Broughton's chief rivals at the outset of his career, but neither ever beat him. Pipes, though small and weakly-made, managed to hit prodigious blows, and indeed would never have been licked out of his championship but for a natural human habit of debauchery. Gretting, a much stouter fellow than Pipes and a straighter hitter, fought with Pipes many times. He lacked "Bottom," however and, after losing two battles to Pipes and a third to Hammersmith Jack, "a mere sloven of a boxer," never proved victor more. George the Barber, a fine all-round hitter and good at putting in the cross-buttock, failed to attain the highest honours through a like failing. "If he were unquestionable in his Bottom," says Godfrey, "he would be a match for any Man." Next comes Boswell, a wearer of the white feather, who arouses the Captain's wrath:—"A Man who wants nothing but Courage to qualify him for a compleat boxer. . . . He has a particular Blow with his left Hand at the Jaw, which comes as hard as a little Horse kicks. Praise be to his Power of Fighting, his excellent choice of Time and Measure, his superior Judgement sending forth his executing Arm! But fye upon his dastard Heart, that marrs it all! As I know that Fellow's Abilities and his worm-dread soul, I never saw him beat but I wished him to be beaten." James, a pretty boxer, who

wanted strength, with Smallwood and George Stevenson (the Coachman)—albeit “the two best Bottom men among modern boxers”—may be summarily dismissed.

In Godfrey's day there was no system of rounds ; so that a boxer, who was blown a bit, had to resort to some such device as Broughton's in a battle with the Coachman. That hero, in a scrimmage by the rails, which formed the ring, put “a Lock” (probably a Double or Single “Nelson” : see *Badminton*) on his adversary, and held him quiet for three or four minutes, leaning his head on his back the while. But Godfrey gives an entertaining description of a fight and its proper sequel—another fight—which deserves to be quoted in full. A personage known as the Venetian Gondolier, being much talked of by foreigners and others, “a Gentleman of an advanced Station sent for Fig to procure a proper Man for him ; he told him to take care of his Man because it was for a large Sum ; and the Venetian was a Man of extraordinary Strength and famous for breaking the Jaw-Bone. Fig replied, in his rough manner, ‘I do not know, Master, but he may break one of his own Countrymen's Jaw-Bones with his Fist, but I will bring him a Man and he shall not break his Jaw-Bone with a Sledge Hammer in his Hand!’ The Battle was fought at Fig's Amphitheatre before a splendid Company, the politest House of that kind I ever saw. While the Gondolier was stripping, my Heart yearned for my Countryman. His Arm took up all observation ; it was surprisingly large, long, and muscular. He pitched himself forward with his right Leg, and his Arm full extended, and, as Whitaker”—(previously introduced as a very strong hardy fellow, a workman at throwing, but a clumsy boxer)—“approached, gave him a Blow on the Side of the Head that knocked him quite off the Stage, which was remarkable for its Height. Whitaker's Misfortune in his Fall was then the Grandeur of the Company, on which account they suffered no common People in, that usually sit on the ground and line the stage round. It was then all clear, and Whitaker had nothing to stop him but the bottom. There was a general foreign Huzza on the Side of the Venetian, pronouncing our Countryman's Downfall ; but Whitaker took no more time than was required to get up again, when finding his Fault in standing out to the length of the other's Arm, he, with a little stoop, ran boldly in beyond the heavy Mallet, and with one English Peg in the Stomach (quite a new Thing to Foreigners) brought him on his Brecch. The Blow carried too much of the English rudeness

for him to bear, and finding himself so unmannerly used, he scorned to have any more doings with his slovenly Fist. So fine a House was too engaging to Fig—"the heroic Fig, so fierce and sedate," as Byrom calls him)—"not to court another. He therefore stepped up, and told the gentlemen that they might think he had picked out the best Man in London on this Occasion: But to convince them to the contrary, he said, that, if they would come that day se'nnight he would bring a Man who should beat this Whitaker in ten Minutes, by fair hitting. This brought very near as great and fine a Company as the week before. The Man was Nathanael Peartree, who, knowing the other's Bottom, and his deadly way of Flinging . . . and doubting of his being able to give him Beating enough, cunningly determined to fight at his Eyes. His Judgement carried in his Arm so well, that in about six Minutes, both Whitaker's Eyes were shut up, when groping about a while for his Man, and finding him not, he wisely gave out with these odd words—'Damme—I am not beat, but what signifies my fighting when I cannot see my Man?'" 'Twas a quaint apology: the sturdy Whitaker was more of a wit than the burly Sullivan of yesterday.

IV.

The Heroic Age of the "Noble Art," when every Englishman could use his fists and the genius of a few informed the talent of the many, came to an end a long half century ago.

Not all the magniloquence of the sporting scribe—that creature of democratic ha'pence—shall ever convince us that the Sullivan who was or the Corbett who is could have kept their heads within the ropes and stakes of the Pugilistic Club along with Belcher in his prime, or even Pearce or the Nonpareil. Your *fin-de-siècle* champion appears to great advantage as he dallies with his slow-footed sparring partner in the limelight of provincial music-halls; and makes a very fine figure of a gentleman whensoever he walks the melodramatic stage. But he has never grasped the essential principles of true boxing (*i.e.*, boxing with the raw 'uns), has little or no ringcraft, and more often than not is deficient in that "Bottom Spirit" which the judicious Godfrey appraises so highly. Not he so much as the prudery of an age, which, womanlike, shrieks at the sight of a "mouse," and cannot bear to look upon the *purpurei panni* of a well-fought fight, is to be blamed for his failings, in which, too, the Personal Journalist has also his share. Nowadays

the novice, instead of *fighting* his way up from the ranks, learns how to score pointless "points" in well-advertised glove-shows; and the blobs of leather and horseshoe, which Morality in regulation boots decrees that he should wear, prevent him from acquiring a sufficiently varied style. For of the multitude of effective hits which may be delivered with the bare knuckles, one only—the craven Boswell's, as it was afterwards a favourite with the redoubtable Hickman: the hit out of the guard to the point of the chin, which is the prettiest application of the theory of the lever—is equally dangerous when it comes from a gloved hand. Accordingly, modern boxers (so-called) will give up everything for an opportunity of striking this particular blow; and a contest with or without the gloves degenerates into a struggle of waving hands and woven paces for the one position in which 'tis possible to deliver it with a fair chance of "knocking out." Are we to believe that these men of a single trick could have held their own with the old masters who practised every stroke and every guard in the game, whose inborn artistry was "made" (*poeta nascitur nec non fit*) in fifty glorious battles? To do so were to disregard the plain lessons of history. Search the records of the old Ring, and you find therein the names of many such one-idea'd bruisers. When these were matched against good form, the money was always piled on the complete artist; and the takers of the odds would wait round after round watching for the wonderful hit to flash out with fatal splendour; and—nine times out of ten it never came! For the rest let us contemplate the career of the grandiose Sullivan. He won a number of contests with the fashionable blow—delivered, as a rule, when, owing to the weakness of the referee, he could take advantage of Queensberry Rules to smash his man as he rose from a fall. His drawn battle with Mitchell—a man of far inferior physique but resolute in avoidance—proves him utterly ignorant of the ringcraft, which is at its best the fine flower of experience; and, like most of our latter-day pugilists, his lack of a sound "Bottom Spirit" became obvious when he was set face to face with his equal in weight and inches. In fact, Sullivan *quid* artist was a Deliquescent; but he will serve as a tail-piece for a chapter in the annals of athletics; if only because the epigram he sobbed out on the occasion of his downfall—"Yesterday I was the champion of the world, and to-day I am nobody"—is a serious rival to Nero's *Qualis artifex pereo*. It is to be hoped that some day that tearful ejaculation, translated into "marble's language" and graven in golden letters, may

fill a mural tablet in Boston's stateliest fane; and so commemorate the name of one whose best achievement was—like Nero's—a mere matter of fiddlesticks.

V.

Assuredly the decadence of the Ring is unworthy the grave criticism of a second Häzlett. Where, then, shall such a translator of action into words find a sufficient theme? In the football-field, perhaps. For as pugilism succeeded swordsmanship in the esteem of our lusty commons; so the twofold art of football has assumed the place once held by pugilism. The joy of battle, which has now and again and yet again burned like a fire in the nation's heart, smoulders through these long days of peace; and it may well be that the familiar *funera nefunera* of great football matches are helping to keep it alive for England's next great war. No writer of prose has ever got at the romance of the game, though Dr. Conan Doyle has tried and failed. No poet has ever attempted to describe the lyric restlessness of a combined attack (ever foiled, ever renewed), though certain antique French forms of verse, with their quaint monotony of rhyme and inevitable recurrence of refrain, are admirably adapted to such descriptions. Furthermore, the mighty "men of their hands" (and feet!) whose names are to be found year after year in the lists of international teams, are, all of them, unsaid and unused. A serious "appreciation" of P. M. and A. M. Walters (brothers in art as well as in blood, of whom a famous centre-forward said, "They weigh thirteen stuns a-piece and a ton together") would be welcomed by posterity. Then there is W. N. Cobbold, who in his Cambridge days would often race through a bustling set of heavy backs with such grace and security that it seemed as if he could have done it just as well blindfolded: with a glance of the mind's eye he divined the exact pace and position of all his opponents, and at the height of his speed could shoot with incredible force and accuracy. Of N. C. Bailey, for so many years captain of the English Eleven, nothing more need be said than that he could have been trusted to stop Cobbold. And—to speak of the Rugby Unionists—who has ever surpassed A. E. Stoddart on the attack? For several years his play was an amazing combination of subtlety and strength: now he would pass through a crowd, swerving swallow-like ('tis the rarest gift!) at full speed from the swoop of each adversary, and anon go straight ahead, looking the while as though he could have run through a stone wall. No player has ever possessed a better defen-

sive style than has Bancroft, the Welsh full-back: he can kick as far and as accurately as C. E. Bartram could (now we come to think of it the latter must have been a machine invented by some Yorkshire genius for the one purpose of dropping goals from the half-way flag!), and is the deadliest tackler that ever preyed on the mere sprinter. He never looks to be in a hurry, even though all the other side are less than half a second away, and yet he is always in the right place at the nick of time; so that the cold ferocity of his method suggests not so much the wild brilliancy of the hawk's stoop (which rather reminds you of A. N. Hornby in the days when he wore the Red Rose!) as the slow movement of—say—one of Jules Verne's great crabs stalking on its prey. And how wisely the Oxonian cherishes in the tablets of his memory the bright particular stars of Vassall's team—H. B. Tristram, who won "the name of a strong tower"; Rotherham, that thunderbolt of a half-back; and Vassall himself, who led his pack, mighty by measure and rhythmic in unrest, to so many a victory!

Many others one remembers to have seen, whose portraits might well be painted by the heir—if anywhere he is to be found—of Nyren's or Godfrey's genius. For the athlete, like the actor, is immortal for a moment; and the writer whose phrase shall recall to mind the brief felicity of that forgotten moment has performed a task the same in kind, if not in degree, as was accomplished by the sculptor of the *Laocöon*. Accordingly, to the old young man of letters whose misfortune it is to have been born in this Alexandrine age, who is so weary of the search after a subject for his next great little book, I venture to say:—"Put by your tragic triolets and your psychological scraps of prose. Go and see the next big match at the Rectory Field or on the Oval, and try to write an account of it. It is likely you will fail; but, at any rate, you will fail more creditably than the average sporting scribe. And if you succeed——"

E. B. OSBORN.

THE TIME MACHINE

IX.

WHEN THE NIGHT CAME.

“NOW, indeed, I seemed in a worse case than before. Hitherto, except during my night's anguish at the loss of the Time Machine, I had felt a sustaining hope of ultimate escape, but that hope was staggered by these new discoveries. Hitherto I had merely thought myself impeded by the childish simplicity of the little people, and by some unknown forces which I had only to understand to overcome; but there was an altogether new element in the sickening quality of the Morlocks—a something inhuman and malign. Instinctively I loathed them. Before, I had felt as a man might feel who had fallen into a pit: my concern was with the pit and how to get out of it. Now I felt like a beast in a trap, whose enemy would come upon him soon.

“The enemy I dreaded may surprise you. It was the darkness of the new moon. Weena had put this into my head by some at first incomprehensible remarks about the Dark Nights. It was not now such a very difficult problem to guess what the coming Dark Nights might mean. The moon was in wane: each night there was a longer interval of darkness. And I now understood to some slight degree at least the reason of the fear of the little upper-world people for the dark. I wondered vaguely what foul villainy it might be that the Morlocks did under the new moon. I felt pretty sure now that my second hypothesis was all wrong. The upper-world people might once have been the favoured aristocracy, and the Morlocks their mechanical servants; but that had long since passed away. The two species that had resulted from the evolution of man were sliding down towards, or had already arrived at, an altogether new relationship. The Eloi, like the Carlovignan kings, had decayed to a mere beautiful futility. They still possessed the earth on sufferance: since the Morlocks, subterranean for innumerable generations, had come at last to find the daylight surface

intolerable. And the Morlocks made their garments, I inferred, and maintained them in their habitual needs, perhaps through the survival of an old habit of service. They did it as a standing horse paws with his foot, or as a man enjoys killing animals in sport: because ancient and departed necessities had impressed it on the organism. But, clearly, the old order was already in part reversed. The Nemesis of the delicate ones was creeping on apace. Ages ago, thousands of generations ago, man had thrust his brother man out of the ease and the sunshine. And now that brother was coming back—changed! Already the Eloi had begun to learn one old lesson anew. They were becoming re-acquainted with Fear. And suddenly there came into my head the memory of the meat I had seen in the under-world. It seemed odd how it floated into my mind: not stirred up as it were by the current of my meditations, but coming in almost like a question from outside. I tried to recall the form of it. I had a vague sense of something familiar, but I could not tell what it was at the time.

“Still, however helpless the little people in the presence of their mysterious Fear, I was differently constituted. I came out of this age of ours, this ripe prime of the human race, when Fear does not paralyse and mystery has lost its terrors. I at least would defend myself. Without further delay I determined to make myself arms and a fastness where I might sleep. With that refuge as a base, I could face this strange world with some of that confidence I had lost in realising to what creatures night by night I lay exposed. I felt I could never sleep again until my bed was secure from them. I shuddered with horror to think how they must already have examined me.

“I wandered during the afternoon along the valley of the Thames, but found nothing that commended itself to my mind as inaccessible. All the buildings and trees seemed easily practicable to such dexterous climbers as the Morlocks, to judge by their wells, must be. Then the tall pinnacles of the Palace of Green Porcelain and the polished gleam of its walls came back to my memory; and in the evening, taking Weena like a child upon my shoulder, I went up the hills towards the south-west. The distance, I had reckoned, was seven or eight miles, but it must have been nearer eighteen. I had first seen the place on a moist afternoon when distances are deceptively diminished. In addition, the heel of one of my shoes was loose, and a nail was working through the sole—they were comfortable old shoes I wore about indoors—so that I was lame. And it was already long past sunset when I

came in sight of the palace, silhouetted black against the pale yellow of the sky.

"Weena had been hugely delighted when I began to carry her, but after a time she desired me to let her down and ran along by the side of me, occasionally darting off on either hand to pick flowers to stick in my pockets. My pockets had always puzzled Weena, but at the last she had concluded that they were an eccentric kind of vases for floral decoration. At least she utilised them for that purpose. And that reminds me! In changing my jacket I found"

The Time Traveller paused, put his hand into his pocket, and silently placed two withered flowers, not unlike very large white mallows, upon the little table. Then he resumed his narrative.

"As the hush of evening crept over the world and we proceeded over the hill crest towards Wimbledon, Weena grew tired and wanted to return to the house of grey stone. But I pointed out the distant pinnacles of the Palace of Green Porcelain to her, and contrived to make her understand that we were seeking a refuge there from her Fear. You know that great pause that comes upon things before the dusk? Even the breeze stops in the trees. To me there is always an air of expectation about that evening stillness. The sky was clear, remote, and empty save for a few horizontal bars far down in the sunset. Well, that night the expectation took the colour of my fears. In that darkling calm my senses seemed preternaturally sharpened. I fancied I could even feel the hollowness of the ground beneath my feet: could, indeed, almost see through it the Morlocks on their ant hill going hither and thither and waiting for the dark. In my excitement I fancied that they would receive my invasion of their burrows as a declaration of war. And why had they taken my Time Machine?"

"So we went on in the quiet, and the twilight deepened into night. The clear blue of the distance faded, and one star after another came out. The ground grew dim and the trees black. Weena's fears and her fatigue grew upon her. I took her in my arms and talked to and caressed her. Then, as the darkness grew deeper, she put her arms round my neck, and, closing her eyes, tightly pressed her face against my shoulder. So we went down a long slope into a valley, and there in the dimness I almost walked into a little river. This I waded, and went up the opposite side of the valley, past a number of sleeping-houses, and by a statue—a Faun, or some such figure, *minus* the head. Herc, too, were acacias. So far I had seen nothing of the Morlocks,

but it was yet early in the night, and the darker hours before the old moon rose were still to come.

“From the brow of the next hill I saw a thick wood spreading wide and black before me. I hesitated at this. I could see no end to it, either to the right or the left. Feeling tired—my feet, in particular, were very sore—I carefully lowered Weena from my shoulder as I halted, and sat down upon the turf. I could no longer see the Palace of Green Porcelain, and I was in doubt of my direction. I looked into the thickness of the wood and thought of what it might hide. Under that dense tangle of branches one would be out of sight of the stars. Even were there no other lurking danger—a danger I did not care to let my imagination loose upon—there would still be all the roots to stumble over and the tree boles to strike against. I was very tired, too, after the excitements of the day; so I decided that I would not face it, but would pass the night upon the open hill.

“Weena, I was glad to find, was fast asleep. I carefully wrapped her in my jacket, and sat down beside her to wait for the moonrise. The hillside was quiet and deserted, but from the black of the wood there came now and then a stir of living things. Above me shone the stars, for the night was very clear. I felt a certain sense of friendly comfort in their twinkling. All the old constellations had gone from the sky, however: that slow movement which is imperceptible in a hundred human lifetimes, had long since re-arranged them in unfamiliar groupings. But the Milky Way, it seemed to me, was still the same tattered streamer of star-dust as of yore. Southward (as I judged it) was a very bright red star that was new to me: it was even more splendid than our own green Sirius. And amid all these scintillating points of light one bright planet shone kindly and steadily like the face of an old friend.

“Looking at these stars suddenly dwarfed my own troubles and all the gravities of terrestrial life. I thought of their unfathomable distance, and the slow inevitable drift of their movements out of the unknown past into the unknown future. I thought of the great processional cycle that the pole of the earth describes. Only forty times had that silent revolution occurred during all the years that I had traversed. And during these few revolutions all the activity, all the traditions, the curious organisations, the nations, languages, literatures, aspirations, even the mere memory of Man as I knew him, had been swept out of existence. Instead were these frail creatures who had forgotten

their high ancestry, and the white Things of which I went in terror. Then I thought of the Great Fear that was between the two species, and for the first time, with a sudden shiver, came the clear knowledge of what the meat I had seen might be. Yet it was too horrible! I looked at little Weena sleeping beside me, her face white and starlike under the stars, and forthwith dismissed the thought.

“Through that long night I held my mind off the Morlocks as well as I could, and whiled away the time by trying to fancy I could find signs of the old constellations in the new confusion. The sky kept very clear, except for a hazy cloud or so. No doubt I dozed at times. Then, as my vigil wore on, came a faintness in the eastward sky, like the reflection of some colourless fire, and the old moon rose, thin and peaked and white. And close behind, and overtaking it, and overflowing it, the dawn came, pale at first, and then growing pink and warm. No Morlocks had approached us. Indeed, I had seen none upon the hill that night. And in the confidence of renewed day it almost seemed to me that my fear had been unreasonable. I stood up and found my foot with the loose heel swollen at the ankle and painful under the heel; so I sat down again, took off my shoes, and flung them away.

“I awakened Weena, and we went down into the wood, green and pleasant instead of black and forbidding now. We found some fruit wherewith to break our fast. We soon met others of the dainty ones, laughing and dancing in the sunlight as though there was no such thing in nature as the night. And then I thought once more of the meat that I had seen. I felt assured now of what it was, and from the bottom of my heart I pitied this last feeble rill from the great flood of humanity. Clearly, at some time in the Long Ago of human decay the Morlocks' food had run short. Possibly they had lived on rats and suchlike vermin. Even now man is far less discriminating and exclusive in his food than he was—far less than any monkey. His prejudice against human flesh is no deep-seated instinct. And so these inhuman sons of men——! I tried to look at the thing in a scientific spirit. After all, they were less human and more remote than our cannibal ancestors of three or four thousand years ago. And the intelligence that would have made this state of things a torment had gone. Why should I trouble myself? These Eloi were mere fatted cattle, which the ant-like Morlocks preserved and preyed upon—probably saw to the breeding of. And there was Weena dancing at my side!

“Then I tried to preserve myself from the horror that was coming upon me, by regarding it as a rigorous punishment of human selfishness. Man had been content to live in ease and delight upon the labours of his fellow-man, had taken Necessity as his watchword and excuse, and in the fulness of time Necessity had come home to him. I even tried a Carlyle-like scorn of this wretched aristocracy-in-decay. But this attitude of mind was impossible. However great their intellectual degradation, the Eloi had kept too much of the human form not to claim my sympathy, and to make me perforce a sharer in their degradation and their Fear.

“I had at that time very vague ideas as to the course I should pursue. My first was to secure some safe place of refuge, and to make myself such arms of metal or stone as I could contrive. That necessity was immediate. In the next place, I hoped to procure some means of fire, so that I should have the weapon of a torch at hand, for nothing, I knew, would be more efficient against these Morlocks. Then I wanted to arrange some contrivance to break open the doors of bronze under the White Sphinx. I had in mind a battering-ram. I had a persuasion that if I could enter these doors and carry a blaze of light before me I should discover the Time Machine and escape. I could not imagine the Morlocks were strong enough to move it far away. Weena I had resolved to bring with me to our own time. And turning such schemes over in my mind I pursued our way towards the building which my fancy had chosen as our dwelling.

X.

THE PALACE OF GREEN PORCELAIN.

“I found the Palace of Green Porcelain, when we approached it about noon, deserted and falling into ruin. Only ragged vestiges of glass remained in its windows, and great sheets of the green facing had fallen away from the corroded metallic framework. It lay very high upon a turfy down, and looking north-eastward before I entered it, I was surprised to see a large estuary, or even creek, where I judged Wandsworth and Battersea must once have been. I thought then—though I never followed up the thought—of what might have happened, or might be happening, to the living things in the sea.

“The material of the Palace proved on examination to be indeed porcelain, and along the face of it I saw an inscription in some unknown

character. I thought, rather foolishly, that Weena might help me to interpret this, but I only learnt that the bare idea of writing had never entered her head. She always seemed to me, I fancy, more human than she was, perhaps because her affection was so human.

“Within the big valves of the door—which were open and broken—we found, instead of the customary hall, a long gallery lit by many side windows. At the first glance I was reminded of a museum. The tiled floor was thick with dust, and a remarkable array of miscellaneous objects was shrouded in the same grey covering. Then I perceived, standing strange and gaunt in the centre of the hall, what was clearly the lower part of a huge skeleton. I recognised by the oblique feet that it was some extinct creature after the fashion of the *Megatherium*. The skull and the upper bones lay beside it in the thick dust, and in one place, where rain-water had dropped through a leak in the roof, the thing itself had been worn away. Further in the gallery was the huge skeleton barrel of a *Brontosaurus*. My museum hypothesis was confirmed. Going towards the side I found what appeared to be sloping shelves, and, clearing away the thick dust, I found the old familiar glass cases of our own time. But they must have been air-tight to judge from the fair preservation of some of their contents.

“Clearly we stood among the ruins of some latter-day South Kensington! Here, apparently, was the Palæontological Section, and a very splendid array of fossils it must have been, though the inevitable process of decay that had been staved off for a time, and had, through the extinction of bacteria and fungi, lost ninety-nine hundredths of its force, was, nevertheless, with extreme sureness if with extreme slowness, at work again upon all its treasures. Here and there I found traces of the little people in the shape of rare fossils broken to pieces or threaded in strings upon reeds. And the cases had in some instances been bodily removed—by the Morlocks as I judged. The place was very silent. The thick dust deadened our footsteps. Weena, who had been rolling a sea-urchin down the sloping glass of a case, presently came, as I stared about me, and very quietly took my hand and stood beside me.

“And at first I was so much surprised by this ancient monument of an intellectual age, that I gave no thought to the possibilities it presented. Even my pre-occupation about the Time Machine receded a little from my mind.

“To judge from the size of the place, this Palace of Green

Porcelain had a great deal more in it than a Gallery of Palæontology possibly historical galleries; it might be, even a library! To me, at least in my present circumstances, these would be vastly more interesting than this spectacle of old-time geology in decay. Exploring, I found another short gallery running transversely to the first. This appeared to be devoted to minerals, and the sight of a block of sulphur set my mind running on gunpowder. But I could find no saltpetre; indeed, no nitrates of any kind. Doubtless they had deliquesced ages ago. Yet the sulphur hung in my mind, and set up a train of thinking. As for the rest of the contents of that gallery, though, on the whole, they were the best preserved of all I saw, I had little interest. I am no specialist in mineralogy, and I went on down a very ruinous aisle running parallel to the first hall I had entered. Apparently this section had been devoted to natural history, but everything had long since passed out of recognition. A few shrivelled and blackened vestiges of what had once been stuffed animals, desiccated mummies in jars that had once held spirit, a brown dust of departed plants: that was all! I was sorry for that, because I should have been glad to trace the patient re-adjustments by which the conquest of animated nature had been attained. Then we came to a gallery of simply colossal proportions, but singularly ill-lit, the floor of it running downward at a slight angle from the end at which I entered. At intervals white globes hung from the ceiling—many of them cracked and smashed—which suggested that originally the place had been artificially lit. Here I was more in my element, for rising on either side of me were the huge bulks of big machines, all greatly corroded and many broken down, but some still fairly complete. You know I have a certain weakness for mechanism, and I was inclined to linger among these: the more so as for the most part they had the interest of puzzles, and I could make only the vaguest guesses at what they were for. I fancied that if I could solve their puzzles I should find myself in possession of powers that might be of use against the Morlocks.

“Suddenly Weena came very close to my side. So suddenly that she startled me. Had it not been for her I do not think I should have noticed that the floor of the gallery sloped at all.* The end I had come

* It may be, of course, that the floor did not slope, but that the museum was built into the side of a hill.—Ed.

in at was quite above ground, and was lit by rare slit-like windows. As you went down the length, the ground came up against these windows, until at last there was a pit like the 'area' of a London house before each, and only a narrow line of daylight at the top. I went slowly along, puzzling about the machines, and had been too intent upon them to notice the gradual diminution of the light, until Weena's increasing apprehensions drew my attention. Then I saw that the gallery ran down at last into a thick darkness. I hesitated, and then, as I looked round me, I saw that the dust was less abundant and its surface less even. Further away towards the dimness, it appeared to be broken by a number of small narrow footprints. My sense of the immediate presence of the Morlocks revived at that. I felt that I was wasting my time in this academic examination of machinery. I called to mind that it was already far advanced in the afternoon, and that I had still no weapon, no refuge, and no means of making a fire. And then down in the remote blackness of the gallery I heard a peculiar pattering, and the same odd noises I had heard down the well.

"I took Weena's hand. Then, struck with a sudden idea, I left her and turned to a machine from which projected a lever not unlike those in a signal-box. Clambering upon the stand, and grasping this lever in my hands, I put all my weight upon it sideways. Suddenly Weena, deserted in the central aisle, began to whimper. I had judged the strength of the lever pretty correctly, for it snapped after a minute's strain, and I rejoined her with a mace in my hand more than sufficient, I judged, for any Morlock skull I might encounter. And I longed very much to kill a Morlock or so. Very inhuman, you may think, to want to go killing one's own descendants! But it was impossible, somehow, to feel any humanity in the things. Only my disinclination to leave Weena, and a persuasion that if I began to slake my thirst for murder my Time Machine might suffer, restrained me from going straight down the gallery and killing the brutes I heard.

"Well, mace in one hand and Weena in the other, I went out of that gallery and into another and still larger one, which at the first glance reminded me of a military chapel hung with tattered flags. The brown and charred rags that hung from the sides of it, I presently recognised as the decaying vestiges of books. They had long since dropped to pieces, and every semblance of print had left them. But here and

there were warped boards and cracked metallic clasps that told the tale well enough. Had I been a literary man I might, perhaps, have moralised upon the futility of all ambition. But as it was, the thing that struck me with keenest force was the enormous waste of labour to which this sombre wilderness of rotting paper testified. At the time I will confess that I thought chiefly of the *Philosophical Transactions* and my own seventeen papers upon physical optics.

“Then, going up a broad staircase, we came to what may once have been a gallery of technical chemistry. And here I had not a little hope of useful discoveries. Except at one end where the roof had collapsed, this gallery was well preserved. I went eagerly to every unbroken case. And at last, in one of the really air-tight cases, I found a box of matches. Very eagerly I tried them. They were perfectly good. They were not even damp. I turned to Weena. ‘Dance,’ I cried to her in her own tongue. For now I had a weapon indeed against the horrible creatures we feared. And so, in that derelict museum, upon the thick soft carpeting of dust, to Weena’s huge delight, I solemnly performed a kind of composite dance, whistling *The Land of the Leal* as cheerfully as I could. In part it was a modest *cancan*, in part a step dance, in part a skirt dance (so far as my tail coat permitted), and in part original. For I am naturally inventive, as you know.

“Now, I still think that for this box of matches to have escaped the wear of time for immemorial years was a most strange, as for me it was a most fortunate, thing. Yet, oddly enough, I found a far unlikelier substance, and that was camphor. I found it in a sealed jar, that by chance, I suppose, had been really hermetically sealed. I fancied at first that it was paraffin wax, and smashed the glass accordingly. But the odour of camphor was unmistakable. In the universal decay this volatile substance had chanced to survive, perhaps through many thousands of centuries. It reminded me of a sepia painting I had once seen done from the ink of a fossil Belemnite that must have perished and become fossilised millions of years ago. I was about to throw it away, but I remembered that it was inflammable and burnt with a good bright flame—was, in fact, an excellent candle—and I put it in my pocket. I found no explosives, however, nor any means of breaking down the bronze doors. As yet my iron crowbar was the most helpful thing I had chanced upon. Nevertheless I left that gallery greatly elated.

“I cannot tell you all the story of that long afternoon. It would require a great effort of memory to recall my explorings in at all the proper order. I remember a long gallery of rusting stands of arms, and how I hesitated between my crowbar and a hatchet or a sword. I could not carry both, however, and my bar of iron promised best against the bronze gates. There were numbers of guns, pistols, and rifles. The most were masses of rust, but many were of aluminium, and still fairly sound. But any cartridges or powder there may once have been had rotted into dust. One corner I saw was charred and shattered: perhaps, I thought, by an explosion among the specimens. In another place was a vast array of idols—Polynesian, Mexican, Grecian, Phœnician, every country on earth I should think. And here, yielding to an irresistible impulse, I wrote my name upon the nose of a steatite monster from South America that particularly took my fancy.

“As the evening drew on, my interest waned. I went through gallery after gallery, dusty, silent, often ruinous, the exhibits sometimes mere heaps of rust and lignite, sometimes fresher. In one place I suddenly found myself near a model of a tin mine, and then by the merest accident I discovered, in an air-tight case, two dynamite cartridges! I shouted ‘Eureka,’ and smashed the case with joy. Then came a doubt. I hesitated. Then, selecting a little side gallery, I made my essay. I never felt such a bitter disappointment as I did in waiting five, ten, fifteen minutes for an explosion that never came. Of course the things were dummies, as I might have guessed from their presence. I really believe that, had they not been so, I should have rushed off incontinently and blown Sphinx, bronze doors, and (as it proved) my chances of finding the Time Machine, all together into non-existence.

“It was after that, I think, that we came to a little open court within the palace. It was turfed, and had three fruit trees. So we rested and refreshed ourselves. Towards sunset I began to consider our position. Night was creeping upon us, and my inaccessible hiding place had still to be found. But that troubled me very little now. I had in my possession a thing that was, perhaps, the best of all defences against the Morlocks—I had matches! I had the camphor in my pocket, too, if a blaze were needed. It seemed to me that the best thing we could do would be to pass the night in the open, protected by a fire. In the morning there was the getting of the Time Machine.

Towards that, as yet, I had only my iron mace. But now, with my growing knowledge, I felt very differently towards those bronze doors. Up to this, I had refrained from forcing them, largely because of the mystery on the other side. They had never impressed me as being very strong, and I hoped to find my bar of iron not altogether inadequate for the work.

XI.

IN THE DARKNESS.

“ We emerged from the Palace while the sun was still in part above the horizon. I was determined to reach the White Sphinx early the next morning, and ere the dusk I purposed pushing through the woods that had stopped me on the previous journey. My plan was to go as far as possible that night, and then, building a fire, to sleep in the protection of its glare. Accordingly, as we went along I gathered any sticks or dried grass I saw, and presently had my arms full of such litter. Thus loaded, our progress was slower than I had anticipated, and besides Weena was tired. And I, also, began to suffer from sleepiness too ; so that it was full night before we reached the wood. Upon the shrubby hill of its edge Weena would have stopped, fearing the darkness before us ; but a singular sense of impending calamity, that should indeed have served me as a warning, drove me onward. I had been without sleep for a night and two days, and I was feverish and irritable. I felt sleep coming upon me, and the Morlocks with it.

“ While we hesitated, among the black bushes behind us, and dim against their blackness, I saw three crouching figures. There was scrub and long grass all about us, and I did not feel safe from their insidious approach. The forest, I calculated, was rather less than a mile across. If we could get through it to the bare hill-side, there, as it seemed to me, was an altogether safer resting place : I thought that with my matches and my camphor I could contrive to keep my path illuminated through the woods. Yet it was evident that if I was to flourish matches with my hands I should have to abandon my firewood : so, rather reluctantly, I put it down. And then it came into my head that I would amaze our friends behind by lighting it. I was to discover the atrocious folly of this proceeding, but it came to my mind as an ingenious move for covering our retreat. Now, I don't know if you have ever thought what a rare thing flame must be in the absence of

man and in a temperate climate. The sun's heat is rarely strong enough to burn, even when it is focussed by dewdrops, as is sometimes the case in more tropical districts. Lightning may blast and blacken, but it rarely gives rise to wide-spread fire. Decaying vegetation may occasionally smoulder with the heat of its fermentation, but this rarely results in flame. In this decadence, too, the art of fire-making had been forgotten on the earth. The red tongues that went licking up my heap of wood were an altogether new and strange thing to Weena.

"She wanted to run to it and play with it. I believe she would have cast herself into it had I not restrained her. But I caught her up, and, in spite of her struggles, plunged boldly before me into the wood. For a little way the glare of my fire lit the path. Looking back presently, I could see, through the crowded stems, that from my heap of sticks the blaze had spread to some bushes adjacent, and a curved line of fire was creeping up the grass of the hill. I laughed at that, and turned again towards the dark trees before me. It was very black, and Weena clung to me convulsively, but there was still, as my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, sufficient light for me to avoid the stems. Overhead it was simply black, except where a gap of remote blue sky shone down upon us here and there. I lit none of my matches because I had no hands free. Upon my left arm I carried my little one, in my right hand I had my iron bar.

"For some way I heard nothing but the crackling twigs under my feet, the faint rustle of the breeze above, and my own breathing and the throb of the blood-vessels in my ears. Then I seemed to know of a pattering about me. I pushed on grimly. The pattering grew more distinct, and then I caught the same queer sounds and voices I had heard in the underworld. There were evidently several of the Morlocks, and they were closing in upon me. Indeed, in another minute I felt a tug at my coat, then something at my arm. And Weena shivered violently, and became quite still.

"It was time for a match. But to get one I must put her down. I did so, and, as I fumbled with my pocket, a struggle began in the darkness about my knees, perfectly silent on her part and with the same peculiar cooing sounds from the Morlocks. Soft little hands, too, were creeping over my coat and back, touching even my neck. Then the match scratched and fizzed. I held it flaring, and saw the white backs of the Morlocks in flight amid the trees. I hastily took a lump of camphor from my pocket, and prepared to light it as soon as the

match should wane. Then I looked at Weena. She was lying clutching my feet and quite motionless, with her face to the ground. With a sudden fright I stooped to her. She seemed scarcely to breathe. I lit the block of camphor and flung it to the ground, and as it split and flared up and drove back the Morlocks and the shadows, I knelt down and lifted her. The wood behind seemed full of the stir and murmur of a great company!

“She seemed to have fainted. I put her carefully upon my shoulder and rose to push on, and then there came a horrible realisation. In manœuvring with my matches and Weena, I had turned myself about several times, and now I had not the faintest idea in what direction lay my path. For all I knew, I might be facing back towards the Palace of Green Porcelain. I found myself in a cold sweat. I had to think rapidly what to do. I determined to build a fire and encamp where we were. I put Weena, still motionless, down upon a turfy bole, and very hastily, as my first lump of camphor waned, I began collecting sticks and leaves. Here and there out of the darkness round me the Morlocks' eyes shone like carbuncles.

“The camphor flickered and went out. I lit a match, and as I did so, two white forms that had been approaching Weena dashed hastily away. One was so blinded by the light that he came straight for me and I felt his bones grind under the blow of my fist. He gave a whoop of dismay, staggered a little way, and fell down. I lit another piece of camphor, and went on gathering my bonfire. Presently I noticed how dry was some of the foliage above me, for since my arrival on the Time Machine, a matter of a week, no rain had fallen. So, instead of casting about among the trees for fallen twigs, I began leaping up and dragging down branches. Very soon I had a choking smoky fire of green wood and dry sticks, and could economise my camphor. Then I turned to where Weena lay beside my iron mace. I tried what I could to revive her, but she lay like one dead. I could not even satisfy myself whether or not she breathed.

“Now, the smoke of the fire beat over towards me, and it must have made me heavy of a sudden. Moreover, the vapour of camphor was in the air. My fire would not need replenishing for an hour or so. I felt very weary after my exertion, and sat down. The wood, too, was full of a slumbrous murmur that I did not understand. I seemed just to nod and open my eyes. But all was dark, and the Morlocks had their hands upon me. Flinging off their clinging fingers I hastily felt

in my pocket for the match-box, and—it had gone! Then they gripped and closed with me again. In a moment I knew what had happened. I had slept, and my fire had gone out, and the bitterness of death came over my soul. The forest seemed full of the smell of burning wood. I was caught by the neck, by the hair, by the arms, and pulled down. It was indescribably horrible in the darkness to feel all these soft creatures heaped upon me. I felt as if I was in a monstrous spider's web. I was overpowered, and went down. I felt little teeth nipping at my neck. I rolled over, and as I did so my hand came against my iron lever. It gave me strength. I struggled up, shaking the human rats from me, and, holding the bar short, I thrust where I judged their faces might be. I could feel the succulent giving of flesh and bone under my blows, and for a moment I was free.

“The strange exultation that so often seems to accompany hard fighting, came upon me. I knew that both I and Weena were lost, but I determined to make the Morlocks pay for their meat. I stood with my back to a tree, swinging the iron bar before me. The whole wood was full of the stir and cries of them. A minute passed. Their voices seemed to rise to a higher pitch of excitement, and their movements grew faster. Yet none came within reach. I stood glaring at the blackness. Then suddenly came hope. What if the Morlocks were afraid? And close on the heels of that came a strange thing. The darkness seemed to grow luminous. Very dimly I began to see the Morlocks about me—three battered at my feet—and then I recognised, with incredulous surprise, that the others were running, in an incessant stream, as it seemed, from behind me, and away through the wood in front. And their backs seemed no longer white, but reddish. As I stood agape, I saw a little red spark go drifting across a gap of starlight between the branches, and vanish. And at that I understood the smell of burning wood, the slumbrous murmur that was growing now into a gusty roar, the red glow, and the Morlocks' flight.

“Stepping out from behind my tree and looking back, I saw, through the black pillars of the nearer trees, the flames of the burning forest. It was my first fire coming after me. With that I looked for Weena, but she was gone. The hissing and crackling behind me, the explosive thud as each fresh tree burst into flame, left little time for reflection. My iron bar still gripped, I followed in the Morlocks' path. It was a close race. Once the flames crept forward so swiftly on my right as I ran, that I was outflanked, and had to strike off to the

left. But at last I emerged upon a small open space, and as I did so, a Morlock came blundering towards me, and past me, and went on straight into the fire !

“ And now I was to see the most weird and horrible thing, I think, of all that I beheld in that future age. This whole space was as bright as day with the reflection of the fire. In the centre was a hillock or tumulus, surmounted by a scorched hawthorn. Beyond this was another arm of the burning forest, with yellow tongues already writhing from it, completely encircling the space with a fence of fire. Upon the hillside were some thirty or forty Morlocks, dazzled by the light and heat, and blundering hither and thither against each other in their bewilderment. At first I did not realise their blindness, and struck furiously at them with my bar, in a frenzy of fear, as they approached me, killing one and crippling several more. But when I had watched the gestures of one of them groping under the hawthorn against the red sky, and heard their moans, I was assured of their absolute helplessness and misery in the glare, and I struck none of them. Yet every now and then one would come straight towards me, setting loose a quivering horror that made me quick to elude him. At one time the flames died down somewhat, and I feared the foul creatures would presently be able to see me. I was even thinking of beginning the fight by killing some of them before this should happen ; but the fire burst out again brightly, and I stayed my hand. I walked about the hill among them and avoided them, looking for some trace of Weena. But Weena was gone.

“ At last I sat down on the summit of the hillock, and watched this strange incredible company of blind things groping to and fro, and making uncanny noises to each one, as the glare of the fire beat on them. The coiling uprush of smoke streamed across the sky, and through the rare tatters of that red canopy, remote as though they belonged to another universe, shone the little stars. Two or three Morlocks came blundering into me, and I drove them off with blows of my fists, trembling as I did so. For the most part of that night I was persuaded it was a nightmare. I bit myself and screamed in a passionate desire to awake. I beat the ground with my hands, and got up and sat down again, and wandered here and there, and again sat down. Then I would fall to rubbing my eyes and calling upon God to let me awake. Thrice I saw Morlocks put their heads down in a kind of agony and rush into the flames. But, at last, above the

subsiding red of the fire, above the streaming masses of black smoke and the whitening and blackening tree stumps, and the diminishing numbers of these dim creatures, came the white light of the day.

“I searched again for traces of Weena, but there were none. It was plain that they had left her poor little body in the forest. I cannot describe how it relieved me to think that it had escaped the awful fate to which it seemed destined. As I thought of that, I was almost moved to begin a massacre of the helpless abominations about me, but I contained myself. The hillock, as I have said, was a kind of island in the forest. From its summit I could now make out through a haze of smoke the Palace of Green Porcelain, and from that I could get my bearings for the White Sphinx. And so, leaving the remnant of these damned souls still going hither and thither and moaning, as the day grew clearer, I tied some grass about my feet and limped on across smoking ashes and among black stems still pulsating internally with fire, towards the hiding place of the Time Machine. I walked slowly, for I was almost exhausted, as well as lame, and I felt the intensest wretchedness for the horrible death of little Weena. It seemed an overwhelming calamity. Now, in this old familiar room, it is more like the sorrow of a dream than an actual loss. But that morning it left me absolutely lonely again—terribly alone. I began to think of this house of mine, of this fireside, of some of you, and with such thoughts came a longing that was pain.

“But, as I walked over the smoking ashes under the bright morning sky, I made a discovery. In my trouser pocket were still some loose matches. The box must have leaked before it was lost.

XII.

THE TRAP OF THE WHITE SPHINX.

“So about eight or nine in the morning, I came to the same seat of yellow metal from which I had viewed the world upon the evening of my arrival. I thought of my hasty conclusions upon that evening, and could not refrain from laughing bitterly at my confidence. Here was the same beautiful scene, the same abundant foliage, the same splendid palaces and magnificent ruins, the same silver river running between its fertile banks. The gay robes of the beautiful people moved hither and thither among the trees. Some were bathing in exactly the place where

I had saved Weena, and that suddenly gave me a keen stab of pain. And like blots upon the landscape rose the cupolas above the ways to the under-world. I understood now what all the beauty of the over-world people covered. Very pleasant was their day, as pleasant as the day of the cattle in the field. Like the cattle, they knew of no enemies, and provided against no needs. And their end was the same.

“I grieved to think how brief the dream of the human intellect had been. It had committed suicide. It had set itself steadfastly towards comfort and ease, a balanced society with security and permanence as its watchwords, it had attained its hopes—to come to this at last. Once, life and property must have reached almost absolute safety. The rich had been assured of his wealth and comfort, the toiler assured of his life and work. No doubt in that perfect world there had been no unemployed problem, no social question left unsolved. And a great quiet had followed.

“It is a law of nature we overlook, that intellectual versatility is the compensation for change, danger, and trouble. An animal perfectly in harmony with its environment is a perfect mechanism. Nature never appeals to intelligence until habit and instinct are useless. There is no intelligence where there is no change and no need of change. Only those animals partake of intelligence that have to meet a huge variety of needs and dangers.

“So, as I see it, the upper-world man had drifted towards his feeble prettiness, and the under-world to mere mechanical industry. But that perfect state had lacked one thing even of mechanical perfection—absolute permanency. Apparently as time went on, the feeding of the under-world, however it was effected, had become disjointed. Mother Necessity, who had been staved off for a few thousand years, came back again, and she began below. The under-world being in contact with machinery, which, however perfect, still needs some little thought outside habit, had probably retained perforce rather more initiative, if less of every other human character, than the upper. And when other meat failed them, they turned to what old habit had hitherto forbidden. So I say I saw it in my last view of the world of Eight Hundred and Two Thousand Seven Hundred and One. It may be as wrong an explanation as mortal wit could invent. It is how the thing shaped itself to me, and as that I give it to you.

“After the fatigues, excitements, and terrors of the past days, and in spite of my grief, this seat and the tranquil view and the warm sunlight

were very pleasant. I was very tired and sleepy, and soon my theorising passed into dozing. Catching myself at that, I took my own hint, and spreading myself out upon the turf I had a long and refreshing sleep.

"I awoke a little before sunsetting. I now felt safe against being caught napping by the Morlocks, and, stretching myself, I came on down the hill towards the White Sphinx. I had my crowbar in one hand, and the other hand played with the matches in my pocket.

"And now came a most unexpected thing. As I approached the pedestal of the Sphinx I found the bronze valves were open. They had slid down into grooves.

"At that I stopped short before them, hesitating to enter.

"Within was a small apartment, and on a raised place in the corner of this was the Time Machine. I had the small levers in my pocket. So here, after all my elaborate preparations for the siege of the White Sphinx, was a meek surrender. I threw my iron bar away, almost sorry not to use it.

"A sudden thought came into my head as I stooped towards the portal. For once, at least, I grasped the mental operations of the Morlocks. Suppressing a strong inclination to laugh, I stepped through the bronze frame and up to the Time Machine. I was surprised to find it had been carefully oiled and cleaned. I have suspected since that the Morlocks had even partially taken it to pieces while trying in their dim way to grasp its purpose.

"Now as I stood and examined it, finding a pleasure in the mere touch of the contrivance, the thing I had expected happened. The bronze panels suddenly slid up and struck the frame with a clang. I was in the dark—trapped. So the Morlocks thought. At that I chuckled gleefully.

"I could already hear their murmuring laughter as they came towards me. Very calmly I tried to strike the match. I had only to fix on the levers and depart then like a ghost. But I had overlooked one little thing. The matches were of that abominable kind that light only on the box.

"You may imagine how all my calm vanished. The little brutes were close upon me. One touched me. I made a sweeping blow in the dark at them with the levers, and began to scramble into the saddle of the Machine. Then came one hand upon me and then another. Then I had simply to fight against their persistent fingers for my levers, and

at the same time feel for the studs over which these fitted. One, indeed, they almost got away from me. As it slipped from my hand, I had to butt in the dark with my head—I could hear the Morlock's skull ring—to recover it. It was a nearer thing than the fight in the forest, I think, this last scramble.

“But at last the lever was fixed and pulled over. The clinging hands slipped from me. The darkness presently fell from my eyes. I found myself in the same grey light and tumult I have already described.

H. G. WELLS.

(To be continued.)

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THE LADY'S CHAMBER

(Being a further Episode in the Life of Dick Ryder, otherwise Galloping Dick, sometime Gentleman of the Road.)

FOR the pother that fell in the "Blue Boar," I was myself much in default. I had little business, indeed, to be there at all, and specially at that time; for the place was in ill-favour with the officers, who were used to skip in and skip out as familiar as pigeons in a dovecote. But most of all was I to blame for hobnobbing with Old Irons, as notorious for cribs as he was upon the road, through whose foul-mouthed folly by this double disadvantage the misadventure came about. I take shame on myself to have kept his company for more than the exchange of a civil greeting, for I never could away with a shabby trade like his. But the fact was I was rolling on a full tide of liquor, having that evening made Town from Winchester, with a heavy lining to my pockets, and being buckled up, pretty lively, upon the way to Polly. 'Twas Old Irons that caught me at the "Blue Boar," where we sat cracking our bottles and gibbering away in a maudlin sort of fashion for the better side of two hours. Old Irons was fair set in wine, and must needs come at last to bragging at the pitch of his voice; swearing his was a smarter blade, and calling upon me in loud oaths to try his mettle; and then, as if this were too little, falling upon me and beslobbering me with affection, styling me his brother-in-arms, and vowing in the next breath that all upon the High Toby save himself were dirty devils, and fit for nothing but to pimp about a boiling-house. You may suppose this stuff was badly to my taste for all the wine that I had drunk, nor was the landlord any easier, I could see, from the frightened glances he threw at us.

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"Damme," says I at length, "close up, you man of mouth; or you'll find us warming the inside of the Jug." And with that, and ere I had a notion, the trick was done, the traps were on us, and there was the landlord, wringing his hands and crying out that ever this shame was come upon his house. There was never a wickeder sinner than Old Irons inside Christendom, or outside for that matter, and I'd warrant his white hairs against the best of Bow Street wits. He stood astaring, and then began to cackle in a friendly, drunken way. But I waited for no more, and flinging off the paws from my shoulder, whipped out my sword, and went right through 'em. The poor cullies scattered like a crowd of sparrows, and I was forth of the door and away, with Old Irons shouting foul oaths behind, and a pack of the cravens on my heels. I slapped through the streets at a rare pace, for I am swift on my pegs, but the traps were no crippies neither, and kept close on my tail; and presently it came across me that if I could not make for my proper quarters, I was like this time to run myself out. And on the top of this, being now got into the rear parts of Golden Square, I found myself all on a sudden rattling up a blind alley, with one of the dogs near upon me, and nothing but a hedge of walls upon either side. And what does I do then, but without more consideration and on the sudden suggestion, scramble into an open window of a house that overhung the alley.

I was fair mad with myself to have been put to this ignominy, and all for a beggarly crew that I could ha' driven with a bean-pole; and gently pulling to the casement, I cursed Old Irons for a daft, racket-pated old scoundrel. But just then there was an interruption on my thoughts in a little frightened cry that came from the interior of the room. This made me turn, for God knew into what further mischief I had fallen. The room was in darkness save for one feeble light that was in the back part. And here, to my exceeding surprise, I perceived that I was come into a bed-chamber. But no sooner were my eyes on the bed itself and the disarray of the coverlets, than they fell next upon a second discovery, still more deranging. For there, cowering in a corner and wrapped in an elegant sort of nightrail, was a young miss, hiding her face, and all ashiver from terror. This took me off my fury forthright, for I was not the man to scarify a woman so, save now and then in the common course of business. Moreover, I was also at the moment mightily disconcerted myself for the traps outside, and so without more ado I stepped further into the room, and, "Madam," says

I, very courteously, "I would ask your pardon upon this trespass, but I am in a sweat for liberty, and I will swear but I mean no harm by you."

"Who are you?" she asked in a trembling voice, and getting the clothes about her more warmly. "Why," says I promptly, blowing away like a grampus, "I am a poor rebel against His Majesty, who is like to be taken and done for at the hands of an accursed law." "You will be killed?" she said. I nodded. "Dead as mutton," I answered. "Upon the scaffold?" she whispers, looking very startled. "You may call it that," says I. "Oh!" she cries, drawing in her breath and regarding me very pitifully. "Come, now," said I, finding there was little time to be exchanged upon these ceremonies, with the mongrels baying below. "Come, now, there is no manner of hurt in an honest rebel against his King, and if you will but serve me by a generous silence, I will e'en pick my way forth of your house by the proper gates, as comfortable as a footboy."

There came some voices at that instant from without in the alley, whereat she gave a gasp. "Oh! they must not take you," she said eagerly. "You must be hid." "Faith," I replied, "I do not ask a privilege so far, but if I may have the space of your walls for passage I will make my own meat at the end, if needs be." "No, no!" she said, seeming bewildered, "they will be clamouring at the door." Now this was likely enough, as I guessed, but what course else was before me, with none but a girl's petticoats 'twixt me and Newgate, I was at a loss to conceive; and as for that, there was not even petticoats, as it seemed, in the case. "Well, what am I to do?" says I, laughing. "I will help you," says she quickly: "I am thinking." Now this piece of consideration in a young miss that might well have run out of her senses on my appearance, and screamed down the house on me, gave me a mighty tender feeling; but I said nothing at the moment, seeing she was involved in thought. Then: "You will see, sir," she began in a timid way, "that I am in a case of some embarrassment——" "Gad!" said I, interrupting, for I could see the confusion of her face, and I had clean forgot she was so bare, "I disremembered you wore no clothes. I will go," I says.

"No, no!" she protested, making a sudden step out of her corner as though to stop me. "But——" and here again she fell ashamed and was covered with blushes. As yet I had seen little of the girl's viznomy, she being obscured in the shadows, but at this forward

motion the light was flung upon her, and I vow she was a pretty wench enough. I should not ha' minded to buss her there and then, but seeing she was in such a taking, and had used me so kindly, I made shift to ease her delicacy. "Hark'ee, miss," says I, "I will secure myself within the further room there, and you shall clap the doors upon me as tight as you will." But: "No!" says she again, and in a hasty manner: "'Tis my sister-in-law's room," says she. "Faith!" said I, laughing, "I am come into a regular plague of sleeping chambers. But if I must needs, then, keep the room, sink me! but we will have the light out, young madam." And then: "No," again says she, looking at me rather frightened. "Oh, well," says I in some impatience, "if you will not trust me so far, in God's name do not trust me at all; and I will take my way out of the window again, with thanks." "Nay, nay!" she said, for that touched her heart. "But I will trust you, sir. If you will but turn your back upon me, in sooth, I shall be ready ere you may count fifty."

"And so be it, and the Lord bless your pretty face," said I, tickled with the child. Whereat I whisked about and stared out of the window into the night; and then for a humorous whim, I fell on counting the figures aloud, and as I did so could hear behind me the noise as of a mouse rustling among garments. But presently, peering forth of the casement, I thought I discerned a man upon the further side of the alley, watching me, and with that I dropped quiet and drew back a bit. And thus it was that falling into oblivion of my delicate position, and the bargain with Miss, I was suddenly startled by the opening of a door behind me, and a new voice upon the silence; and jumping round I put my hand to my sword.

It was ill-done, being against my compact, but I had the excuse of my hazard, and I think she did not remember it against me in the odd event that succeeded. For there was my Miss, half-dressed, and showing the white round of her shoulders, fallen back upon the bed with a very pale face; while over against the doorway was the newcomer, who first started herself, then stared, and finally broke into a rippling fit of laughter, which was very merry to hear. "Fie! fie!" says she, "and you so young and milk-faced, sister. O you baggage!" says she, laughing.

Miss was now all ablush from being white, and seemed mightily confused; but seeing how the matter stood I stepped up myself, and says I bluntly, "I'll swear, madam," says I, "that she's a vestal

for me." "O Gad!" she cries, laughing louder, "you kill me, sure. I warrant you make my ribs ache. Nay, good sir, pray protest away. Lard, I like you for it. 'Sbud, but 'tis an easy costume, and I have tried it myself."

But there Miss gets upon her legs again, with her rail clutched to her throat, and "You mistake," she says in a low tone, and all confusion, "I—this gentleman——"

"Slidikins, you chuck, don't deny it," cries t'other. "Faith, I would not go back upon an honest *amour* for all the jewels of London. Oh, what a sly hussy; and you all fresh from the country!"

This was gone too far for me, seeing Miss there so embarrassed with her colour, and so I spoke out very civil and very plain. "Indeed, madam," said I, "you do us injustice in your suspicion, me in my presumption, and the lady in her modesty. I'll dare swear, if she have a lover, 'tis not I." Once more she went off laughing. "You ply a brave tongue," she says. "How it wags about! Well, what is't? Lard, give me a pretty lie, and I'll forgive you."

"This gentleman is a rebel," says Miss eagerly. "A rebel!" cried she sharply, and looks me up and down. "And being beset of the King's officers has took refuge here by an inadvertence," I put in, bowing.

She surveyed me with deliberation, and then smiled. "Foy!" she said, "'tis a likely sort of rebel. And you would make my house your covert. Why, the times is topsy-turvy when we have rebels in a bed-chamber. Well, Mr. Rebel," she said, "sure, you have a fine way with you. And a good tall fellow for the crows!" and looked at me again. But meeting her eyes, somehow, for the life of me I could not refrain from going off into laughter on the same instant as herself. After which she gave me a roguish glance, and "So," said she, "you have brought the law to besiege my doors. Well?"

I put my hand to my heart. "Madam," said I, "I have of an accident put Miss here to the blush, and you to trouble. I think shame on myself, but 'twas not of purpose or proposal; and if you will allow me I will here take my leave."

"Lard!" she cries, making an eye at me, "you are in haste to be quit of us. Sure, since you please Cynthia, we must do our best for you," and then, tapping Miss upon the cheek, "Fie, sis!" she says, laughing, "you have excellent taste, you gixie, you. I shall yet make a woman of you." But Miss drew back with a gesture, and looking all

pink and warm like a peony-flower. "Oh, your ladyship is cruel," she broke out with tears, "you deride me and you shame me."

T'other did nothing but giggle, being now taken in a further fit, and there was me standing stupidly, hat in hand, minding nothing to say, and vexed out of patience with this silly clutter. And in truth what would have come of it all I cannot say, but at that juncture a great rapping upon the outer doors sounded through the house. "They are here," cried Miss suddenly, started out of her tears. "Oh, sister." "Foh!" says her ladyship. "and indeed they may knock at my doors." "You must open to them, madam," said I, "they are on the King's warrant."

She stamped her foot, and looked imperious; then frowning, encountered my gaze dubiously. "You think 'tis necessary?" I shrugged my shoulders. "Madam," I says, "I am mad to be over-much in your way, and I crave your pardon. Let me remove——"

"O foh!" cried she lightly, "an' if we must, well we must. His Majesty has no manners. I'll warrant we find a way to pass you off. 'Tis a pity to peril the blood of so handsome a rogue." "He must be hid," cries Miss. "Nay," said I, "I will serve myself best at large, and not pent within some closet, where a man's iron were as much use as a toothpick." Her ladyship looks at me. "Sure, we'll swear to you," she says boldly. "Well," says I slyly, "an' I might without undue trespass be established for Mrs. Cynthia's brother, why——" "Yes, yes," said the girl eagerly.

Her ladyship looked at me, and next at Miss, and her eyebrows fell an instant. But she said nothing, until presently. "'Sbud," she cried, clapping her hands, "I have it, sure. Lard, yes, you shall be sis's brother and my husband. Gemini! But I have been long without a bed-fellow." She held me with her roguish eyes, and looked so damned taking that I was sore put to it not to throw my arms about her on the spot and take the privilege she proffered with such a gust. But instead, "Faith," said I promptly, "but the character will fit me with all my heart; and a handsomer wife 'twere hard to find the length of Town," says I.

"Why, for that matter, and the husband, too, is uncommon," she retorted, smiling at me roundly. There was that in her eyes that drew me, and in a manner they seemed to communicate with me. But that passed on the instant, and she was laughing lightly the next second. "Lord!" she cried, "'tis a pretty plot. O my Sol!" and turns to her

sister. "Sis, sis, I'll warrant to save him, the pretty rogue. He is no lover of thine, child, but mine own unlawful husband. Fie, what is come to your cheeks, you jealous minx?" and pushed her with a laughing contempt. But Miss was looking askew, though I had no eyes for her at the time; and then again the noise of the traps was repeated, and there was the sound of footsteps in the house. "Go, go," says Mrs. Cynthia. "Yes, go," says her ladyship, taking me by the arm and pushing me to the door. "An' you be my husband, 'tis in my chamber you must stay, not Cynthia's." And laughing she put me forth and pulled the door upon me.

Now, I was in no mind to be there in the dark for long, being indeed much taken now with the adventure, which promised better than I had dared imagine. And, moreover, I was anxious to witness the end myself, whatever it might be; and so in a very few minutes, and when, after a little, the sound of their chatter was gone, I opened the door and, creeping out upon the stairway, made for the next floor. Here a noise of voices attracted me to an oaken door, which shoving back, I came into a very spacious chamber, lit up as for the reception of guests. Here was several people in brisk conversation, and my two ladies among 'em, the one of which, she that was to husband me, was calling in a high voice. "A highwayman!" she cries. "Lard, gentlemen, and in my house! Oh, and us with all our jewels!" And it was upon the echo of this that I entered and came plump upon the company. There was three of the traps, and they all turned sharp at my footsteps. "What is this fuss?" says I, in a fine tall voice, and regarding them all with indignation.

"Why, here is our man," cried one of the traps, a tall lout of a fellow, Wilkins by name, as I knew very well by sight; and thereupon two of them, running up, set their hands on me.

"Oons!" cried I furiously, sending them sprawling. "What the devil! You unmannerly scum!"

"'Tis the man himself, your ladyship," said Wilkins, and then: "Richard Ryder," said he, "I arrest you in the King's name."

"God a mercy," broke out her ladyship; "Sir Paul, what is this comedy?" "Sir Paul!" cries Wilkins in an amaze. "'Tis my husband, sirrah," says her ladyship haughtily. "Sir Paul Fulton of the Firs, and *Custos Rotulorum* for the county of Somerset."

There was never a fellow taken so aback as this Wilkins. He scratched his rough head, and looked very puzzled. "But, your lady-

ship——” he says, and then stops and rubs his nose. “’Tis the very moral of the man,” he mutters.

“Odzooks!” I said, coming forward and keeping up my voice very stiff with the best of the quality. “You sottish tenterhook! What, would you lay hands upon a justice? And upon what pretence, you hobnailed rogue?”

“I beg your pardon,” he stammered, “I——”; and then whispered to his men. I saw them nod their heads, and they talked together with some show of excitement. Then again Wilkins turned to me and “I am sorry,” said he gruffly, “but you must come with me, for it must be proven of the justices whether you be what you claim to be.”

“Why!” I cried, breaking towards him. “Damn you, you muck-worm, you rascal—you——” And taking the flat of my sword I was there and then for laying ’em all to the floor and shovelling ’em into the street. But at that her ladyship, who had been feigning a rare flutter, now stepped in, putting up a pretty arm afore me. “Stay, Sir Paul,” says she, and then very imperiously to Wilkins, “You have dared doubt a gentleman’s own word of what he is, and the word of his wife, that he is her husband. Well, as you be King’s officers, you shall have witness, as is in your right to ask. Cynthia!” she calls, and Miss comes up, looking very white and frightened. “Who is this?” says she, pointing at me. “Sir Paul Fulton,” says the girl with a little hesitation. “And my husband?” says her ladyship sharply. “Yes,” says Miss in a low voice. Her ladyship faces the traps. “Well?” she says. Wilkins looked all confused; and at this point the door creaked and opened, and there came in softly a little old gentleman, dressed up very precious, and bedizened with fopperies.

Here, I must own, my heart was in my mouth upon this apparition, for we were like to have the tables turned upon our pretty plot, whoever the Devil he was. But her ladyship was never a whit dismayed. “Ah!” she said joyously, running up to him, “you are come in the nick of time, Sir Charles. What think you? These rogues will make out that Sir Paul here is no husband of mine but a villain of a highwayman or some low fellow. Tell ’em, Sir Charles, tell ’em,” she says, clinging to him, “tell ’em to their faces. Is not this gentleman here Sir Paul, my husband, with whom I have gone to bed these five years?”

If Wilkins was took aback before, the little old gentleman was in even greater disconcert now. He dropped his cane, and next his snuffbox: then he started panting and wheezing, and his eyes bulged out of his

sockets ; and he grew a kind of purple. Faith, he went through more changes of embarrassment than I could reckon upon paper. "Prythee, get your breath, Sir Charles," cried her ladyship, appealingly, "an' your chest be so bad again. But tell 'em, tell 'em. Lord ! I shall die of this insolence." And then at last the old creature, getting his wind, says, stammering, "Odds," he says, "yes, your ladyship, Sir Paul, for sure." "And is't not my husband ?" she says entreating. "Gadsbobs, of course," he stutters, "your husband." "Swear it to them," she urges piteously, and as one all in a tremble. "I'll swear it," says he in a flutter.

Her ladyship whipped round upon the traps in a splendid bearing, and regarded them haughtily. But that was enough for Wilkins. He hung his head abashed, and made some sort of amends in a sulky, terrified way. But I paid him no heed, not so much as if he was dirt, and the three fellows slunk out of the room, with their tails curled under 'em, I assure you. But it was not upon them I bent my attention ; 'twas the little old gentleman as tickled me. For there he was fallen, limp, into a chair, snorting like a pig and mopping of his face, staring the while first at me and then at her ladyship, and sometimes in a bewildered way at Mrs. Cynthia. Then, when the door had banged upon the fellows, her ladyship bursts out a-laughing.

"Lard, Lard !" she cries, "Sure, I shall die of it all," and tapping me on the shoulder, "My poor Ryder," she says, "an' that be what they call you, you have a taking presence and a rare possession. 'Sbud, but you make a handsome husband, and I an admirable wife to you." "Indeed, your ladyship," I said, "I am sorely beholden to you ; and a more elegant display of terrors I ha'n't seen not upon any stage of Town." And then the old boy thrust in, getting his voice once more. "O my lady," he says, "O my dearest charmer, what does this signify ? Odds, but I am all amiss ; and who is this fellow ?"

"Fellow," says she, drawing herself up with an air of great magnificence. "Faith, Sir Charles, I will have you to speak civilly of my husband, as you yourself have borne witness."

That put him further about, with the colour running in his funny old face. "Odds, my dear," he cried in a wheedling voice, "what spirit of devilry is here ? What is this tantrum, ninnykins ?"

"Devilry !" says she, "ninnykins ! Sure, an' I was Sir Paul, 'twould not be I that would stand by to hear these terms put upon his wife."

Now I had no knowledge of what there might be between 'em, save that they seemed upon a certain intimacy, and for all that I knew this

might ha' been the real bed-fellow. Seeing her kindness for me, therefore, I was not for making trouble between 'em, and I came forward with my best manner. "Hark'ee, Sir Charles," I says bluntly, "what has fallen 'twixt me and her ladyship is not for your interference, whoever you may be. But, an' you fuss yourself into a heat about it, and maybe with private grounds of your own, understand that if a lady shall do a poor gentleman a great service, 'tis to the credit of her heart, as should be acknowledged the first by one of your years."

But upon this he rose in his chair, spluttering. "My years!" he squeaked. "Odds! my years! I was born in the year of his Gracious Majesty's Restauration, and there's midwives to prove it. Oons!" "Well," said I, "best hold your temper, for even by that you are old enough to have better manners than to fly out among ladies."

He fell back, gaping at me, and quite speechless, for he must ha' been sixty if he was one; and her ladyship good-humorously interposed. "Come," she says, "Lard! How you would quarrel upon me! But, 'slife, I have a mind to sup. Sir Charles, cease your dudgeon, and come to supper, you and Sir Paul there."

The Lord knows I was willing enough, and so, apparently, was Sir Charles, for without more words he scrambled upon his thin shanks and made hastily for the banquet room, where an elegant treat was laid out and furnished for us. And he was no sooner set at the board than he recovered his wits and made play with the victuals with a good spirit. As for me, Lord! I keep still the remembrance of the company, and the viands, very lively. Her ladyship was pleased to sit next me, and all the time was chattering like a nest of magpies, laughing and jesting and plying me with her eyes in a way that warmed me even more than the wine. Miss sat t'other side, seeming rather demure, and the little old gentleman divided himself between gulping down his food and ogling at her ladyship. I was hollow in the midriff myself, and there was good things enough about us, and so I was pretty comfortable at the first. But after a little, and when we were well on in wine, it suited her ladyship to give a turn to her tongue that was not to my liking. 'Twas that damned Wilkins as had put it in her head, and the more she pursued me the shriller the old scarecrow opposite screamed out his hee-hee-hee, and cackled like a parrot. Now, for all my experience of women, and I have encountered them of all qualities, I am better with 'em upon the road, or elsewhere, than thus, in a kind of obligation, and as it were under a bond of

gratitude. And what made it worse, was that it had been no manners to fume and grow surly. But, in truth, she put me out. For says she, archly, "O my dear Ryder, and ha' you killed many in your business?" and when Miss leaned over with her ears open, "Faith, sis, I'll swear 'tis a very wicked fellow." "Why, no," says I foolishly, "no more than my share." "Ah, but," says she, "I know you gentlemen. O you rogue!" And ere I could prick up my wits to retort on her, she gave a little scream, and putting her hands to her face, "O Captain Ryder," she says, feigning to implore me, "an' we meet, you will spare my jewels? 'Slidikins, my dear Ryder, promise me that." This set me shifting in my seat, but I was at a loss for words; and then she flew off again in her light-headed fashion. "Captain dear," she says eagerly, "odds me, but you shall learn me the trade. Faith, and I'll learn it; indeed, sis, and I will."

'Twas not that I minded the knowledge of my calling, for I never have blushed for that; but to be made a mock of before an old mawkin, and with Mrs. Cynthia's face of wonderment opposing me, was a sorry trial for my temper. But I was not to be drawn out, and I passed it off pretty well, for I says, "Faith, your ladyship," I says a little roughly, but smiling, "I will teach you anything in the world, and Miss here, and the rather that I'll warrant with two pretty faces and no ugly dowdies we should not want for decoys."

At that she laughed (but Miss turned red) and, clapping her hands, filled me out more wine. "What an admirable husband I have gotten, for sure!" she cries to Sir Charles, who was hee-heeing in his silly fashion. "And," says I, thinking to mark a score upon him, if I might not upon her, "if you and me should meet with some such rolling old rogue, as Sir Charles there, in the hiccups, why I warrant we should set ourselves up for life."

Sir Charles stuttered, being indeed in the hiccups himself, as I saw, but her ladyship laughed louder, and being now gotten to her fourth glass, put her hand on mine. "Lard," says she, "an' we be not already wed, which I have forgot, we'll make a match of it, Ryder."

I was fairly mellow myself by then, and I answered smart enough. "If your ladyship will," says I cheerfully, "faith I'm for the noose to-morrow."

Old Mawkin gave a little snarling laugh. "I wonder at you," he squeaked, "to hear you talk so boldly of nooses." "'Slife," said her ladyship sharply, "and why should he not? Mercy! may not my

husband-to-be converse of what he will in the house that shall be his?" "Oons, what mean you?" asked Mawkin, with a hiccup, "a jest is a jest," he says. "And a sot is a sot," she retorted quickly. "But an' you keep your wits from the orgy, you may dance me to church to-morrow"; and she sent me such a languishing look as thrilled me to the reins. "By God, that is so," I said, all afire; and then she laid her hand in mine, and, the impulse coming over me sudden, I drew her over with a movement, and kissed her loudly. "O, you villain, you," said her ladyship, but she laughed softly and held my hand still. But Sir Charles was gotten upon his legs, all yellow and purple, and his nose gleaming above the rest of his face; while Miss was all of a-tremble."

"Sis," she cried, "Sis, shame on you! You would take this jest too far." Her ladyship only laughed; and then old Mawkin stamps to the door, shaking his fist, and "You—you are a wanton—" he hiccuped, "odds—you—you—" and out he scrambles without finishing, and with our laughter after him. Then there was a moment's pause, after which Miss turns and addresses me. "I know not who you be, sir, nor what be your business. That is between you and your conscience. But as you lay a claim to be a gentleman, you will see 'tis a late hour and the time for your leaving."

For the life of me I could not say how it took me so, for I was never less in the mind to go; but there was that in her bearing and still more in her eyes that sobered me very swiftly; and all of a sudden I recalled that 'twas she had befriended me in the first. With which I stood slowly on my feet, and "'Tis true," says I roughly, but with an air of decision, "I had forgot the hours, and needs but I must be packing after Sir Charles. But if 'tis in my hand," said I, looking at both of 'em studiously, "to return this pleasant entertainment one day, why here's my word for to command me."

"Fie! Cynthia," puts in her ladyship sharply, "you jealous malapert. Out, you shameless baggage, that would rob me of a husband!" Miss shrank away, very still and white, and her ladyship turns to me, smiling. "What!" she cried, "you would take fright at this chitty-face? Foh! and I shall be jealous myself. But Lard, yes," she says, simpering, "the child is right. My reputation is to lose. You must not pepper that with spots. O Lard, no. But if not to-night it shall be to-morrow, an' it fit. Foh, yes." I looked at her a moment, and her tumultuous eyes, and then, "Sink me," I cried, "to-morrow it shall be."

I scarce know how I came out of the house and was got to bed, but the next morning I was up betimes and engaged with the affairs of the night. You must fancy that here was an odd predicament in the which to find myself. For the lady herself, I had scarce a doubt but she had settled a kind of affection upon me, and indeed I was no gallows-bird for looks, though the women were ever the worst element in my fortunes. But what set me pondering was this: that the bargain was composed deep in wine, and that whereas I was now considering of my position, her slugabed ladyship too might be biting her fingers at me and laughing all over. For the marriage itself, no doubt I had a mind to it; for 'twas a rare chance fallen in my way, such as us devil-may-care gentry would accept singing. I would ha' leapt to gather the fruits of our relations, with her a widow, as I conceived, and guineas chinking in from many a broad acre. And if it came to that, I had a fancy for her, for she was a woman of mark, with the brand of her beauty as thick on her as her powder. Not but what Polly Scarlett had a neater turn to her shoulders, and a smarter leg to her kirtle. For the matter of that neither was as good as Miss's, for I had seen both of hers pretty plain. Yet her ladyship had an air of gaiety, as it might be, which reminded me of Mrs. Polly, and I'll dare swear, save for the other considerations, there was little to pick between 'em. Still, the adventure, upon my reflections, came out thus: that I would be married an' she would have it, and be damned to Sir Charles and sis also. And having got these convictions, what does I do, but, like a fool, gets on Calypso, and rides off to a mews near by; whence, striking into the square, I stops before her ladyship's door.

When I was come inside, after a parley with the footboy, I found her ladyship stretched upon a couch and seeming very weary and lackadaisical. "O Lord," says she, "'tis my old friend, Ryder. Sure, captain, you are come to make me merry of your wits, for I be sad enough." And that was true, for she was pale, as I might discern beneath her colours. I was come in a very high spirit, and as elegant, I'll warrant, as Sir Charles himself, saving for the gewgaws about him, and for all that she was so melancholical I was not to be stayed and started off very sprightly.

"O Lard, Ryder," says she, "how you run on! And what is the news of Town?" "Why," said I, "there is nothing about the streets, your ladyship, save the runners, and that Sir Charles is fallen

into a chagrin." She laughed soundly at that, and "O you rogue," she says. "And," I went on, "beside that there is no news save the news that I love you, and that news is old news since last night."

"What a lover you make!" she cried, very well pleased, as I could see. "Nay, rather," says I, "what a husband!" "Husband!" says she, with a yawn, "Troth, 'tis a silly word." "'Twas you as spoke it last night," said I bluntly. "O foh!" says she, "you have a most distressing memory, Ryder."

But I was not to be put off like that, and, having now the fit upon me, I plunged pretty deep into my affections. I wager I gave her as good a story as any of the water-blooded ninnies of the Town, and I vow, too, that she took it with a rare relish. For she seemed vastly delighted, and she says, sighing, "How you woo, Ryder!" she says. "O my poor Ryder, how you must ha' suffered! Lord, you would believe I was a chit in my teens, like sis, there."

"As for teens," says I, "you and me are gotten beyond. I would not have a slip like that for a king's ransom. Give me a fine stark woman with two valiant and artful eyes in her."

"O fie," she said, feigning to cover her face, "you are a most instant villain. How you press me! And, I warrant, you ha' loved scores."

"One may dabble in the sex," I said, "but I have had a passion for none save your ladyship. And I have seen hundreds, but never one to match the turn of your shoulders."

"I have pretty shoulders," says she, glancing down at 'em: and she stretched herself upon the couch so as her ankles showed beneath the borders of her petticoats. "Aye," said I, "and beyond!" "O foh," she says, but her eyes sparkling, "there be plenty in the Town with better points upon 'em."

"Indeed, and there's not," says I, "as I will prove upon the body of any Huff in London, if he have the ill taste." She gave me a look out of her eyes, the which set me off in a whirl. "Come," says I suddenly, "what's amiss that we should not fetch the parson?"

"O Lard," she sighed and simpered, "what would the wits of Town say? They would rhyme me out of my life." "And I," I said, "would bleed 'em out of theirs." "What a tongue you wag, for sure," said she archly. "I fear, Ryder, you would take me by storm." "I would take you, an' the parson had hummed upon us," says I. "How you clatter about this parson!" says she querulously. "There's better things than church and parson."

"Why, as for them," I said, "maybe I do not reckon so much upon them myself." "Well?" says she smiling, holding me and as it were inviting me with her eyes. What was for coming I know not, for my head was dizzy, but just then enters, pat upon us, that nidgett, Sir Charles, tripping over his toasting-iron as he comes in. "What! is't you, Sir Charles?" cries her ladyship, while I stood frowning at this spoilsport, and he staring at me. Then, "But you know my dear Ryder," says she gaily. "Faith, you interrupt us in our bridal rehearsal."

The Mawkin stared at me, blinking his eyes, and then with a snort turned short away and marched up to her ladyship. I was sufficiently put about as it was, and was in no temper to stand this; so making a stride after him, I took him by the collar and wheeled him round. "Sir!" said I tartly, "you have been introduced to a gentleman, and for a gentleman to scowl upon a gentleman in any case is not after my notion of civility. So that's for you," I says.

"Odds!" he cried with his squeak, and lugging at his sword, while the red nose on him stood out more like a door-knob than ever.

"Leave that skewer alone," says I sharply, "or must I learn you that 'tis not for a gentleman to draw in the presence of a lady?"

But as he still struggled with his hilt, and stammered and spluttered, as it might be in a fit, I took him by the nape of the neck and shoved him towards the door. "Odds!" he says. "Bobs!" he says. "Odds!" says this Mawkin, "you shall repent this. But I ran him to the door and filluped him out into the hall, and then, returning, found her ladyship fair rolling on the couch with laughter. "O Ryder, dear!" she cried, "you are an uncommon entertainment. Faith, you capture my heart."

But here again there was an interposition upon us; for Miss came hastily into the room with a *billet* for her ladyship. "O Gemini!" cries her ladyship. "Foh, what is this? You interrupt us. I want not your bills. Lord, you should ha' seen my Sir Paul with Sir Charles here. Troth, there's comedy left in life." And with that her eyes fell upon the superscription of the letter, and she gave a start, and sat up quickly. But while I was wondering what this might mean, for I saw that she was flustered, Miss came up, and "May I have a word with you, sir?" she said in a low voice. "Certainly," said I, "and a thousand for such a pretty face." Her lip curled a little, but she made no reply to that, beginning in quite another vein. "Sir," she said, "I know not who or what you be, nor whether you be rebel or highwayman; but 'tis best that you should leave this house."

"What!" said I, "and her ladyship there who is to wed with me?" She turned her head sharply from me, but then, coming back again, made as if to speak once more; but at this point her ladyship broke in. "O Lord, sis," she cried, "give me joy. Faith, and you must guess. Who is't, d'ye suppose, save the faithless Malvern, the dear rogue!"

"Why, what is this?" I asked, for there was that about her show of excitement that made we wonder. But she took no heed of me, and went on crying out in terms of unaccustomed gladness about this "devoted wretch," and this "dear villain," and declared that her hair was all awry, and that she would never be fit more to receive a chairman. I was not to pass all this in silence, as you may imagine, and so I broke in sharply: "Your ladyship——" said I; but ere I could get two words out of my mouth, she waved me away with a gesture of impatience. "Lard, Ryder, d'ye see that I am busy? I have enough to do but to mind your tantrums"; and fell to re-reading of her letter with every demonstration of delight. And while I stood there for the moment, mortified and dubitative, I heard Miss's voice again in my ears. "Sir," she says, "and indeed 'tis urgent that you go?" "Why——" I cried, turning on her in vexation; but then something in her viznomy stopped me. "Well, what is it?" I asked. "Whatever you be," she says, "you have enemies, who will be brought upon you very soon. And you had best escape while there is time." "Oh!" said I, for now I understood. "You mean old Mawkin? 'Tis a treacherous old hunks, and I will prick him into a few holes with his own bodkin." "I name no names," she says quickly, "but you will go?" she urged. "Damme, no," says I, being now angered at this general opposition; "but I will have it out with her ladyship first, and Hunks too." I stepped up to her, for the tables were like being turned upon me all on a sudden. "Your ladyship," says I, "you ha' treated mc ill." "O Lard, Ryder," she cried, stamping her foot with impatience. "Don't ye hear sis? Get ye back to your highways ere justice overtakes ye."

Now this was spoken very brutally, and for all that she had done for me I had not merited a jibe like this at her hands. My blood was up, and I answered very plain. "Hark'ee, your ladyship," said I, "I know when a face is welcome. But that's not to the point," says I; "for I cannot abide your high-mannered whimsies, and I am no petty varlet to be plucked and tossed aside for sport. Why, says you, 'We will go to church.' 'Certainly,' says I, seeing your ladyship's girdle clips the rarest piece—and a pair of eyes!' (says I). 'To-morrow,' says you.

'To-morrow for me,' says I. And, faith, when it comes to the act, there's no more than a footboy's discharge, or as much ceremony as you would waste upon your maid."

At that she looked up from her reading for the first time, and laughed at me. "My poor Ryder," she says, "you ha' been my husband for a day, and I am not used to keep 'em longer. Thank God that I didn't divorce ye sooner."

"Go, sir!" pleaded Miss, at my cars; and she was right enough, for there was the traps at the door, as I could hear. "Yes, go, my highwayman," says t'other, indifferently. "Well," says I grimly, "an' I be a highwayman, the which I will not deny, damme, I will not go empty-handed. One or t'other," says I, looking at 'em, "make your choice, or I'll have both." Her ladyship laughed, and Miss turned red. "O, you may have sis," says her ladyship. "Only leave me my jewels."

This nettled me further. "Damn your jewels," I says, "I'll have someone forth along of me, sink me if I don't." 'Twas then that the door opened, and I turned, thinking the traps were right upon me, but 'twas only Mawkin, rubbing his fingers and humming to himself, very much pleased. "Take Sir Charles," says her ladyship lightly. And somehow all of a sudden the humour took me, for I am a man of odd impulses; and, moreover, I recalled that all this had fallen out by reason of his treachery. I slapped my leg. "By Gad!" I says, "and so I will."

Mrs. Cynthia cried out aloud, and her ladyship laughed, and old Mawkin struggled; but I took him by the small of his back and flinging him over my arm, made for the door. "They will! take you," cries Miss, "they will take you."

"By the way I came in," I says, "by that way I go forth, and a pest upon all petticoats!" "Don't ye stay in sis's chamber," cries out her ladyship, screaming with laughter. But I was out of the room and up the stairway, ere I could hear more. I pulled old Mawkin through the window for all his gambadoes, caught up Calypso (and my boots) at the mews, and was out and away upon the turnpike to Uxbridge, ere ever a jannizary was in sight. And 'twas not till I was come under Tyburn Tree that I dropped him off the saddle, whence he fell with a splash into some muddy pool that the stream makes there. But as for me, I galloped on, feeling, as you may suppose, mighty out of appetite with women.

H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

THE MANNING OF THE FLEET

II.

ONE great difficulty lies in the way of him who endeavours to arrive at some definite idea as to what the strength of the Navy is, or what number of men will be required to supply it with crews. It is true that there is no knowledge attainable, only guess-work, upon any of these points. One would think that it is, after all, a simple thing to say what number of ships is ready now, what number is building, and when the different items in the list will be fit for service. Yet nothing is more difficult than to get at this information plainly set forth. The practice of lumping together ships built, building, and even not yet begun, and then quoting the sum total as representing an effective force is as common as it is misleading. Nor is that not all. Official classifications differ from unofficial; and these again are at sixes and sevens among themselves. One authority is all for vertical armour, another for armoured decks, a third judges by coal-carrying capacity, a fourth by machine guns, a fifth by torpedoes. Each re-arranges the ships in classes to suit his own view, and one is as positive about the value of his sum total as the other. On the one hand, we hear that the safety of the Empire depends on protection against torpedo attack at naval bases. From the other side comes a contradiction of this view expressed in terms little short of contempt. A sensible man will prefer to submit to authority wherever he can, but he may surely ask it to speak clearly, and not merely to "moan round with many voices."

In the midst of the morris-dance of experts it is not surprising to find that wide differences exist as to the number of men likely to be required in war. We are left in this case with rather less help than usual when we attempt to arrive at an estimate for ourselves. The *Naval Annual* does not give the complements of the ships in its lists at all. The French *Aide-Mémoire de l'Officier de Marine* for 1894, an excellent little book in many ways, does give a column to the "Effectif de l'équipage." Unfortunately, when we begin to test the items they are

found not to be trustworthy. For instance, the complement of the *Royal Sovereign* is put at 620, but this is just 110 less than the right figure, which is 730. The *Crescent*, again, is said to carry 560 men, but the correct figure is 544. Obviously it would not do to trust the figures of the *Aide-Mémoire de l'Officier de Marine*. Nor do the estimates made in gross go far to compensate for the want of information in detail. On the 22nd of March last there was a conversation in the House of Lords on the manning of the Navy. Lord Brassey, Lord Hood of Avalon, and Lord Spencer all spoke. Here, then, were two very competent unofficial critics and an official authority, and there were three opinions among them. In the *United Service Magazine* for February Mr. H. W. Wilson, in a very carefully compiled article, had just expressed a fourth. He estimated for 15,000 men in the ships on distant stations, and 59,840 in the squadrons nearer home, as the force we shall require when the Navy is put on a war footing. Mr. Wilson's total is 74,840, and it is just 25,160 less than the force named as necessary by Lord Brassey. It would be impudent, and even flippant, to tell the experts that it does not matter what they say; but one may adapt the rest of Lord Melbourne's jest, and point how much their judgments would gain in weight if they would only agree to say the same thing.

The answer to this jape is, to be sure, easy. You cannot all say the same thing when you have no ascertained facts to go on, and when you are, in reality, only discussing probabilities among constantly varying conditions. A calculation made in one year is completely vitiated by the building programme of another. Mr. Wilson, for instance, made his estimate on the supposition that we are to have twenty-nine first-class battle-ships, but if I have not lost myself amid the intricacies of naval lists, we must prepare to man thirty-two. If the figures of the *Aide-Mémoire* were in other respects correct, their total would be untrustworthy for the purpose of making an estimate of the numbers likely to be needed in future, because here again a new building programme has altered all the conditions. Again, the crew of a first-class battle-ship, or, indeed, of any other vessel, is not a fixed quantity as it was in the time of first, second, and other "rates." Of late years there has been a great increase in the number of small guns of "the secondary armament," so called, and with it, as an inevitable consequence, a growth of the force required to form the fighting crew. It is by no means certain that this will not go further. The first-class battle-ship of five years hence may require a thousand men. Whatever else may be doubtful, this much, I think,

is to be taken as certain, that we shall need many men: in the first place, because we shall have a larger number of vessels; and in the second place, because there is every indication that the individual ship will need more numerous crews.

It is with a lively sense that my own figures will probably be found as unsatisfactory as those of others too often appear to me that I venture to make an estimate of my own. What is written here, then, is offered under correction. We have to estimate what number of men will be required to man the fleet as it will be when the present building programme is carried out. Taking, then, as standards, the first-class battle-ship *Royal Sovereign*, a first-class cruiser, and a second-class cruiser, I calculate that we shall need some such numbers as these:—For thirty-two first-class battle-ships, not less than 23,000 men; for thirty-five first-class cruisers, and armoured cruisers of the first class (two types of vessel essentially similar in purpose, but divided in the endless *chinoiseries* of naval classification), not less than 19,000 men; for fifty-one second-class cruisers, 13,000 at least. The total is 55,000 men. We have further to allow for second and third class battle-ships, coast defence vessels, torpedo-catchers, torpedo-boats, the Royal Naval Reserve merchant cruisers (of which there are twenty-two, according to the *Naval Annual* of 1894), and to take care that there must be men in hand to provide for casualties. Everybody cannot be sent to the front, if only because there is always work to be done far from the actual seat of war, which is as necessary as the actual fighting. The calls of these various forms of service are not over-estimated if we suppose that they will require 50,000 men. The total, then, is 105,000.

To supply this demand we have, on paper, the 88,850 of all classes of the regular force, and 25,000 men of the Naval Reserve. The two together amount to 113,850, which appears to leave a margin of 8,850. But every paper force is liable to severe deductions. It requires a great fund of hopefulness to suppose that these 113,850 "men" on paper will produce 105,000 efficient grown men when they are needed. One result of our system of training up our sailors for the Navy from the beginning is, that whenever a large addition is made to the force, it is in the form of boys. A very striking example has just been given. The failure to draw the modest number of 800 recruits from the merchant service has made it necessary to send the *Northampton* round the coast to recruit boys. They have been found in good numbers, and of excellent quality. Ireland, from which a large proportion of our crews,

as well as of our soldiers, was drawn in the old war time, has again been shown to be a fertile recruiting ground. There is no reason why Ireland should not supply the Navy with thousands of men as good as those who fill the ranks of the Irish Constabulary; and there are no better in the world. The boys recruited by the *Northampton* will no doubt be men in every sense of the word five years hence. Until that period has elapsed, however, they will be boys and lads, except on paper. It was well for Captain Broke, of the *Shannon*, that he had a seven years' commission in which to make men of the crew of boys he brought with him from England. If he had met the *Chesapeake* in the second year out, there might have been another tale to tell. Great doubt, too, must always exist, till we can apply a thorough test as to what proportion of the Naval Reserve will be available at need. Naval officers who have a well-formed habit of making the worst of everything in talk, and the best in practice of what they have just asserted to be worth nothing, are apt to pooh-pooh the Naval Reserve as a possible resource. An allowance for their inveterate habit of growling must always be made when their estimates are in question. No men are more in the habit of crying murder when they are not being killed, or take a more malicious pleasure in the qualms they produce in the innocent minds of persons who have not been taught by experience to understand the humour of it. Still, it must be obvious that a Reserve which, by the nature of the trade to which its members belong, is much scattered over the globe, cannot be relied on to turn out in full force upon a sudden call. If it does do the utmost we can reasonably expect of it, and the deductions to be made from the paper strength of the regular force are put as low as is safe, it will be much if the Reserve and the Establishment together give 105,000 men for all work. Even 100,000 is a hopeful estimate.

This is unquestionably such a naval force as was never seen in the world before, if only because it consists in an extraordinarily large proportion of very highly trained men. The comparisons sometimes made to our disadvantage between our own resources and those of the French Inscription Maritime only show how little we understand the nature of that institution. The full strength of the Inscription Maritime could not be called out without unmanning every merchant ship and fishing boat under the French flag, without taking men of between forty and fifty, fathers of families, who had not put foot in anything more like a man-of-war than a *chasse-marée* for twenty years. It is a mistake to suppose

that the *Inscription Maritime* has worked more smoothly in France than the system of impressment did in England. Even if less difficulty were found in getting the men liable to service together now than was the rule under the Monarchy, and in the reign of Napoleon, the Reserves collected would be no whit better than the raw men whom we would have to recruit after war had begun. I should be much surprised to hear any naval officer deny that he would not rather have to lick into shape a batch of entirely new young men, than one composed of fishermen, merchant sailors, or longshore men, who had had a cruise in a wooden frigate twenty years ago. The advantage of the *Inscription Maritime* is that it does give a French Government the power to draw to the utmost on its maritime resources. But it is most uncritical to make a mere comparison between the numbers this institution can collect and our own. We must take into account the extensive misery which the calling out of all the men on the rolls of the *Inscription Maritime* would infallibly cause, a very serious consideration to a Government based on universal suffrage. And then we must not forget that a large proportion of the recruits so gained would have to be retaught, and that at an age when a man is commonly beyond learning lessons. You cannot teach an old dog new tricks, and there is no kind of old dog which is so obstinately unteachable as an old fisherman. The *Inscription* is tolerated because it is never fully enforced, and because it secures the fishermen a small pension in old age. If once it began to grind with its whole strength, if the maritime population of France had to bear its evils, and not only, as at present, to enjoy its advantages, we should probably hear of riots, and of desertions, and of columns of soldiers employed, as of old, in hunting down the recalcitrant and marching them handcuffed to the ports.

To repeat what was said here last month: if we could be sure that one battle, or even one naval campaign, would settle all, we might rest fairly content. But, then, no such security can be given, and so a margin must be provided to meet the inevitable uncertainties and the no less inevitable losses of war. How to provide that margin is exactly the whole problem of the manning of the Navy.

It will be well, before attempting to provide for our needs, to have a very clear notion as to what it is we are likely to get. The best, no doubt, would be to have a Reserve equal in quality to our corps of bluejackets and marines. Unluckily, this is a clear impossibility. It is beyond our power to possess, at one time, a force with all the virtues of

long service and a Reserve in no way inferior to it. The soldierly qualities of modern armies have been, to some extent, given up in order to gain the advantage of numbers. But at sea, where numbers of men are of little value in comparison with skill in handling great machines, the sacrifice would have no compensation. Whatever we do, we must not lower the standard of efficiency in the permanent force. It would be better to dispense with a Reserve altogether than to do that. Our aim must be to provide a reinforcement for the regular force composed of men of good natural quality who have received such an amount of training as will make it possible to bring them rapidly to the higher level when war has begun. Our Reserve will not be called out when the men it is to reinforce have been exhausted. It will be summoned at once, and will immediately mingle with the highly trained corps of the Navy. Good officers, said Defoe's Cavalier, presently make a good army. Good warrant and petty officers, with good leading seamen, presently make a good crew, provided that the newcomers be of sound quality, and have received a preliminary training in the mere rudiments, and there is time to finish forming them. The question is: Where are we to go for the quality, and enough of it?

Lord Brassey, in his speech in the Lords, made himself the advocate of a scheme which is understood to have had the approval of Sir G. Hornby. I have not myself been able to see that it is worked out with any approach to thoroughness in Sir Geoffrey's contribution to the *Naval Annual* of 1893. But, as expounded, it is intelligible enough. It amounts to this, that we shall train a number of boys in the Navy in addition to the present staff, who would serve for a short period. When their brief service was over, they would pass to the merchant service, where the Navy would have a first call upon them. Lord Spencer pointed out forcibly enough the official objections to this scheme: its expense, the awkwardness of having two systems of service, and so forth. To my mind, there is an objection of a more searching character to it, namely, that it would not work. We could have no guarantee that the men turned out by the Navy would remain at sea at all. Speaking, if the egotism of an appeal to personal knowledge is permitted, with a ten years' experience in an English Consulate at a busy Mediterranean port—during which I have been on board of hundreds of merchant ships on many errands, ranging from taking the depositions of men stabbed in drunken brawls, down to investigations of the truth of complaints against the provisions—I will undertake to assert that nothing

is less likely than that lads trained in the Navy would reconcile themselves to the hugger-mugger of the average trading ship. Indeed, I once had actual evidence how ill the sailor trained in one school endures the other. A man, a fine, clean-limbed, bearded fellow of about thirty, came up one Monday to the Consulate to complain to his "counsel" that his eye had been blacked by his first mate. The circumstances were these. The sailor was a man-of-war's man who, on completing his ten years of service, had decided to take a voyage in a merchant ship before re-engaging himself in the Navy to serve for a pension, in order to see how he liked it, and, no doubt, attracted by the higher wages and the greater license of the merchant seaman's life. He had shipped at a northern port in a fair-sized barque bound to the Mediterranean with coals. She was owned by the skipper, who had his brother with him as first mate. These two spent a good part of the Sunday afternoon drinking together, and wound up by an intoxicated quarrel in which they rolled over one another, kicking, pummelling, and endeavouring each to knock each other's head on the deck. A regular bred merchant sailor would have looked on with amusement or have gone ashore for a ramble. My man-of-war's man had not been accustomed to see his captain and first lieutenant settle their differences in this fashion. The spectacle shocked him. He interfered and a black eye, inflicted by the boot of the struggling first mate, was his reward. When I had given him all the help in my power, namely, the advice to wait till he reached England and then go before a magistrate, I asked whether he thought of going on in the same service, and can well remember the emphasis of his assurance that he would never put his foot in a merchant ship again. We hear in this connexion much of the great ocean liners, and the employment they offer to Naval Reserve men. But these vessels, important as they are, form a small part of the whole shipping of the country. Of steamers of twelve knots' speed, and upwards, we possess 404, which probably do not carry 5,000 seamen among them; of steamers of less than twelve knots' speed, and sailing ships, we have 10,859. These slower steamers too often bear a distinct resemblance to the *Bolivar* as described by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, with the license of a poet no doubt, but also with some considerable truth. Sir Geoffrey Hornby and Lord Brassey have also, it seems to me, overlooked a very material consideration. The amount of employment for seamen is diminishing, as it is. If, then, we turn a crowd of new competitors into the market, we not only send them to scramble for a dwindling fund, but

we make the fight a great deal harder than it already is for those already in the market. Lord Brassey's ship-owning friend at Bombay may well like the scheme which would supply him with nicely-schooled men, and not improbably reduce the rate of wages. But would the sailors like it? Is it common sense to expect them to like it? And how long would it be before members of Parliament would be heckled on the subject?

There is seldom any good to be gained by endeavouring to create a resource artificially. To create a class of sailors in order that they may serve as a Reserve would be as costly, and not nearly so effectual, as to maintain the Navy at all times on a war footing. We must draw on the resources we have, and they are ample, if properly used. There is no necessity to form our Reserve entirely out of classes "bred to the sea." The Navy never was, and is not to-day, manned entirely by sailors. No doubt the sea-training is best, but it is so largely because of the qualities of character it produces. Work done where bungling or loss of nerve may, or probably will, be punished by drowning, is eminently calculated to form the men who will make good fighters. But though the seafaring population will give the best, there is no reason why we should not draw on others. It is only necessary to look at the constitution of our crews to see that there are large portions of them which need not be recruited from men bred to the sea.

Abstract of the Complements of a Battle-ship, First Class; and a First and Second Class Cruiser.

	Battle-ship.	1st Class Cruiser.	2nd Class Cruiser.
Executive officers, including midshipmen ...	25	19	6
Warrant, petty officers, and leading seamen	64	47	22
Bluejackets and boys	287	198	76
Signalmen	16	7	7
Engineer department	145	127	96
Artisans	30	22	14
Medical staff	6	5	3
Accountant	7	7	5
Miscellaneous, which includes master-at- arms, cooks, mess servants, &c.	43	36	16
Chaplain and naval instructor	2	2	—
Marines, including officers	105	74	28
	730	544	273

A glance at these lists will show that in every case more than a third of the ship's company are not necessarily seamen at all. The marines confessedly are not. The artisans and the engine-room hands need not be. A moderate amount of training in peace would bring men accustomed to mechanical work, and steam engines, on shore, to a pitch at which they would, when mingled in proper proportions with highly-trained men, be easily fitted to make themselves useful in a warship. As for the marines, the wisdom of increasing them, as fast as is consistent with maintaining the quality of the corps, is allowed by everybody. Then, why not have a reserve for the marines as well as for the bluejackets and stokers? A marine who has had two years' service at sea was, so Marryat says, counted equal to a seaman in his time. In these days of mastless steamers, no great harm would be done if these sailor-soldiers formed a larger part of our crews than is the case already. The difficulties in the way of largely increasing this noble corps are undeniably considerable. All the reasons which tell against attempting to raise the bluejackets in peace to their proper level of strength for war, or against any proposal to secure a reserve for them by availing ourselves of the dubious advantages of short service, hold good in the case of the marines. There is a very serious obstacle in the way of forming a body of sea-going volunteers. The soldier volunteer may be enlisted for home service. No such distinction can be made for the volunteer for service afloat. The division of naval stations into home and foreign may be convenient for business purposes, but it answers to no natural condition. There is only one station for the fleet, and it extends to wherever a ship can float, and has room to turn. If there is to be a corps of landsmen volunteers, whether for the engine-room or for the marines, it must take the motto of the Royal corps: "Per mare, per terram," or it will have no claim to be considered as forming part of the naval strength of the country. At the risk of appearing somewhat fantastic, I will venture to ask whether, now that the Army has a reserve trained in its own ranks, the "Militia Reserve," the men of the militia regiments who are liable to be called into the Line, might not be made partially available for the marines? A choice at least might be given them. The militia is, no doubt, a home force, but it has never failed in readiness to go abroad in case of need. It fed Wellington's army in the Peninsula. The man who would volunteer for Salamanca would have been equally ready to fight at Trafalgar. Indeed, the Army itself has supplied drafts for service

in the ships, and might do it again. The question, whether it would be wise to call upon it for this duty, is one which must be answered according to the nature of the war on hand, and the extent of the other demands on the Army. After all, it also is called on to serve "Per mare, per terram," and the drilled fighting man can never be useless in a floating fort. It may, however, be that the supply of a reserve to the marines is a problem which presents insoluble difficulties. If so, all we can do is to provide that when an increase is made to the establishment of the Navy, we give the largest possible proportion to that part of it which we shall have the greatest difficulty in expanding. Let us do this, and then let us firmly refuse to hear anything of plans to employ the marines on garrison duty in the colonies, or the coast fortifications. The duty of the marines is to assist in keeping the enemy from ever getting near the colonies, or the forts, at all. This duty it can only discharge on the sea, along the enemy's coasts, and the ocean routes.

While making the utmost use of the man whose qualification is that he is familiar with steam machines, or has been drilled, we can still look to the seafaring population as the main source of our supply. This we already do, but not to a sufficient extent, and with a rather unfortunate discrimination. At present the Naval Reserve is, at the best, just sufficient to help to supply the crews which will be needed to meet the first call of war. In other words, it will not serve the real purpose of a Reserve at all. There will be nothing to draw on to supply loss. Lord Brassey stated this manifest truth very forcibly in the House of Lords. He put the case, if anything, too modestly when he asked that the Naval Reserve might be raised to 50,000. We should not be going to an extravagant length if we brought it up to an equality in numbers with the regular force. The stokers and firemen would, of course, be included in this total : with the reserve of marines, if we can get one.

The advantage of bringing the Reserve up to the highest figure may be easily made clear. We cannot hope to possess a Reserve force equal in skill to the highly-trained men of the permanent staff. Therefore, we should do our utmost to have under our hand, the moment war breaks out, the largest attainable surplus of partially practised men of good quality, who may be at once put under full instruction. As the fleets and cruisers go out, carrying with them a small percentage of the best Reserve men, the empty naval barracks and receiving ships may be at once filled up by the surplus. The training of this true Reserve could then be begun, and as the calls came "from the front" they could be

met. We might to some extent rely on the stimulus of real war, and on emulation, to hasten the process of learning. We could, at any rate, diminish to the utmost the risk that it would be necessary to form the large majority of a crew of raw men. The danger would be averted of the sudden fall in quality which must be the consequence of allowing the untaught to outnumber the well-trained, to such a pitch that these latter could no longer leaven the mass to the proper consistency. There would be a steady flow, and not a violent alternate emptying and filling, which is ruinous to all balance, and uniformity of quality.

It is, perhaps, a counsel of perfection to propose to raise the Reserve to a numerical equality with the permanent staff. Yet there is truth in the Scotch proverb, that he who grasps at the golden gown may get the sleeve. The surest of all ways of not having enough is to fix an insufficient maximum figure, which is what we are now doing; and it is cowardly to decide that the thing cannot be done until the attempt has been made. One way of making it as easy as possible to reach the higher level of strength would be to cease discriminating, as we now do, between the different classes of the maritime population. A belief prevails that we must look mainly to the merchant service for our recruits in war. It is very natural that this should be the case. The best of our seamen in former days were those who had served their time in the trading ships. It is, on the face of it, reasonable enough to suppose that the merchant seaman of to-day is the equivalent of these men. Both are called merchant sailors, they seem to be doing the same work—why then should they not be in all respects the same? Unhappily, they are not. The abolition of the system of compulsory apprenticeship has done away with the old training. Nobody who knows the laxity with which skippers will ship and discharge men as able seamen can suppose that the description is more than a mere name in a great proportion of cases. The masters of merchant ships are not to be blamed. They have no choice. Their crews must be made up at the last moment, for the pressure of competition does not allow the shipowner to indulge in the luxury of collecting his ship's company a day before it is wanted. In such circumstances the shippers must take what they can get. Not only is this the case, but the work is the same only in name. The modern ship is not the school which the old one was. Nobody denies that this is the case with the steamer. But it would be rash to conclude that it is very different with the modern clipper. Brought to life again, our prime seamen of the last

century would feel nearly as much out of place in one as in the other. The sailing ship is tending to grow enormously in size, for if she does not carry a great cargo cheaply she does not pay. She is made of iron, and so are her hollow lower masts and yards, while her standing rigging is largely of wire. She carries a donkey engine to help to work her sails, and if she did not her scanty crew, kept down as it is to the lowest possible figure for economy's sake, would never be able to handle their vast expanse. Thirty-five or forty "men," including often ten or twelve apprentices who are in training to become officers, is often the whole ship's company of a vessel capable of carrying four or five thousand tons of cargo. As the crews are small, so the wages are low, and for the same reason—economy. The best men go elsewhere, and are replaced by foreigners, Norwegians and "Dutchmen," as all sailors from the Baltic are called, who may be good seamen, but are not available for the Naval Reserve, or by native riff-raff, which is not to be desired. The work in such a vessel is dull and mechanical. She sails quicker, and she carries more than the old trading vessel. If she did not, she would long ago have perished in the competition with the steamer, but she no longer gives the many-sided old training, and therefore she does not form the same ingenious and resourceful stamp of man.

The merchant ship of former times was a very different vessel. She was small to begin with. I have lately had occasion to go through the list of the convoy which Sir Samuel Hood took with him to the West Indies in 1780. The 118 vessels of which it consisted averaged 266 tons, while many were of 70 or 80. Everything in these vessels was of wood or hemp. The men could not only handle everything, but they could at need replace it. Being wholly within the power of her crew she trained their manual dexterity and their intelligence, as the great metal clipper cannot. She could not go so fast or carry so much, nor was she so strong, but she educated an ambidexterous, self-reliant, intrepid race of men.

It may be that the old type is doomed to vanish off the face of the sea. Steam will kill it. If so, we must suffer the loss, and so much the worse for the world, which will be the poorer for one of the finest of human characters. If it is to live, I think that it must be looked for among the deep-sea fishermen, who happily are an increasing not a diminishing body of men. Steam has laid its defiling paw on them also; but, even so, a steam trawler will train a more alert man than the

s.s. *Bolívar* or even a five-masted iron clipper. It is not the length but the nature of the voyage that makes the sailor. The Spaniards who took the "flota" from Cadiz to La Vera Cruz through the Mar de Damas were poor sailors in comparison to our own, the great majority of whom did not for centuries go beyond the seas round Britain. The deep-sea fishermen range from the coast of Norway to the south of Ireland in vessels which would have been counted small ships in the last century. It is true that a trawler bears no great resemblance to a mastless battleship or cruiser. But neither does a common merchant steamer or iron clipper. Since, then, we cannot get men brought up in the same kind of vessel, let us take as many as we can from that class which has received on the whole the best moral training, using the word in as wide—indeed, the only proper sense—as including all that tends to form a fine character. I do not think that anybody who knows the two classes will deny that the fishermen are, on the whole, stronger, healthier, and more quick-witted men than the merchant sailors.

The fishing population of the United Kingdom has been estimated to be about 120,000. From this there are deductions to be made. It would be idle to seek to attract the older men, nor would it be desirable to take them except in extreme need. They have got beyond the age to learn. But even if we reduce the 120,000 to 60,000 there still remains a field for recruiting which has never been fully worked. I do not see why we should not add to our own fishermen the 50,000 to 60,000 Canadians who follow the same trade. In the Seven Years' War we drew as many as 18,000 seamen from the plantations. If there is any reality in all we hear about the unity of the Empire and the loyalty of the colonists—and he is a very mischievous man who denies that there is—there is no reason why we should not do again what was done by our fathers. Two thousand men from Canada might make all the difference between insufficient and full crews for twenty ships.

Whatever the worth of what I have written, this will not, I venture to think, be disputed: that a Reserve which is just sufficient to enable us to man our ships on the outbreak of war is not large enough; that the best way of keeping up the quality of our crews is to have a surplus of men on hand soon enough to train them to a higher level before they are actually wanted; and that since more are needed it is a very gross mistake to fix the maximum of our Reserve at a figure which is confessedly too low. It may also be argued that we complicate our task by arbitrary divisions of class in the Reserve which answer to no

real distinction in quality. Experience may prove that we cannot get very many more Reserve men than we have already, but it will be time enough to believe that, and to look about for a remedy, when the attempt has been made and has failed. Let us try the effect of sending other *Northampton*s round, here and in Canada, not, or at least not only, to recruit boys but also to practise men in the intervals between the fishing seasons. Of course, all this will cost money, and a good sum too; but what the want of men in war would cost passes calculation. Of course, too, with many more men to train there will be needed more officers to train them. But the question of the officering of the Navy is a very great question indeed.

DAVID HANNAY.

CHANTICLEER

OF all the birds from East to West,
 That tuneful are and dear,
 I love that farmyard bird the best,
 They call him Chanticleer.

*Gold plume and copper plume,
 Spurred for the fray;
 'Tis he that scatters night and gloom,
 And shouts back the day!*

He is the sun's brave herald
 That, ringing his blithe horn,
 Calls round a world dew-pearled
 The heavenly airs of morn.

Voice of gold, shrill and bold,
 He through the crawling mist
 Bids back the hills from dark and cold
 To rose and amethyst.

CHANTICLEER

He sets the birds to singing,
 And calls the flowers to rise ;
 The morning cometh bringing
 Sweet sleep to fearful eyes.

*Gold plume and silver plume,
 Comb and wattles gay ;
 'Tis he packs off the nightly gloom,
 And trumpets in the day !*

Black fear he sends it flying,
 Black care he frights away ;
 And creeping shadows sighing
 At dawning of the day.

('Tis O, and woe, the lone ghost
 That glides before his call,
 And huddles in its grave, so lost,
 Below the churchyard wall !)

The birds of all the forest
 Arc comely and dear,
 But yet I hold the rarest
 The farmyard Chanticleer.

*Red cock or black cock,
 Gold cock or gray,
 The flower of all the feathered flock,
 He clarions home the day !*

KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE NEW DIVINE RIGHT

I SUPPOSE we may take it that a General Election is certainly imminent. There appears to be a well-nigh universal consent that the present Parliament cannot much longer drag out its discredited and discreditable existence; the majority of the Government is so small numerically, so inconsiderable morally, and so precarious practically from the number and variety of the bribes that have to be administered in order to keep it together. Therefore the Government must, as the phrase is, appeal to the country, in the hope—the forlorn hope it seems to be generally thought—of another and a better majority. To the obtaining of such a majority, all its efforts are just now directed. The principal measures introduced by it this Session, as is understood on all hands, are not serious projects of legislation, but merely bids for the support of one or another set of voters in the coming struggle.

It is not, indeed, too much to say that the whole art of politics in England, and wherever what is called self-government obtains, is now reduced to majority-mongering. Every age has its “fixed idea”; and the fixed idea of ours is the cult of “majorities told by the head,” to use Burke’s phrase. The old divine right of kings is superseded by this new divine right of majorities. And in the one case, as in the other, the duty of passive obedience is inculcated as the corollary of the right. Curious are some of the forms which this doctrine takes. Consider, for example, what is termed “the principle of local option.” We are told, with no shadow of dubiety, that if the majority, in any district, chooses to forbid the sale of intoxicating liquors therein, it is quite within its right in so doing, and that the minority ought passively to endure those hardships which, according to Horace, are the lot of teetotalers: “*Siccis omnia nam dura Deus proposuit.*” Or, to take a graver matter, it seems to be admitted on all hands that, if a majority of the voters of the United Kingdom expresses a preference for disuniting it, disunited it ought to be, even if—as most sensible men anticipate—“red ruin and the breaking up of laws” should result. The question at once presents itself: How does this “ought” arise?

What is the *rationale* of the new right divine? Now, there are two—and only two—answers to that question. The alleged right of majorities may be based on abstract speculation, as by Rousseau; or on practical utility, as by Bentham. Let us consider both doctrines a little. It is worth while.

The central political doctrine of Jean-Jacques Rousseau is what Mr. John Morley calls "the sovereignty of peoples," and what might be more correctly called the sovereignty of the individual. Rousseau postulates unrestricted liberty and boundless autonomy as the normal condition of the abstract man who is the unit of his system. He holds that all the adult male inhabitants of any country are entitled to absolute political equality, that each of them may claim, by natural right, an equal share in the government of the territory where he happens to be born: "any man equal to any other: Quashee Nigger to Socrates and Shakespeare; Judas Iscariot to Jesus Christ," as Carlyle puts it. Now the great political problem, according to Rousseau, is "to find a form of association which defends and protects, with all the public force, the person and property of each partner, and by which each, while uniting himself to all, obeys only himself." And the Jacobin disciples of Rousseau, who endeavoured to translate his speculations into fact, supposed themselves to have solved this problem by the assignment to each adult male of an equal morsel of sovereignty, or—for that is what it practically comes to—of an equal infinitesimal share in the election of one of the depositaries of sovereignty. It is true that by this arrangement the sovereign individual will often find himself compelled to obey laws of which he disapproves. How can he then be said to retain his sovereignty and to obey only himself? Rousseau answers that every sovereign individual, by entering into the Social Contract, makes over all his rights to the community, his consolation being that if the State is above him, no one else is, and that he is a member of the sovereign despotic authority, whose sovereignty—although constraining him to do or suffer what he dislikes—is, in effect, his sovereignty.

Mr. John Morley tells us, "Of this doctrine Rousseau assuredly was not the inventor," and refers it apparently to "the great Aquinas," whom he represents as teaching that "only the reason of the multitude, or of a prince representing the multitude, can make a law." I may be pardoned for doubting whether Mr. Morley's acquaintance with "the great Aquinas" is very intimate. I have elsewhere written:—

If, as would seem, Mr. Morley imputes to Aquinas the doctrine that "the reason of the multitude" is the ultimate source of human authority, he greatly errs. Nothing could be further removed from the teaching of the Angelic Doctor. The original and pattern of all earthly law, ever to be kept in view by the human legislator, is, as Aquinas holds, that *lex eterna*, which is the necessary rule of ethics, and of which "the reason of the multitude" is no more the accredited origin than is the will of the prince. To which it may be not superfluous to add that "the multitude" meant for Aquinas, not what it meant for Rousseau, and means for Mr. Morley, a fortuitous congeries of sovereign human units, but an organic whole, implying all that may be gathered from Darwinism and elsewhere, as natural and necessary in the organism.*

We may be quite certain that Rousseau knew no more about "the great Aquinas" than Mr. Morley knows. We may be equally certain that Rousseau derived his fundamental political conception from Hobbes, assigning to the collective sovereignty of all, the unlimited dominion which that thinker had attributed to the single sovereignty of the prince; but, like him, postulating as the source of it, a contract into which all members of the community are supposed to have entered. It is hardly necessary to add that this contract is wholly imaginary. The divine right of majorities maintained by Rousseau, like the divine right of kings inculcated by Hobbes, rests upon "the thing that is not." Equally false is his teaching as to the rights innate, inalienable, and imprescriptible of humanity in a hypothetical state of nature. The proposition that men are born free, sovereign, and equivalent, is as contrary to facts as is the proposition that civil society is the outcome of a social contract. To expose Rousseau's political sophisms is, as the old Greeks would have said, to kill the dead over again. And yet those sophisms still constitute the stock-in-trade of Continental Radicalism: as, for example, a glance at the speeches of the late M. Gambetta may serve to show.

The high priori road in politics has never been widely in favour among Englishmen. It is our habit, as Heine noted, to avoid general principles, and to bring facts to the proof—for or against. The only prominent English politician, so far as I know, whose views have been largely influenced by Rousseau, is Mr. John Morley. From the first, his Liberalism has been of a well-marked French type. How far he has succeeded in indoctrinating his party with his principles, is an interesting question which, perhaps, cannot as yet be answered. Certain it is, however, that the New Radicalism, of which he is the most cultured

* *A Century of Revolution*, p. 11.

representative, approximates nearly to Jacobinism. This can by no means be said of the Old Radicalism: the Radicalism of Bright, of Milner Gibson, of Cobden. That Old Radicalism was essentially Benthamite. It would hear nothing of man's natural rights. It did not believe in them. It grounded its worship of majorities upon the principle of utility. Its catchword was "the greatest happiness of the greatest number." That was, in its judgment, the end of the State. And the way to realise that end, it judged, was to vest political power in the greatest number. Identity of interest between the holders of political power and the community was its panacea: and it sought to effect that identity by making the majority supreme. The argument of Bentham is, in effect, that all people that on earth do dwell seek what it is to their interest to have: that it is to the interest of the majority to have good government: and that therefore the majority should bear rule.

Bentham, in spite of his professed devotion to facts, was really as great a *doctrinaire* as Rousseau himself. The common sense on which he prided himself, too frequently proved, in practice, uncommon nonsense. The conception of man as an animal dominated by self-interest is quite unreal. Man is habitually swayed by a number of impulses, emotions, passions, hallucinations, altogether unaffected by utilitarian calculations. Again, to desire one's own advantage is one thing: to know how to attain it is quite another. Everyone will admit that this is so in the case of children. And surely Napoleon was well warranted when he pronounced the vast majority of adult men mere grown-up children, physically mature, but intellectually quite undeveloped. To which it must be added, that even if it should so chance that an individual voter perceives and follows his immediate advantage, in bringing his vote to bear on a particular question, it does not in the least follow that what is for his advantage, is for the general advantage. Moreover, with universal or quasi-universal suffrage, the number of voters who are capable of even grasping the idea of the general advantage must, of necessity, be infinitesimal. Consider, with a mind cleared of cant, the average British elector as actual life discloses him, a skilled or an unskilled artisan. How is it possible for him, I will not say to form an intelligent judgment on the grave questions of domestic or foreign politics, concerning which an appeal to the country is made, but to discern, even in the dimmest outline, their real bearing, their true significance? "Put before him the simplest train of argument, invite him to exactness, ask him to define, beg him to consider differences, and you strike him dumb,

unless, perchance, by way of answer, he damns your eyes. He views things disconnectedly, unable to make use of that 'large discourse, looking before and after,' which would interpret their connection. The very notion of causation is strange to him. Condemned by a law which shall never be broken—for it issues from the nature of things—to a life of manual toil, 'his phenomenal existence, his extensionless present, his momentary satisfaction'—this alone has any reality for him, and his energies are concentrated on its maintenance.* He is the natural prey of demagogues who buy his vote by fawning flattery, by loathsome lying, by abominable appeals to his meanest motives, by profligate promises made in reckless profusion, and incapable of performance.

But there are those who bid us remember that we are carrying out Lord Sherbrooke's advice, to educate our masters. Educate, indeed! We are teaching them to read. We are teaching them even the three R's. But of what avail is this so-called "education," or of any instruction which the masses can possibly receive, for the task of governing an empire? A task involving the most complicated and far-reaching issues, historical, economical, and jurisprudential, and needing for its rational fulfilment the highest intellectual and moral endowments. Again, there are those who assure us that the unreasoning instinct of the masses, like that of creatures lower in the scale of nature, seldom or never goes astray. I confess that these fanatics seem to me beyond the reach of rational argument. History—to say nothing of political science—has been written in vain for them. The unreasoning instinct of the masses right! Why, from the first until now their choice has ever been "Not this man, but Barabbas." To confine ourselves to the present, Barabbas it is who rules under the system of so-called "self-government," prevailing so largely in the civilised world. He it is who monopolises political power in the United States of America, in France, in Italy. He it is who will monopolise political power in this country when the pseudo-democratic edifice is crowned by the payment of Members of Parliament. Goethe has defined a majority as "a few strong men who lead, some knaves who temporise, the many feeble who are hangers-on, and the multitude who follow, without the faintest idea of what they want." True, the multitude do not know what they want. How should they? But the professional politician—strong with all the strength of his emancipation from ethical scruples—who leads the

* *A Century of Revolution*, p. 187.

multitude, knows very well what he wants. "Qu'est-ce que le peuple veut après tout?" asks Chaffion in M. Sardou's comedy. "Il ne veut que de garanties." "Quelles garanties?" demands Rabagas. "Quelque chose pour nous," his colleague replies.

It appears to me—I do not disguise my conviction—as a student of history and of political philosophy, that our boasted "constitutional progress" has been chiefly in a wrong direction, from the date of the first Reform Bill. The authors of that famous measure were unquestionably right in discerning that vast changes were required in our old Parliamentary system, in order to bring it into harmony with the imperious needs of the new time. Their master error lay, Coleridge well said, "in ignoring the sacred principle of a representation of interests," and in introducing "the mad and barbarous scheme of a delegation of individuals." Since then we have had Reform Bill upon Reform Bill, all constructed upon the same lines, as one party, in its eagerness to dish the other, has bid for the favour of the multitude. In 1858, Lord Salisbury—then Lord Robert Cecil—wrote in *Oxford Essays*, "In politics . . . no one acts on principles or reasons from them." The career, since that date, of the political party which Lord Salisbury now leads, shows that this dictum is entirely applicable to it. Well may a foreign publicist of great sagacity, Herr von Gneist, in his recently published volume, express his dismay at finding so-called Conservatives accepting—nay, more than accepting, directing the dismemberment of the historical constituencies—"die Zertheilung der historischen Wahlbezirke"—accomplished in the years 1885-6. Well may he exclaim, "to outsiders this mighty edifice [of the British Constitution] appears almost a ruin."

It is notable that this boasted political progress of ours, filled with the greatest alarm and dismay two of the most highly gifted of our countrymen who witnessed it: philosophers belonging to quite opposite schools, and differing, as widely as is well conceivable, in their views of most things human and divine. John Stuart Mill, the chief teacher of Utilitarianism, and Thomas Carlyle, the greatest exponent of Transcendentalism, were of one mind on this matter. The injustice of equal and ungraduated suffrage, the baseness of secret voting, the madness of converting legislators into hirelings, were denounced by Mill with a vigour proceeding from the clearness with which he discerned the appalling mischief of these practical applications of the new doctrine of divine right. He knew well what lay beyond them. "The world's

wisest thinkers," he warns us, "have with one consent regarded the democracy of numbers, as the final form of degeneracy of all governments." Similarly Carlyle, for four decades, lifted up his indignant and minatory testimony against the "false democracy" (the phrase is Mill's) of these days, bound to end, like all lies, in shame and disaster. "It is not mendacities, conscious or other, that the divine powers will patronise or even, in the end, put up with at all. . . . On the great scale and on the small, and in all seasons, circumstances, scenes, and situations, where a son of Adam finds himself, that is true, and a sovereign truth. And whoever does *not* know it, human charity to him (were such always possible) would be that he were furnished with handcuffs, as part of his outfit in the world, and put under guidance of those who do. Yes, to him, I should say a private pair of handcuffs were much usefuller than a ballot-box, were the times once settled again which they are far from being."

True, indeed, the times are far from being settled. One indispensable preliminary to their settlement is the general recognition of certain primordial and essential truths regarding the nature and constitution of human society, now generally ignored or disbelieved. They are truths which may be said to be hidden under, and distorted by, the Rousseauan and Benthamite doctrines at which we have just glanced. And no doubt they have largely contributed to make those doctrines so influential in the world. Errors are really dangerous just in proportion to the truths which they contain. Rousseau arose in an age when monarchical absolutism prevailed throughout the continent of Europe: when the rights of the subject were everywhere swallowed up in the prerogatives of the prince. He proclaimed the capital truth, recognised by every great political thinker from the first until now, that those rights exist: that they are natural, imprescriptible, and inalienable. Let not the reader start at the word "natural." "The State," as T. H. Green admirably observes, "presupposes rights, and the rights of individuals." These are rights which are prior to the laws that define them. And they may properly be called "natural," as issuing from the nature of things: as proceeding from man's distinctive attribute of personality which is the very ground of human nature. Such are the right of existence, the right of self-defence, the right to use to the best advantage one's moral and spiritual faculties: rights not created by positive law, and not abrogable by positive law, although they are, of course, held in subordination to the just claims of the polity in which they acquire

validity and coerciveness, and which, for due cause, may declare them forfeited in any individual instance.

Such, too, is the right of every man to be considered in the legislation of the community, and, in a high state of civilisation, considered means consulted: a right resting on this—that men are not things, but persons, whose rational co-operation is necessary to their own development as to that of their fellows. There is a true sense in the dictum that all men are equal, just as there is a true sense in the Stoic paradox that all crimes are equal. All men are persons: and, in virtue of his personality, every man should count for one in the public order. There is a fundamental democracy in human nature. It is because all men are persons, that they are all equal before the law. But they are persons very unequally endowed both by nature and by fortune. And from this inequality of fact proceed inequalities of rights, and therefore complexity, differentiation, subordination, in the social organism. Hence it is that while all men should count for one, some men should count for more than one. Hence it is, as Mill has admirably observed, that “Equal voting is, on principle, wrong.” Flaubert, writing to George Sand, puts it neatly: “Tout homme, si infime qu’il soit, a droit à *une* voix, la sienne, mais n’est pas l’égal de son voisin lequel peut le valoir cent fois. Je vaudrais bien vingt électeurs de Croisset. L’argent, l’esprit, et la race même, doivent être comptés: bref, toutes les forces.” This is what the Irishman probably meant when, responding to the mob-orator’s appeal, “Is not one man as good as another?” he vociferated, “Shure he is, and better too.” The true conception of self-government is not numerical but dynamical. Every man should, directly or indirectly, count in proportion to his real importance in the social organism. Such is the rational doctrine of individual right, to which the Rousseauan doctrine bears much the same resemblance as an ape bears to a man.

Again: the State is not, as Rousseau fabled, the result of a compact between sovereign individuals. The true account of it is “Nascitur non fit.” It is an organic growth, the outcome of an order of necessary truths, in themselves quite independent of human volition. It consists of parts not uniform, but diverse, representing various degrees of individuality, fulfilling distinct functions, graduated in importance, and all co-operant to the end of the commonweal. For that—not, as Bentham supposed, the greatest happiness of the greatest number—is its true end. The Benthamite doctrine, like the Rousseauan, substitutes the notion of a numerical majority for the notion of an organic whole. The highest good

of the community may be—often is—antagonistic to the happiness of the greatest number. Burke has excellently observed: “I see as little of policy or utility as there is of right in laying down the principle that a majority of men told by the head are to be considered the people.” It is a spurious utilitarianism; a utilitarianism which, in the long run, is not useful to the State, but ruinous. The truth in the Benthamite doctrine is that the real test of the value of any polity is in its working. There is no immutably best form of government. The best form of government for a people is that best adapted to the elements of which it is composed, to the time in which it develops itself, to its local habitation and traditions. But whatever be its form—Monarchy, Aristocracy, Democracy—it truly fulfils its function only so long as it represents the whole nation. When it ceases to do this, it degenerates. The Monarch becomes a Tyrant, the Aristocracy an Oligarchy, the Democracy an Ochlocracy. But of all these corruptions of government, the last is the worst, the most costly, the most corrupt, the most cruel, while, as Schiller has warned us, it is necessarily suicidal:—

Der Staat *muss* untergehn, früh oder spät,
Wo Mehrheit siegt und Unverstand entscheidet.

W. S. LILLY.

A POETS' CORNER

I PURPOSE to consider the works of four or five recent young writers of poetry, judging them by a single standard, not of the strictest severity, but, at all events, of a certain austerity. The literature of a Crabbe may be worth preserving, although it is certain that Crabbe is by no means a Milton. And, indeed, if there is nothing worth the saving in the work of a man, there would be the end of all further excuse for taking him seriously. Such work may be worth the saving for reasons which do not involve considerations of the highest art. A thousand instances fly to the memory at once, from the philosophical works of Cicero to the Roman lays of Lord Macaulay; to the limit, therefore, of such an accomplishment as this (in its result) let our standard of judgment be stretched. For, as I have said, if a writer's work fall below so modest a claim as this on the part of posterity, it may be dismissed with relief and without a pang of conscience. Nor, in formulating a judgment, do I make a prophecy on future taste, rather echoing that admirable judgment upon Southey: "We are not sure that the works of Mr. Southey will be read fifty years hence; but we are quite sure that, if they are read, they will be admired"—or will not be admired, as the case might occur. I begin, then, with one writer who has within a very few months been brought forward with particular prominence.

Mr. John Davidson has, on the whole, justified his general reputation if he has not by any means justified all the words of exaggerated praise which have been hurled at him—sure by no friendly hand. "It is *A Midsummer Night's Dream* over again, but with what amazing freshness of invention and enchanting lyric rapture! Whether as fantastic dramatist, fantastic novelist, pastoral poet, or tragic balladist, he is easily ahead of all our quire." I have never encountered this artless creature in the flesh, and I know nothing in the world of his habits; but language such as this lends colour to a painful persuasion that the year 1870 is about the remotest date of his acquaintance with the literature of his own or of any other country. His published photo-

graph indeed catches him in the act of reading. A Davidson or a Watson, a Yellow Aster or a Zangwill, for a ducat!

For the present, another claims our attention. Mr. Davidson is a man of extreme cleverness, and of an irregularly poetic disposition. That disposition is, like his cleverness, nearly always sane, very seldom, even in its most audacious flight, shaking off the government of due thought and circumspect consideration. He takes pains to be intelligible; and though the effort is sometimes apparent, though the result is sometimes dull, intelligible he always is. He would sooner be blank than obscure; he would sooner fail in pure technique than impose upon another's mind by difficult meaninglessness. There is an instance from his now famous *Ballad of a Nun*, to which I shall subsequently allude at greater length:—

She looked and saw her own sad face,
And trembled, wondering, "Who art thou?"
"God sent me down to fill your place:
I am the Virgin Mary now."

It is clear that the last line could not be feebler, though it had been thrown off at a game of rhyme-capping; but Mr. Davidson obviously prefers its blankness to all the high-sounding obscurities which might easily have been substituted in its place. The single, simple, perfect line was possibly, at the moment, disobedient to his call.

But Mr. Davidson is assuredly an artist, with an artist's sympathy and much of an artist's instinct. He has a sense of beautiful words, a sense of music, and even a noble capacity for narrative. This should surely be praise enough, without need of the exaggerated nonsense in which his admirer-in-chief (say) so persistently and habitually indulges. And it is also adequate praise. Certain as it is that Mr. Davidson has a very long journey before him if he is ever to reach the achievement of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, I should be surprised to hear that it is a journey which he has ever had either the ambition or the inclination to make, for I reckon Mr. Davidson a wise man who would sooner be the Davidson that God made him than the Shakespeare that the Devil would persuade him to become. Let us accept him, then, just as he is, without exaggeration, without the insult of egregious praise, without any emotion but for the truth and purity of literary art. And, upon those grounds, I welcome him with some enthusiasm, with much respect, but with (I hope) a humorous eye to his faults.

For here the critical note is struck. Where, you ask, and ask again,

is Mr. Davidson's humour? You do not, indeed, require him or any other man to be funny, to tickle you to laughter; but there are certain words, certain situations, certain thoughts which men with a sense of humour refuse, for the most part, to publish to the world; and those words, those situations, those thoughts Mr. Davidson does not, in fact, seem to possess humour enough to withhold. He has written, for example, *A Ballad of Hell*, a narrative with a perceptibly strong interest, and an emotion of singular ferocity. It reminds one, perhaps—so far as motive is concerned—too strongly of a certain powerful story, published some years back by Mr. Murray Gilchrist, *The Writings of Alethea Swarthmoor*. In that fable the lady and the gentleman agree to commit suicide at a fixed and inalterable moment of the night; the lady dies, but the gentleman lives. In the ballad the lady dies also; and her lover also lives. But Mr. Davidson goes a step further. In his narrative the lady seeks for her lover in hell; and, failing to find him, climbs mysteriously into heaven. The poet, in celebration of this amazing feat, concludes his legend with this incredible stanza:—

Seraphs and saints with one great voice
 Welcomed that soul that knew not fear;
 Amazed to find it could rejoice,
 Hell raised a hoarse half-human cheer.

It is no doubt the same defect which sometimes tempts him to the employment of cockney rhymes, and to an occasional passage of somewhat grieving violence. He faces you boldly, for instance, with "Laura" and "sorrow" for a pair of rhymes from his mint, with "reviewer" and "literature," with "Maunds" and "bonds," with "noise" and "voice," with "mist diffused" and "diamond dust." And, for his violence, here is a neat specimen:—

Gluttonous bird of prey,
 More fatal than all famines, plagues and wars,
 I wrench you off, although my soul go too!
 With bloody claws and dripping beak unfleshed,
 Spread out your crackling vans that darken heaven;
 Rabid and curst, fly yelping where you list.

It means nothing very much, perhaps nothing at all; but the words make you shudder: not because they are strong, but because they are wrenched out of an uncompleted sentiment, because they fly far beyond their legitimate intention, because they are stretched like elastic to measure a tenth part of what a poet would like to say. It was not thus

that Claudio pleaded with Isabella, bewailing the terrors of unknowable punishment ; it was not thus that Belial foreboded the loss of his immortality. Yet no less grave, no less poignant, were the horrors that each of these lamented. Mr. Davidson rants, it seems (lacking humour), where Shakespeare and Milton held espousals with Terror.

Two points more, and I have done with fault-finding. He lacks discrimination, and he surrenders himself with too little reluctance to an excessive exuberance of diction. He lacks discrimination : he publishes, I mean, among serious and even durable work, snatches of song, occasional verses, which are really nothing better than literary journalism. Almost side by side with his impressive *Ballad of a Nun*, for instance, he prints a quartet of seasonable poems (from Spring to Winter)—the merest daily chronicle, with a few glimpses of rather cheap imaginativeness and just enough distinction of form and language to save it from absolute cheapness. Again, his exuberance of diction betrays him—especially in the book which he has called *Fleet Street Eclogues*—into unreasonable lengths of description, and into thoughtless confusion of metaphors :

Its sense being stolen into my sight
To give it power to grasp the light,

he writes with evident complacency. And a little later :

Its memory distresses me,
Like old men's thoughts of love's first kiss,
Like damned imaginings of bliss,

as though he could deceive us into accepting such emptiness, such leasings of great thoughts as great thoughts themselves. It all, no doubt, comes from a lack of humour ; for Mr. Davidson would otherwise be quite clever enough to see for himself that this, so far from being poetry, is not even literature.

I have praised Mr. Davidson for his sense of beautiful words, his sense of music, and his ability for narrative. Nobody could read his *Ballad of a Nun* without giving him such praise ; yet it is not for this poem as a whole that we would say such words, rather for its occasional details.

The adventurous sun took heaven by storm ;
Clouds scattered largesses of rain ;
The sounding cities, rich and warm,
Smouldered and glittered in the plain.



Sometimes it was the wandering wind,
 Sometimes the fragrance of the pine,
 Sometimes the thought how others sinned,
 That turned her sweet blood into wine.

There is music in such lines as these, music which assuredly ranks high in English letters of this particular kind. It is not subtle, it is not fraught with any dim mystery, not moistened by tears; but it is good music, frank poetry. The narrative, too, speeds intelligibly, and with strong emotion. The absurdity of the Virgin Mary's kissing a harlot for the sake of her harlotry, and for nothing else—it is not pretended that she circulated through the convent dormitory on the same errand—is, indeed, no less absurd than the petted phrase,

I am sister to the mountains now,
 And sister to the sun and moon;

(for no symbol of the sexual connexion could be more unfortunate than the immovable mountains and the dispassionate planets); yet both conceptions have done much to bring Mr. Davidson a considerable reputation. Certainly the poem may, in some respects, even be described as splendid; but not, I venture to think, for the reasons which have brought to it nine-tenths of its celebrity. Summed up in it are all Mr. Davidson's highest qualities, and most of his real faults. His emotionalism, his strong sentiment, his artistic sympathy, his fine instinct for language—all are here: no less than his lack of humour, his indiscriminate choice of phrase, his occasional feebleness. Still, here and elsewhere, there is enough to fill the sternest critic with a kindness for this newer poet; it half persuades me to forgive so abject a composition as *The Vengeance of the Duchess*. If art be Mr. Davidson's natural world, there is his other-worldliness.

There are some who might have looked for Mr. William Watson's name to head such a list as this. Mr. William Watson is an important person. Mr. Grant Allen discovered him in *The Fortnightly Review*. Mr. Gladstone bestowed a grant of £200 upon him; and Lord Rosebery has just seen fit to reward the greatness of his Muse with a pension of £100. In this connexion I cannot refrain from quoting a recent number of the egregious *Spectator*, to whose editors he has dedicated books. Recording Lord Rosebery's decision, this paper observes that upon Mr. Watson the Premier "might well have also conferred the Laureateship, without risking the condemnation of any judgment worth considering, unless Mr. Swinburne's earliest plays, *Atalanta in Calydon*

Then quickly all his stars forsake him, and he becomes plain William Watson, who tells us how he "slakes" his "hunger," or how "careless ore" is dispensed from a "flowing store": who sings of a raven's "beak and plume" scattering "immolodious gloom"; of a gleam that (within the space of one line) shines, wanders, beckons, and betrays; of

The opera season with blare and din,
Dying sublime in *Lohengrin*;

of Dante's "wintry presence"; of isles "flying the cold kiss of our northern wind";* of "Traill, at whose board 'tis good to sit"; of a lady's hair and eyes, whereof "the stored sunlight would vernalise November"; of "good Victoria's latter reign"; of a "vision" that "ebbed like breath"; and of many another pleasing confusion, eccentricity, or vacuity of thought and phrase which it would be tedious to set forth in full quotation. The point, however, is summed up thus: Mr. Watson is a pleasing enough writer when he leans upon a staff stronger than his own willow wand for support. He is a clever artist in second-rate, derivative verse; but even so, his second-rate, derivative, cleverest lines are for ever in peril of falling to pieces when an unfortunate ambition persuades him to assert himself. It seems clear from his own writing that he takes Mr. Grant Allen's discovery very seriously. And, in truth, I think that Mr. Grant Allen did make a discovery. I do not indeed expect in him—I judge from Mr. Allen's own literature—any sensitive appreciation of Tennyson and Wordsworth, nor yet of Shakespeare and Dryden; but thus, in its diluted form, the poetry of these poets would, as far as I can judge, naturally appeal to him; and all this he truly found in his "new poet." It is fine to think that when Mr. Grant Allen discovered Mr. William Watson he discovered English literature; but I do believe this to be the truth. With a little trouble he may even reach the originals; but I warn him he will not like them nearly so well as Mr. Watson.

Having thus dallied over Mr. Davidson and Mr. Watson, before I consider the claims of Mr. Francis Thompson, who shares with these two the honours of at least having serious pretensions to consideration, I may briefly enough touch upon the merits of three gentlemen who should rather be called little than minor poets, Mr. Arthur Symons, Mr. Norman Gale, and Mr. Richard Le Gallienne. Mr. Arthur Symons is

* This is to be grammatically analytical. Mr. Watson means something else; but, even in his own sense, the use of that word "flying" is no more commendable.

really the first of this trinity. I have a kindness for him. He is by no means great, impressive, important, or even original. He is derivative; and, to the extreme degree, he is decadent—if derivatively decadent. But he has a slender sort of grace, with a pretty facility in the handling of metre, and if his descriptions are sometimes a trifle misty, sometimes a trifle pretentiously obscure, I will not deny to him a thin sort of distinction, a certain willowy elegance, and a touch of that poetical sentiment which alone produces the highest and most fanciful forms of poetical poetry. His faults—well, they are obvious enough. Thinness sometimes runs into insubstantiality; you may refine gold until it is transparent; and Mr. Symons has a habit of running into both of these excesses. He will sing to you not because he has anything to sing, but because he wants to sing; and he presently contrives to seem all manner and no substance. His later verses, however, have shown a growing improvement, and to a point which even merits illustration.

Aut Verlaine aut diabolus :

And we too under the stars,
 Alone with the sleeping shore,
 And the water's monotone :
 I and my love alone,
 And my love for evermore
 Farther from me than the stars.

I have the recollection that, at a certain printing office, the advertisement of Mr. Norman Gale's *Country Muse* was, by the unconscious wit of the printer, turned out in the first proof as *A Country Mouse*. To say the unconscious wit is, perhaps, to say too little; it should be the unconscious art. For this is, among the animal world of poetry, a precise definition of Mr. Gale. He is the Country Mouse of poets. His art is something of the slightest, although it does not sink to any vulgarity of any kind. Nor is it blank. Mr. Gale always has a meaning, however obvious that meaning may be. He reports the exact things that he sees, with an eye very close to the ground, and in exact words. But this is assuredly not to stimulate, a function which, after all, is among the essential aims of literature. In this vision of such a world as Mr. Gale sees, there is nothing philosophic, high, or of splendid report. It is a prettily actual world, remote from the dirt and stink and filth of other actual worlds, but without the fairy fancies, the spiritual insight which truly justify the poetry of nature. It is not Mr. Gale's to warn us to tread softly, for

There is a spirit in the woods ;

It is not his to fancy that very night when one saw
 Flying betwixt the cold moon and the earth,
 Cupid all armed ;

or to shelter with the daffodils—

And, having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along.

Rather it is his simply to record minute but noticeable prettinesses of wood and field, sometimes with a kind of soft and observant sentiment of beauty. This is to say all. It is not a very important record ; but it is acceptable from a faded sort of standpoint. It would be absurd to claim more. As for Mr. Le Gallienne I should like to dismiss him in three lines—and I will. His importance does not depend upon his art, but upon his public. For the sake of that public I record that he has written verse which is neither great nor small, but only foolish.

I have left Mr. Francis Thompson for the end of my list, because I find in him a more persistent and complete poetical gift, a greater quality, than in any other new poet of the time. Upon him, too, if I remember aright, the artless and exuberant enthusiast to whom we are all indebted for so much to dissent from, showered a storm of wild, exaggerated, distorted praise. I recall not a twentieth part of his eloquence. He said, I believe, that Mr. Thompson was drunk on hippocrene ; he said that he was a young lark and a morning-star ; and there were amazing references to Parnassus, to the Muses, to the ancient gods, and to Olympus. He is a fearful and wondrous person when he writes out his admiration. I wish he would make an effort to be critical.

As with others, I will deal first with what appear to me to be Mr. Thompson's defects. Defects he assuredly has : both grave and minor defects, which are only to be excused by the splendid overbalance of his greater gifts, and which, in a writer less gifted, would ruin all his ambition, all his achievement. First, then, Mr. Thompson has an ineradicable inclination for strange and curious words. I am pretty certain that, of all writers of this century—saving, perhaps, Madame D'Arblay—he has more examples of what are conveniently known as *ἄπαξ λεγόμενα* : more examples, that is of single words used on one sole occasion (perhaps for no other reason than their rarity), and then flung away as useless. I turn over his book casually, and find, from page to page, such creations as "supportlessly," "plenilune," "anticipatedly," "impitiably," "immeditably," "trivialness," "acerb," "illuminous,"

“rubiginous.” The list might be lengthened almost indefinitely. But it is not only in the strangeness of the single word that he tests your long-suffering; he strikes you, as it were, with an open hand, by his still stranger combinations, whether of unusual or of everyday words, into blood-curdling phrases. As thus:—

- conscious and palpitant grasses of intertangled relucient dyes.
- ridgy reach of crumbling stars.
- some froze Arctic of the aërial ways.
- whose having not his is.
- the travelling threat of a witchèd birth.

As a consequence—rather than as an additional fault—it follows that there are many passages in Mr. Thompson’s work of needless obscurity, of superfluous difficulty. There was surely no reason for all this pother over the description of the sudden appearance of the moon through a gloom of black cloud:—

- heavily parts a sinister chasm, a grisly jaw, whose verges soon,
Slowly and ominously filled by the on-coming plenilune,
Supportlessly congest with fire, and suddenly spit forth the moon.

He treats his native tongue too often in the fashion of an inflected language; not amiss, perhaps, not without precedent—even a Miltonic precedent—but no less certainly with superficially obscure effect. There are some critics, I am perfectly aware, who claim that this superficial obscurity is a fault of the reader rather than of the poet, who urge that inasmuch as a little special care and attention will suffice to unravel the poet’s meaning, it is no fault of the poet’s sinning if readers refuse to grant that particular care and attention. The plea requires a distinction. *Concedo minorem, distingo majorem.* To be superficially obscure may be or may not be a fault, although it must always be a misfortune; for, by the primary principles of literature, communication should always be made in the most intelligible manner possible; at the same time the result must always be something in the nature of a compromise, where for purposes of effect, or rhythm, or beauty of diction, the plainest way is not always the most commendable. Taking all these facts into account, I am still bound to conclude that Mr. Thompson indulges in inversions and in darkling phrases with no clearly pardonable persistence, and even upon occasions when it is a positive blight to his desired and desirable effects. You may sometimes deplore (even when you recognise their necessity) difficult lines in poetry; but your emotion becomes a little more personal when there is obviously no necessity for the existence of such lines at all.

With all this there cannot be the slightest doubt that Mr. Francis Thompson is a true poet with high, occasionally with splendid, moments. If his chariot is sometimes unmanageable, he drives it at other times as if he were the charioteer of the sun. His great quality, which I should like indeed to see somewhat subordinated, is a conception of intensely vital imagery. That supreme Tennysonian quality, the presentation of an object with perfect completeness by the choice of the one or two details that only he perceived to be essential, is not Mr. Thompson's. His manner is not so delicately and incisively beautiful, not so carefully coloured, so minutely perfect; nevertheless, by some strongly vital and keen imagination he paints a word-picture as Velasquez might have painted the poise of a feather, the waving of hair or a lace ruffle. I recall such a phrase from a poem which he has thought fit not to publish in his volume, an "Ode to the Setting Sun," a work in which some six years ago I recognised some of those fine qualities to which I willingly bear testimony to-day. He is addressing the Sun

. . . . when thou didst, bursting from the great void's husk,
Leap like a lion on the throat of the dusk.

That is, in its way, extremely fine. It is, perhaps, just tinged with that violence (or call it lack of restraint) which Mr. Thompson has, in his later work, gallantly attempted to subdue, but which has no less fatally led him into such excesses of phrase as the one I have already quoted, the painful passage which concludes with those words, "suddenly spit forth the moon."

The heavens do not advance their majesty
Over their marge; beyond his empery
The ensigns of the wind are not unfurled;
His reign is hooped in by the pale o' the world.

This is surely a most stately stanza, a fine thought supported like a swan upon water by fine, and even splendid, diction. Perhaps his finest imagery is contained in the poem which he calls "A Corymbus for Autumn," the introductory passage of which is, unfortunately, perhaps the most frightening and repelling, I had almost said the most vicious, which Mr. Thompson has ever written. As soon as he emerges from its obscurity, however, he rains down passage after passage of solemn and lovely imagery:—

Far other saw we, other indeed,
The crescent moon, in the May-days dead.
Fly up, with its slender white wings spread,
Out of its nest in the sea's waved mead!

And again :—

See how there
The cowlèd night
Kneels on the Eastern sanctuary-stair.

To me those three lines shake with an emotion of solemnity : they paint, I know not how strangely, a grave and kneeling, hooded figure against the background of the fading sky. And when the sun has fallen

Round the earth, still and stark,
Heaven's death-lights kindle, yellow spark by spark,
Beneath the dreadful catafalque of the dark.

And again :—

I will not think thy sovereignty begun
But with the shepherd sun
That washes in the sea the stars' gold fleeces.

Here are passages enough to demonstrate Mr. Thompson's possession of that quality which I hold him to possess in a rare degree.

He is a sad poet with something of importunity. His poems to his ideal of womankind for ever insist upon his unworthiness, his unhappiness, the oppression of his art, the grey life he lives, the gloom of his thoughts and of his condition. Deserted by his lady, what is he? the swallow drawn to her "by secret instincts inappeasable"?

. . . . From your mind's chilled sky
It needs must drop, and lie with stiffened wings
Among your soul's forlornest things ;
A speck upon your memory, alack !
A dead fly in a dusty window-crack.

And again :—

My restless wings, that beat the whole world through,
Flag on the confines of the sun and you.

And later :—

I stand amidst the dust o' the mounded years—
My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.
My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,
Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream.

It is a sincere sadness ; and sometimes so deeply felt that it reaches even a point of poignancy, particularly in his poems to children. This is to say, of course,—for I should be very loth to sentimentalise about mere emotion—that he reaches a very high level of technique in his expression of that emotion, a technique which is, perhaps, seen at its best in his writing of the admirable Ode "The Hound of Heaven." In

this, both imagery, expression, and metre show Mr. Thompson as a most accomplished writer and a truly inspired poet. Of all these younger writers, he alone appears to me to be worthy, and unquestionably worthy, of the name of poet. To assign his particular place in the ranks of English letters would be certainly rash, and might be frantic; but it is something that it should be possible to say so much even as this. He forbids a little; he does not welcome readers with open arms; his intimacies are austere, his confidences are mournfully solemn; his verse, though critically guarded round about, has little of lightness, of airy rejoicing, of gay humanity. Yet with all possible limitations—and contemporaries are doubly bound to protect the gates for posterity—I frankly recognise in him one whose Muse must, in the records of English letters, do honour, and great honour, to the generation which first heard his song. We need more perspective to go further than this; we cannot judge so close at hand.

These then are the verse-writers who have shared the largest amount of public attention in the recent past. I quote a great prose-writer in adding: "I have no commands for futurity." And at this point Mr. Robert Montgomery would forbid the red raging eye of Imagination to pry further; nor am I inclined to permit my red raging eye so to pry. An analysis such as this is obviously not a classification; and it is quite impossible to foresee how these few writers will fit into the arranged puzzle of the past. It is only possible to record a contemporary judgment attained honestly and conscientiously, and delivered without fear of dislike or of favour. It is that possibility which I have attempted to fulfil.

VERNON BLACKBURN.

THE ART OF JUSTICE

IT is a common opinion that it is as easy to be just, if your sympathies are not in the least engaged either way, as it is to walk. So it is, in one sense. To learn to walk takes the ordinary human being from one to two years of constant and assiduous endeavour, and that with the advantage of ever-present examples, and no small amount of help and encouragement. Also, some people never learn to walk well. Many of us, if we tried as hard to learn the art of justice as we try to learn the art of walking, might be blessed with a similarly considerable degree of success, but most of us will never do anything of the kind, and, in fact, justice is a thing that most of us know very little about.

It has also one striking and romantic feature. It is an art known almost exclusively to persons of the male sex. Generalisations to the effect that men, or women, are all so-and-so, or always, or never, do this or that, are as common as blackberries, but in my experience they are generally erroneous. For instance, it is proverbial that curiosity, or inquisitiveness, is a distinctively feminine attribute. I do not believe it in the least. A man can usually be teased just as effectively by references to something he does not know, as any woman in the world. So with the kind of pride called vanity. It is possible that I may, from want of experience, underrate the ravages of this weakness in the female mind, but if any women are vainer than some men, I can neither understand nor imagine how they manage it. Justice, however, does seem to supply a distinctive line identical with that between the sexes. I never knew a woman who either was just, or seemed to have any conception of what justice was, and I do not believe there is one in the world. I do not mean to suggest that the fact is lamentable, but merely that it is the fact, and that it is noteworthy. A lady was sentenced a few years ago to a term of imprisonment for unlawfully causing the death of her young child. It is my belief that every woman under whose notice the case came expressed the opinion that the convict ought to have been sentenced to penal servitude for life, and supported

that assertion by statements the irrelevancy and the untrustworthiness of which proved the speaker to have no conception of any principle of justice whatever.

It is not to be supposed that because all women are unjust, all men are just. That is not at all the case. Many men are as unjust as all women. It may be that some men are just by nature, as some men are bowlers or billiard players by nature, and others eloquent or truthful. I, however, incline rather to the opinion that this is not so, or is so only in rare instances, and that as a rule, if not invariably, no man is or can be just who has not acquired, somehow or other, an elaborate education in the art.

The popular misconception on the subject appears to be based upon a pernicious theory that everybody "ought" to be "equal," in all manner of advantageous and disadvantageous circumstances, to everybody else. "It is not fair," say women, and other unjust persons, that one man should be strong, young, rich, handsome, clever, a duke, and everything else that any one could wish for, and that another should enjoy no one of those happy chances. This impious contention, of course, follows logically from almost any one of the common complaints about the "injustice" of the arrangements of the universe. The fact is that, most likely, nobody was ever absolutely equal in anything to anybody else, and, therefore, the assertion that people "ought" to be equal in any specific respect, is, in reality, only a way of saying that the universe is made otherwise, and therefore worse, than the speaker would have made it, and is, therefore, badly made. To complain that the universe is badly made is to confess oneself to be, to some extent, unfit to live in this part of it, which is a cowardly and degrading admission. The duty of an honourable and self-respecting human being is clearly to make the best of the universe, such as it is.

Before demonstrating that justice is an art to be learnt, and not a manifest principle to be applied without instruction, it is expedient to indicate shortly something of the meaning of the word. To begin with, the word means, etymologically, the science, or practice, of laws or rules. "Lawishness" would be an ugly, but intelligible and instructive equivalent. It would be true, in the strict sense, to say that there was no such thing as justice, apart from positive laws, that is, apart from commands given by intelligent beings who have some power of enforcing them, to intelligent beings who can understand them, and are under some compulsion to obey them. If the word law is here used in the

strictest sense of jurisprudence, there is no justice except such as is administered by the Sovereigns in sovereign states to the subject individuals in those states. This, however, is far too narrow and confined a sense for the general use of the word. It has, in ordinary language, a much wider significance, and may be correctly used wherever, by any reasonably close analogy, the word law can be applied to any rule of conduct, or even to any sequence of events which is sufficiently regular to be conceived of as proceeding in obedience to a command. "The laws of Nature" are sequences of events which it is highly convenient to speak of as laws, and no confusion need arise from the use of that expression if it is remembered that they are not laws at all in the strict sense, and that they differ from laws proper above all in this, that it is, as far as we know, utterly impossible to disobey them. A man may break the law which forbids him to commit murder, and may, or may not, be hung for it; but he cannot, however hard he tries, break the "law" of gravitation, which "says" that the mass of the earth and the mass of his body shall tend to approach each other at a certain speed proportioned to the distance that separates them. Less of laws than the Queen's statutes, and more of laws than the law of gravitation, are the laws which require people to behave affectionately to their mothers, respectfully to their uncles, and kindly to their dependents; that which ordains the observance of treaty obligations with weaker powers, and that which says that you must pay your gambling losses.

Justice, then, may, I think, be fairly described, as the science of making laws, both laws strictly so called and what are described as laws by a fairly close analogy, and the art of correctly ascertaining, and properly administering, the laws which, in one way or another, have come into existence. It will probably conduce to the popularity, without, I hope, seriously impairing the accuracy, of this definition to leave the word law out of it altogether, and to say, in looser phrase, that justice is the proper management of the rules according to which any given part of the business of life may, in fact, and properly, be carried on.

From rules, or laws, of some sort or other, there is practically no escape. The rules of something, of fashion if of nothing else, affect everybody, whatever they are doing. Or, if not—if there are any solitary and exceptional pursuits of which so much cannot be said—then, at any rate, the conceptions of justice and injustice, of fair and unfair, have no place in their discussion. The most slovenly and inaccurate of

mankind would not call it "unfair" that a particular man should have only one leg, unless he was of opinion that some, if not most, other men had each two.

The fundamental error lying at the root of the ordinary misconceptions about justice, probably is that justice demands the equal treatment of everybody : that is, in substance, that the inequalities with everybody else, which are part of everybody's natural endowment, shall, as far as they affect the matters in question, be "levelled up" or "down," as the case may be, so as to produce, as nearly as is practically possible, equality of condition in the result. If this were so, the task of deciding what was just in any particular matter would be hopelessly impossible. Many human advantages and disadvantages are absolutely incommensurable, and many of them are related to each other in such different degrees, and so indefinitely, that a fair appraisal of them all in the simplest matter would involve inquiries much too long and elaborate to be conducted while human life is of anything like its present brevity.

One case of such a difficulty is of constant occurrence. Crimes almost exactly similiar are committed by two persons, one a man hitherto respectable, born and bred in cultivated society, and accustomed to soft living ; the other, a low-born and ruffianly gaol-bird. A punishment of the kind usual in case of such offences—say twelve months' hard labour—will be a crushing and irreparable disaster to the former, inflicting upon him, while it lasts, discomfort almost amounting to torture, and involving absolute ruin for the future. To the latter it will be a tiresome, but not unprecedented episode, involving no permanent diminution of resources, reputation, or self-respect. Are they both to have twelve months, or is the gentleman to have less? What does justice demand? This particular question is one upon which those of Her Majesty's Judges who sit in criminal courts are not by any means agreed, and it is manifest to anyone who will attentively consider it, that it is not to be hastily or confidently answered. People are infinitely different, and cannot all be treated alike. Therefore to identify justice with equal treatment is either to deprive the word of any meaning, or to apply it to a thing which does not, and never can, exist.

Yet this common error—like most common errors—has something in it that is laudable, for the people who make it have got hold of part of the truth. Justice does not, indeed, consist in equal treatment, but it does consist in equal application of the rules as far as they

go. If it is clear that the rule applies both to A. and to B., then justice will be done, if it be administered alike to each, however much, and for whatever reasons, the person or persons administering it may wish to promote the welfare of one, and inflict disadvantages upon the other. A. may be much richer, and able to bribe his judges, or (what is usually more to the purpose nowadays), may be much poorer, and the sort of person whose success will provoke a gush of enthusiasm in the newspapers; one or the other may be in private relations with those who have to put the rules in force; it may be abundantly clear that by some code of rules not immediately in question, such as the rules of ordinary morality, or those of sportsmanlike behaviour, A. is incomparably more deserving than B., while B., with fiendish cunning, has so behaved as to have on his side the particular set of rules which does apply, and no other "merits" whatsoever; A. may have the sympathy of every decent person, and B. may be the fitting target of universal and miscellaneous obloquy—nay, if the law of the land happens not to be in question, he may be evidently guilty, in relation to the disputed circumstances, of forgery, theft, swindling, and other hateful offences—all these things are immaterial. If the person who has to decide is just, and the particular set of rules that he has to act upon establish the rectitude, *pro hac vice*, of B., he will decide in favour of B., and let the other matters take care of themselves.

The notion that, apart from personal prejudices and so forth, it is easy to be just, is, as I have already observed, both common and erroneous. Its inaccuracy may easily be demonstrated by reference to a few of the commonplaces of the subject. Such a simple matter as seeing two sides of a question is not one that comes by nature to many people; and even when you do see two sides, the one that appears first (or, in certain cross-grained persons, the one that appears last) has, as a rule, a considerable advantage. A pleasing example of this occurs in Thackeray's admirable "Ballad of Pleaceman X.," entitled "Jacob Homnium's Hoss." I fear that the verses are sufficiently forgotten for a sketch of the plot to be expedient. Jacob Homnium had a horse at Tattersall's, whence it was taken away, upon a forged order in Jacob's name, by a "vulgar oss-dealer," who kept it at a livery-stable, and, very imprudently, rode it in the Park, as it would seem, for his pleasure. There Jacob's groom saw and recognised the horse, whereupon "The raskle thief got off the oss, And cut away like vind." The livery-stable keeper thereupon sued Jacob

for the keep of the horse, and the Judge of the "Palace Court" at Westminster gave judgment, upon the verdict of a jury, for the plaintiff. Shortly after, and according to one tradition *propter*, this event, the Palace Court was abolished. It is clear that Thackeray, looking at the matter from the point of view of his friend, "Jacob Omnium," had no doubt whatever of the flagrant injustice of this decision. The burning and inimitable words which he puts into the mouth of Jacob are these:—

Because a raskle chews
 My oss away to robb,
 And goes tick at your Mews
 For seven-and-fifty bobb,
 Shall I be called to pay?—It is
 A iniquitious Jobb.

From Jacob's point of view, the statement is admirable. But from that of the livery-stableman, is it quite so unanswerable? Jacob's horse had to be somewhere, and it had to be fed. If the "raskle thief" had let it alone, it would have been running up a bill at Tattersall's. It did, in fact, stand in the plaintiff's stable, and ate the plaintiff's hay and oats. It was not suggested even by the naturally indignant Jacob that the livery-stableman was privy to the theft of the horse; and it seems probable on the whole that the livery-stableman knew whose the horse was, and did not know that the "wulgar oss-dealer" had no authority to put it in his stable. He might well say that he gave credit, not to the "wulgar oss-dealer," but to the well-known Mr. Higgins, by whose apparent authority the horse had been taken away from Tattersall's, and who, in fact, got the benefit of the board and lodging with which the animal was provided. This was, in fact, one of the large class of cases in which the question is: A., who is a rogue, having imposed upon X. and Y., who are honest, and thereby caused loss, is that loss to be borne by honest X. or by honest Y.? It is of no use to say, as the nursery justiciar probably might, "By neither X. nor Y. The rogue A. must bear it." If you can catch A., and get restitution from him, the question does not arise. In practice, you can sometimes catch him, if you think it worth while, but he can never make restitution. The only just course is to have a fixed rule, the best that can be devised, and apply it rigorously, regardless of the facts that the plaintiff is a presumably honest tradesman, and the defendant a literary gentleman rich enough to keep a horse—whatever sympathies or antipathies either of those facts may arouse.

If you have not the rule, or having it do not apply it rigorously, you are not just; and the devising, or ascertainment, and application of the rule, are not such simple or easy matters as many persons uneducated in justice might and do suppose.

From the foregoing considerations it appears that justice, since it consists in the right discovery and administration of some law, or rule, has no existence where no law or rule exists. If the word is used without reference to any definite rule, applicable to the subject under discussion, its use is futile. It must relate to something. The word is used, often enough, with complete futility, and when it is so used it usually relates to something, and that something is the momentary taste or opinion of the speaker. "I call it unfair" that,—*e.g.*, the man with a hard heart, a good digestion, and plenty of money, should obtain the hand of the coveted heiress, while the penniless invalid, compact of all the cardinal virtues, has to go without—means, generally speaking, that the individual calling it unfair personally dislikes the arrangement, and nothing more. This is an absolutely futile use of the word, because it is a fallacious and inaccurate statement of a fact which might easily be accurately stated, as for example in the words "It makes me angry." Suppose that a child with a passion for horses earned by hard work a shilling, and permission to go to a circus, and suppose that on the way to the circus an idle companion stole the shilling, and went in with it, the owner of the shilling being excluded by reason of his inability to recover his property. Many persons not understanding the nature of justice would hastily say that the good child's fate was unfair, or unjust, meaning that it was deplorable. In fact, it would not be unfair, because the rule of the circus would be that no one was admitted without paying a shilling, and that rule would have been duly ascertained and equally administered to the good child and to the thief.

In cases where you do not know either—(1) whether there are any rules, or (2) what they are—there can be no knowledge of justice or injustice. More religions than one have taught, or have at different times been believed to teach, that happiness in the next world is impossible without the preliminary of an initiatory rite in this. Various persons have asserted it to be "unjust" that a person who, after initiation, has lived a life of sin, followed by a brief and inexpensive repentance, should be saved, while an aged person of extraordinary virtue, and an innocent infant, neither of whom had any possibility of

initiation, should both be damned for the want of it. This is a slipshod and inaccurate way of saying that the speaker dislikes such an arrangement. It is also dangerous, because it tends unduly to prejudice the mind against the whole of that particular religion. Of course, every one with humane feelings dislikes, and ought to dislike, such an arrangement, when he knows no more about it than is stated above. Yet it is conceivable that it might be just. If we knew that whoever decided upon the fate of human beings had rules to administer, if we further knew what they were, and if, again, we knew that they were not equally and indifferently applied to the case of different individuals or classes of individuals, then we might properly complain of injustice, but the reproach is not justified in the absence of such knowledge. To use it is like accusing a man of forging cheques because you reasonably believe him to be a burglar, and such an accusation is neither judicious, nor quite honest.

The questions naturally arise upon this explanation and limitation of the word justice, whether, according to the opinions here indicated, an unjust law is a contradiction in terms: whether it is inaccurate to apply the term "unjust" to the most wicked and the most foolish law that could be imagined: and, if it be inaccurate, whether the theory I have sought to develop is not a paradox too glaring for human nature's daily food. I think the first two of these questions—which are different forms of the same question—may safely be answered in the negative. Suppose it were enacted by law that every person having red hair should be put to death. Such a law, if it were made in earnest, and put in force to ever so slight an extent, would be oppressive, sanguinary, and detestable to the last degree. It would also be called unjust by many persons, and especially by those whose hair was red. The epithet would, to a great extent, if not entirely, be justified by the facts that a penal law is not a good one, and ought not to be enacted, unless the acts or qualities of individuals subject to it, which it visits with a penalty, constitute a substantial distinction between those individuals and all others, and unless it is also in harmony with the general moral sentiments of the persons for whose governance it is made.

Moreover, the question whether any law can properly be described as unjust is almost exclusively theoretical. We may be quite sure that if a statute punishing the possession of red hair with death were made in a civilised country, it would be because there was in that country at

that time, either a strong and, for the moment, prevalent opinion that to have red hair was extremely wrong, or a strong and prevalent resolution, for some reason or other, to extirpate red-haired persons. If a new and formidable disease appeared, of the nature of influenza, and medical opinion declared it to be capable of being produced only by the presence of red-haired people, with as much unanimity as that with which they now declare vaccination to be a protection against small-pox, it is quite conceivable that a law might be passed against red hair, that it might be justly enforced, and that it might be quite undeserving of being called an unjust law.

For practical purposes all positive laws, and most rules, are perfectly just, as long as people have reasonable opportunities of finding out what they are. The question of justice or injustice arises only as to the manner in which they are put in force. And, in any case, where there are no rules there is no question of justice, and there cannot be any injustice.

From this it follows that no one is qualified to appreciate justice, or to detect the existence of injustice, unless he understands the nature of laws and rules generally, and can easily satisfy himself on the preliminary point, whether, in the given instance, there are any rules or not. To be fully fitted to criticise in a particular case, he must be able to go further, and to say, with probable accuracy, what the rules in question are, and whether they have been properly, that is to say, correctly and indifferently, administered. No one is generally qualified to do this unless he has devoted a good deal of attention to the subject, and has, indeed, had something very like a legal education. No one, in fact, is born just. Men sometimes, and women seldom, or never, become so.

A. CLERK.

FOUR CAMEOS

I.—NERO

BUT you cannot mean it? You cannot surely wish me to dispose myself in this unbeautiful hole? Regard it, how vulgar, how bare and malodorous, how nakedly undistinguished it is! Well, well; I can accommodate myself to necessity. After all, there is something piquant in the idea that the artist Emperor should take up his last—his ultimate halting in a deruinate lean-to. Aptlier 'twould have fitted me, maybe, to die a Sardanapalus death, lyre in hand, in satins of vert and violet, and the scent, I think, cassia or myrrh. Or else rocked on warm swan-down breasts—tickling exhalations—ah! Well, I must nerve myself. Furnish the cushions and the unguents. Furnish! Endymion, will you compel me to tautology? Endymion, Endymion, they are your charge. Speak, man, speak! Left behind? Yes, forgotten and left behind. And it has come to this; and it is thus, misshapen pig, that you fail your lord in the flush of his infelicity! I had built at least on Endymion. Stab him, somebody! Aha, a terse stroke that! Do you observe how he snatches at each breath? Look at the little spasmlots in his feet as he stiffens. Do not shut the eyes, fool; that is the keynote of the whole impression. Look how the glance drains out of them . . . Ugh! If this straw would but be silent! How hellishly the rustle twitches in the ear! And there is an Alp of it under my thigh. It is the vengeance of the Gods, I suppose: they have observed that I cannot endure to lie uneven. How gravely the sun is going down before the dusk of Nero. The lyre! Quick, ere the colours change. . . .

*Now breathless tilts the Cyclops Day
To naked Ocean's rim,
Leans concupiscent to the waves
That shall embosom him;
Now whelmed in whitening, whistling steams
His satiate flames expyre:
So leans, so burns, so steaming cools
The blaze of man's desire.*

Whitening steams! It is just the fluffy clouds yonder—the right

jumping symbol. Look now! The trees and hills become more urgent: they advance, they press upon you as the sun dies. It is a very swagger impression.

Yes, I have not lived for nothing. I have had sensations. Yet what a life to be tumbled into! To be an Emperor and a wit: what jest for the Gods! And what an hourly, implacable irony for me! The artist temperament—ah, the artist temperament, that asks nothing but the unlimited faculty of moulding the world into opportune impressions; that shrinks back from all things extimate beyond the repletion of each sense; that demands no commune with men, but as stuff for its beautiful exercises! And with that to be forked into a vulgar empire! It was something—I will do Heaven the justice—to have to poison one's uncle to get there. But the frisson of a moment is overburdensomely paid by years of omnipotent banality. Yet it is obscure how else I could have played my part except as master of all things. And assuredly for what I did my people should kneel and be thankful—such as remain. It was an obdurate fate for an artist to be nominated perforce a Hercules for the expurgation of the world, since art is a doner of one complexion, and the popularisation of art—how utterly other! No artist but must feel it; and yet no Philistine but must confess that I strapped on my Nemean with a slash and a puff. I believe I selected my executions with some taste—yes, and with originality. I might indeed have put to death more of the middle class—but no; that, after all, is rather the province of the statesman. Yet Lucan: there was a bold pronouncement that the Epic is obsolete for an age that lives in the moment. And Seneca: we have outstript the days of expository morality. Burrhus, too: his full blood must have bubbled in the bath. I hated him; I was bored with seeing him eternally about; what has the ninth century to commune with a Marius? Then there was Thræsea: what a goose to cook! All those dreadful old Romans, a pox o' them! There was anachronic, scoundrelly lack of humour, to prate of old Roman virtue when all the fitnesses bellowed for new Roman vice. Yes, I have played my part well, and I have not gone quite unrewarded. There is not many a man can say he has signed with his own poet pen, in face of a crimsoned sunrise, the death-warrant of his mother.

And for this symphonous, callipathic, individual life they are going to kill me. They always do so. That is what Acté used to say they did for Jesus the Galilean. I could wish to have spoken with that Man.

I think we might have understood each other: He too lived His own life. Well, I may look for the one supreme moment more. I curl the nostril at death; but I do not like being hurt. I think, perhaps, I will kill myself before they come. But not until they come; I have yet my antistrophe that beckons me . . . *Yet, ah! the East must warm again.* No; Catullus might have said that. . . . Ah, I have it!

*Yet Orient must fuse again
And orange into flame,
Onto unfathomable smiles
Expectingly the same:
Once more—*

Ha! Hylas, did you hear that? Yes, it is. Listen again! Oh mercy, it is the pursuers! So now for a death worthy of me. Horses . . . horses . . . curses! All my culture gone just when I want it? Be a man, Nero. . . . Yes! *Pelting my ear it approaches, the clatter of fleet-footed horses.* It is staled, but it must serve for fault of better. Now, what else? . . . Oh, but Hylas they will kill me, will they not? Yes, they will kill me—kill me with biting swords and scoop me out in smoke and blood. O Hylas, run me through—run me through I say, my Hylas! Hylas! Quickly, quickly, run me through! Save me from them; I loved you; indeed I loved you! Forgive me if ever. . . . Oh, they are galloping, galloping, Hylas! Now, now! They are dismounting; I hear the horses blowing, and the bits. Is there no one that loves me? Oh, on my knees, if I have ever charmed you with my songs. . . . Pah, detestable cowards! Now, Nero, to be strong: the true posture: straight through the heart, ha! No; glanced aside! Again, again, ha! No; I might miss the heart and the wound be curable. If they would but be merciful. E-e-e, they are forcing the door! Oh, the blackguard squint of the steel! Now! Oh, what have I done to end so wretchedly? Now—now—now! O Hylas, in pity! . . . Oh! Aa-a-h! . . . What an artist death to die!

II.—VESPASIAN

Well? It don't smell, does it? Money's money, I suppose, whether it comes out of sewers or rose leaves. Here, give me back my penny. Now look here, Titus, it's no use trying to play off your finicking la-di-da-dy notions on me! I'm only an old soldier; I know that as

well as you do, and I bet you know it pretty well. But in my life I've learnt one or two things outside the drill-book, and I've learnt that business is business all the world over. Now they've made me Emperor here. I wasn't brought up to it—you know that as well as I do—but all the same I mean to pull it through. I don't talk anything about duty or the glories of Rome, and all that sort of fancy 'umbug they teach you cock-a-doodles in the schools of rhetoric. I tell you fair and square I like being Emperor: I like the laurels and the flunkeys and the kow-towing, and all the rest of it. It's all tommy-rot, you say? Well, I know it is. I know they'd all kick me to-morrow if I was down. Only I don't mean to be down, and while I'm up I like to see it round me. And mind you, while I'm Emperor I mean to do the business and carry the thing through. And what's more—I don't mean to be the loser by it; and you won't be the loser by it neither. Anything you call for in this palace you can have, and when I'm gone you'll be boss of a big concern. But don't you talk to me about 'igh-mindedness and all that boys' talk. I never was 'igh-minded. Oh yes, you must have your *h*, of course; I can see how you go when I leave it out. Well, I never was high-minded, and I've done pretty well for myself without it, and for you too. And I tell you Emperor's a business just like any other, and I'm going to run it as a business.

Now, just you mark that word, my son. Business: that's what's made me what I am. You know how I began very well: I never hid it from anybody. Father was a butcher, and mother—well it ain't for me to speak ill of my own mother, but you know what she was. Well, I had to make my own way. I never flew in the face of anybody above me, like you young fools that think it's fine and manly. Manly! Holy Augustus! Principle, you call it! I say business is principle enough for a young man beginning life. I stuck to my work, and because I did one thing well they thought I could do another thing well. So they set me to that, and I did do it well because I hadn't any flummery about me. I wasn't above it, or below it, or all round about it like young men are nowadays. Because I could command an army they thought I could command an empire, and here I am doing it. Doing it better than it's ever been done before, too, and making money out of it. Now why? I ask you why? Why, because I never had an education, and work it as a business concern. Don't you tell me, young man. Why did all the other Emperors make such a mess of it? Now you mark my words; I can remember the whole boiling of 'em

and you can't. There was Tiberius: he was the first that took over the going concern. Well, he was a good soldier enough—better than me or you. But he was so afraid somebody'd pink him for doing the thing badly that he went off to Capri, and never did it at all. Time enough somebody did pink him, say I, when he left off doing the work. Then Gaius: he was all for giving you jujubes one minute and chopping your head off the next; what could you make of an Emperor like him? And poor old Claudius: he was a well-meaning chap enough, too; but he was always bothering his head about things that didn't matter—old law-books and that. A lot of good they did him, taking all his time while the scoundrels swallowed up everything all round him. Why, I can hardly spell through my law-books, but I know well enough when a man ought to be punished. And that Nero, the Greek fiddler—ready to strangle you if you yawned when he was squeaking out his damned wishy-wash! But I know my business, and I do it, and I make things go along. No, Titus, my boy; I brought you up well, and you've wanted for nothing. I've given you a good education, up to your station. But if you think you can keep this empire going when I'm gone without attending to business, I tell you fair and square —

What's that, you? Hand it here. *To His August Imperial Majesty: Petition on behalf of young Manlius.* No. Tell them no; I won't pardon him. I don't care who he is; he can be as noble as he damned likes. Regulations are regulations. I suppose he'd got his copy of the regulations, hadn't he? Well, it says there that the man who leaves his post against orders is to be flogged; and, if it was my own son, flogged he should be. Go and tell them that. These young nobles of yours don't like me, Titus. I'm not their sort; I'm too much the man of business for them. Now you are their sort; I've taken care of that with your education. They like you, but I'm not fine enough for them. Well, I like them well enough, and I don't care what they think of me. And, mind you, they stand me better because they despise me. You don't find them getting up any of their conspiracies to kill me. They just leave me to do the work; that's all I'm fit for. Well, I do it, and I pouch the sesterces.

Now look here, my boy. Before the Senate meets there's one thing more I want to talk to you about. That Berenice. Now when I made you send her back to Syria, you did it: I'll say that for you. But don't you believe I can't see well enough you're peeking after

the girl. Now you just take my advice and have nothing to do with her. Don't write to her or anything. Why, God bless you! I know women well enough—known 'em these forty years in camp and out, and a warm time I used to have, what with one and another! You take my word, this girl'll do very well for herself in her own country without you. You can't marry her, mind you: I won't have my son marry a nigger girl, princess and all as they call her. We know their twopenny-halfpenny princesses. And as for love—gammon, my boy! Do you think she'd ever have looked at you if you hadn't been the Emperor's son? Don't tell me, sir. I knew these Syrian girls before you were born. O yes, they'll kiss you and cuddle you when you're there, and maybe something more; then when you're gone it's the first — Now don't fly out. I won't stand any —

You again? What the devil d'you want now? Senate about to meet? Well, I suppose I know that. I never was late at a meeting yet, was I? There, go away. Can't you see I'm talking to His Royal 'Ighness?

III.—TITUS

I have listened to you, gentlemen, with great interest, and it will be pleasure to me to lay your views before my august father. I can assure you at once he realises keenly, as I do, the desirability of reform in our sewers. I am further in a position to inform you that inquiries are even now being prosecuted to that end, and should various obstacles that immediately suggest themselves be found superable, his Majesty trusts and believes that, under Heaven, steps may be taken in the direction of such a reconstruction of the system as may attain far-reaching results and meet with the satisfaction and further the prosperity of all his subjects. Further than that I cannot at the present stage commit his Majesty. Speaking in my own name, I need not remind you, gentlemen, that our sewers represent a gradual growth spread over very many generations. The earliest, the Cloaca Maxima, goes back, our historians tell us, to the dim days of Ancus. I am not able to corroborate this from my own recollection, . . . but if you have descended the Cloaca, as I have, and smelt it . . . you will agree that it can hardly have been constructed the day before yesterday. . . . Seriously, gentlemen, it is but fitting that the sewage system of Rome should be a wonder and a model to the world. We Romans, it appears to me, are pre-eminently a people of builders as well as of

conquerors. . . . I have seen in Judæa . . . the kind of drainage that commends itself to uncivilised nations, and that sight, just as effectually as the glories of the campaign in which I had the fortune to participate, . . . made me yet more what I have always been—proud, and ever prouder, of the name of Roman. . . . Good day, gentlemen, and many thanks.

What a damned fool I am! Five by the clock! Is Sempronius in attendance? Ha, ha, Sempronius, old man, how goes it? I saw Lepidus just now. The young idiot's got into a hole with his debts of honour. I sent him away with a wiggling and a loan and good resolutions. Ripping good dinner the old pontiff gave us last night, eh? Jolly for you not to be heir apparent, and able to get as drunk as you like. And, by Jove, you were drunk too! What? Oh, rot! You don't remember a thing about it. Do you remember hiding behind a curtain and popping out your head, first one side and then the other, and calling the old gentleman Ganymede? You did, I assure you. Then you got into a dish of olives, and stood on one leg, and offered to make a panegyric on Corale the dancer. That reminds me, Sempronius. Several people have come to me and said you talk of taking that girl into your house. Is that true? Eh? Real love this time? Hm! Well, my boy, I think you might have confided in me. I'm still Titus, however much my father's Augustus. But see, Sempronius, you can't do it. With your name and your family—a man who can be consul in two years and anything he likes afterwards—you musn't do it. Yes, I know it hurts, but one's got to be hurt, and one's got to be worthy too. I don't know what I'm asking? No, old man, I don't suppose I do. I wish I could go through it with you. Yes, she may be all you say—I don't doubt it—but after all she's a Greek dancing girl, and Rome won't have it. Don't you owe something to Rome, that has always had a Sempronius to guide her since Hannibal? There was a Sempronius for you who knew what was to be done with slaves. No, no, dear friend, you must give it up. Don't you think at all of your mother, whom you love so dearly and who's so proud of you? And don't you think just a little bit of me? Old man, it's Titus asking you—Titus that you cut out of the Germans by the Maine ten years ago. You remember the dear old centurion's language when he found we were missing? Now Sempronius, dear old pal, stiffen your back! . . . Here, drink this; it's the old Falernian; that'll pull you together. . . . Now you will do it, won't you? You'll do

it for everybody's sake. You will? Thank you, Sempronius. You leave me very grateful and very humble. Good-bye, good heart; see you on the circus to-morrow.

I don't know what I'm asking! I don't know! O Berenice, Berenice! What was it I heard the old man say in Judæa? *He saved others, Himself He could not save!* Reason enough to save others when nothing else is left to do. And I go up and down this blasted city, and play the prince, and forget—and then I'm alone, and all my life tumbles apart, and everything's empty. Oh, and she never forgets. She never does anything in all her life but remember. Berenice, my poor, poor girl! I can see you huddled on your couch all day, moaning and moaning for Titus. And you know he'll never come back. You wake in the morning and put out your arms, and you are bewildered just for one merciful moment to know why your heart sinks so deadly. And then you touch nothing but the damp pillow, and you know that there's another day to live. You will go on so, to-day and to-morrow and to-morrow, until the last of your life goes out with a sigh. O, what a wretch I am to love you; what a weak worm I was to leave you! That's what a goddess gets by blessing a mortal! And I haven't sent one word of love to lie with her these three months. I was going to use these tablets for the orders of the day; I think, perhaps, for once I'll try and be a man instead of a prince. *Berenice, my heart's love, . . .* No; I've always begun my letters that way . . . Oh, if I could but write! . . . *If the guilty slave may still dare*—That's pedantic. The difficulty is not what to say, but what to say first. . . . But why can't I speak straight out from my heart? Here goes. *Berenice, . . .* I feel such a scoundrel when I set to writing to her. And I am one too! *Berenice, . . . Berenice, . . . Berenice, . . .* O gods, gods! What in all the world has happened to me! . . . My heart's all dry and wilted, and I can't squeeze out one drop of love. Oh, I know, I know very well. . . . I've lost my love—lost my love—dropped it out of my heart, and never seen it fall! All these days and weeks I have been talking, talking to myself about nothing at all. All words, and a dry heart inside me. Oh, what a whipped hound I am! No wonder if I set my country before my love! Why, I can never have known so much as what love is! Why did anybody ever love me? Why did they ever make me believe I was a man worth kicking? Now I know I've got no heart, and I found out before I've got no

will, and I never had a head. Five and thirty years, and I've just got as far as this. And I must begin and build a self all up again before I can dare so much as to be alone. Hm! I was going to be the second Julius, but I don't think I shall now. I shall never be anything. There remains the letter. Rather a short one—*Berenice*. Lick it off, flames; and don't tell anybody what sort of man I am. . . . Hallo! six o'clock; I shall be late on parade if I don't look alive. My sword and helmet there! Then there are the despatches for Africa. . . . Bah, it's my turn to want a drink now. Poor old Sempr— No. He's been in love with that Greek leg-machine, present and absent, to my knowledge for five years.

IV.—CALIGULA

Clck, clck! Get on, Caligula, get on. O time, time, I shall never do it; I shall be too late—too late! Stop, time; stand still a minute! Oh, but he won't stop, and the— Come up there! Houp, houp, houp! . . . All alone, and what am I doing? What is it? Now or never I must do it. But must do what? Hallo there, slaves, why am I left alone? I desired to be left alone; I came to Baiæ for solitude? You lie, cur! Is it I you will leave alone, when I might desire to say something? Execute four slaves—no, not four; wait: four fourteen, fourteen four, four—execute fourteen! Who is here worthy that I should speak to him? None but the captain of the guard! Send hither the measly captain of the mangy guard! . . . You there, come no nearer! Who are you? The captain of the guard? Stand still there at the other end of the room, and don't move! Do you know I could kill you to-day or make you a god, if I chose? Very well. Now listen, but on your life keep my secret! Hush! I am looking for pebbles. I want them to play at soldiers. They make famous soldiers, pebbles. Much better than lousy damned privates of the line! And why? Look you here, and on your life keep my secret. Remember I'm the most thundering great conqueror of all the world! Now what does a conqueror conquer with? Legions. And what are legions? Men. And what are men? Dirt and chickens, fool, and no tools for a heaven-topping conqueror. Gaius Caligula can plan, but how can Marcus and Publius and Quintus—penny slaves—how can they execute? That is the curse of living with men in a twopenny world. But pebbles! I don't find that so with pebbles. Pebbles do what you will.

They're never tired, they're never hungry, they're never mutinous, they don't run away, and they never ask for pay. And fight! You should see my pebbles fight—Caligula's pebbles. I'll conquer the whole world with pebbles. I know there are great empires; beyond Germany and India and Ethiopia there are; I know it, and whole tablets and slabs and obelisks of glory. I say there they are, waiting for me, and I'll get it all. But the devil of it is, you—what's your filthy name?—the devil of it is, I've got no pebbles. I didn't bring my own pebbles with me; they're left in Rome. I must find some; I must find some and pick them up and drill them. And quick! Ha, you dog, do you dare to move? Yes, you are very nimble to get me pebbles, and very clever, ha! You'll go and pick me up mutineers and traitors: O yes, I know you hounds. If you move hand or foot you shall be crucified in two minutes. Look out of window at the cross; it won't take long to wrench him off and nail you on. But pebbles I must have. If I don't they'll come and kill me, those empires. Here, pebbles, pebbles! O gods, they'll cut me all to pieces before I can so much as drill a bodyguard. And there's nothing here but polished, cursed marble. Pebbles, quick, or I'm dead, I'm dead! O pebbles, pebbles, pebbles! . . .

You there, you dog! Who are you? The captain of the guard? Idiot, there's no guard here. Hush! How did you get into Olympus? Over the wall or by the fish pond? Quick! I want to get out. I am Jupiter, Best and Greatest, and I can't remember where I put the key. I want to get down to Rome; I'm Emperor there, and if I lose four seconds they'll ruin the whole game. Caligula they call me there. They say there were other Emperors before, but that is a lie. Yes, a lie, a lie, a lie, I say, that they're put about to vex me. There were no Emperors but me; I won't have it so. Do you know how I govern my empire? Anyhow. You couldn't govern an empire, pig! If there were those other Emperors, they could not govern. But there were no others; I know there weren't. Now I govern with swords and sweeties. What is an empire made of? Subjects. How does a ruler move subjects? By pleasure and pain. Swords for the bad and sweeties for the good! A mere man might rule an empire by killing all the people of it, but it takes a god to know just the right rations of lollipops to serve out each holiday. Last time I gave three million and three, and executed three. I have to be very careful. If I gave one too few or one too many some historian fellow might get hold of

it, and I never hear of it to execute him. I find it doesn't matter what kind they are for common men, as long as there's lots of sugar; what I have to think out is the number. And for senators they ought to be pink or fawn-coloured. O you villain! What did you do with the key? I say I want to get back. If I'm not back in Rome by sundown they'll find out I'm Jupiter and kill me. Curse time, he's always racing ahead of me. Quick, the key, the key! O, Furies, the damned key! Mother, mother! I want the key, give me the key! . . .

Still there, you? Who are you? Have you my fiat to be alive? Stop! Did I tell you who I am? They call me Caligula, but I am not Caligula. They say I'm Gaius Julius Augustus, the grandson of that cad Agrippa, but I'm not Gaius Julius Augustus. And I'm not by Agrippa, I'm not, indeed. They say I'm Mars or Jupiter, but I'm not Mars or Jupiter. And do you know who I am truly? I am I! I! Do you understand? That is all—I. I am lord of the world; I am all things. I smell blood; I shed it. I see clouds; I blew them out of a bubble-blower. Venus is waiting for me; she is dying for love of me. I shall clutch her and bathe in the bottomless beds of her eyes, and sink my teeth in her flesh. She will scream with anguish when I embrace her. I shall tear her delicious body to cutlets and fillets, that none shall come after me. I do not want a daughter to perpetuate me. I am perpetual: perpetual am I! I shall pile up all the gold of the world and swallow it. I shall cut the throats of all the world, men and women and babies, and drink the blood. Then I shall wax and swell till I burst through heaven and squash the stars like flies on the walls of space. Then I shall shove down outwards, and extend on and on, for ever and ever and ever. There will exist nothing, nothing at all; only I. Great, perfect, only, all I! Oh! I . . . I . . . I . . .

G. W. STEEVENS.

THE FRENCH IN MADAGASCAR

SOME seven or eight months back the French Colonial Party succeeded in imposing its ideas on the Parliament of France.

It invented a Colonial Minister, a Colonial Office, and, in the sequel, a Colonial War. M. Dupuy, then Prime Minister, was entirely in favour of the policy of Colonial Expansion. Europe was at peace ; and how, it was asked, could the breathing time be better employed than in carrying the tricolour not only further down the Niger (where, thanks to Colonel Joffre, it was already flying over Timbuctoo), but away on the other side of Africa, beyond the Mozambique Channel, even to the impregnable plateaux of Imerina? In other words, how desirable the establishment of an effective Protectorate in a Madagascar handed over, as for the express purpose, by the thoughtful and unselfish statesmen of Albion! It was plain, indeed, that when M. Casimir-Perier retained his Dupuy in office he would have to give practical effect to his own solemn utterance before the Chamber on the 22nd January, 1894 :—" Nous avons, je le dis encore, des droits et des intérêts à Madagascar ; nous saurons faire respecter les uns et assurer les autres ; le gouvernement hova aurait tort d'en douter. . . . Le Gouvernement de la République a prévu toutes les éventualités, et il saura faire son devoir. (*Applaudissements.*)" He had held the Foreign Office, and, as President, he felt bound to make good his words by realising the cherished dream of his former allies, MM. de Mahy, Étienne, Deloncle, Delcassé, and the rest, viz., the invasion and permanent occupation (meaning, of course, annexation) of "la Grande Terre." Since then there has been a grand shuffle of the cards, and M. Faure reigns in his stead, while M. Ribot sits in the room of M. Dupuy. But Colonial Expansion is still a popular craze, the Colonial Party is as vocal as ever, and M. Hanotaux, the Foreign Minister, has managed to preserve the continuity of that warlike policy he initiated under a former *régime*: though his ex-colleague, General Mercier, who had to work out the preliminary details of the expedition, has retired to obscurity.

The war which was thus initiated is the work of a considerable majority in both the Chambers of the French Legislature. The nation as a whole, and certainly the peasantry, have remained indifferent, if not antagonistic, to any war in any direction. But the classes, especially in Paris—above all, the Deputies—are far more blood-thirsty than the masses. Again, though France has never profited by her colonies from the days of Richelieu downwards (the Colonial party is so fond of quoting Richelieu that M. Hanotaux, even, has been obliged to protest: “*On abuse un peu de Richelieu*”), her journalists are never weary of inveighing against that Britain which exists (it seems) for the purpose of blocking her outlook and of checking her advance. Moreover, the Colonial Party is largely composed of men who want to be Colonial Ministers or Colonial functionaries of some sort; and this place-hunting clique is backed, in its turn, by a group of financiers who are interested in preventing the abandonment of the Madagascar business to the point of salarizing the more impecunious Deputies. These men are large holders in the Madagascar Government Loan, the bonds of which, for years a mere drug in the market, have of late been heavily bought in certain quarters. Before M. Casimir-Perier's speech, as at the end of '93, they were quoted at 464; but since the island was attacked they have risen to 525, and this despite the fact that the interest on them for the last half-year has not been paid. Again, the Comptoir National d'Escompte, which furnished the capital of the Loan, has thrived by the war; for, although it was compelled to close its establishment at Antananarivo, the price of its shares, as shown by the Bourse returns, rose rapidly from 500 to 600.*

The question before a Government which had to content a set of interests thus vocal and thus varied was, naturally, this: How to find a pretext for landing an army in Madagascar? There was a treaty between France and “la Grande Terre.” Each party thereunto was accusing the other of infringements. Here was the very thing; and in M. Le Myre de Vilers the Dupuy Cabinet had the man of all men best fitted for the work of making overtures of peace and forcing on a war. An ex-naval lieutenant, his life-long aim has been the destruction of

* This figure has since risen to 620 (April 15th)! In like manner, other “*Valeurs industrielles*” have risen, in anticipation of the war bringing traffic and freight to the advantage of various companies interested. Thus: Suez Canal shares have passed from 3,325 to 3,345; Chargeurs Réunis from 1,260 to 1,340; Messageries Maritimes from 585 to 589; and Compagnie Générale Transatlantique from 326.50 to 327.50.

British influence, and his high-handed methods had so thoroughly embroiled him with his own colleagues and compatriots, that in '82 he had to retire for a while from the diplomatic service. In '87 he hauled down his flag at the Hova capital, but had to hoist it again next day, when he found that Rainilaiarivony was in no way dismayed at the consequences; and since that date he has owed his antagonist a grudge. How he played off an English envoy against the official representative of England in '88, and led up to the declarations of the Protectorate in '90 is matter of history. In choosing him M. Hanotaux knew well what he was doing. Indeed, he had so just and so profound a confidence in his man that from the new treaty which he sent out with M. de Vilers to Antananarivo last October the brave yet modest word "Protectorate," so cherished of the Parliament and Press of France, was carefully omitted.

The Hovas, all along, had taken care to reiterate their perfect willingness to adhere to the exact letter of the treaty of '85; and in the August of '94 they drew up a series of indictments against the French for repeated and flagrant infringements of the first principles thereof. This, as they knew, would be of no avail; for it was manifest that the French Plenipotentiary was instructed—not to propose such terms as a self-respecting Government might accept but—to hustle a precise and courteous Premier, brow-beat an Executive Ruler, find a pretext of some sort for breaking off negotiations, and take offence as soon as possible. The wish of the Hova Government to come to terms was evident; but on the very second day the French envoy hastened to take offence where none was intended, assumed an indignation he was far from feeling, presented his ultimatum, started for the coast as soon as he could, and telegraphed to his chief at Paris that the trick was done. M. Hanotaux was waiting for the expected signal to inform the Chambers; whilst General Mercier, at the War Office, and M. Félix Faure, at the Ministry of Marine, were ready with the estimates demanded by their several departments. The Foreign Minister asked for 15,000 men and 65,000,000 francs: it was a big mouthful, but it was swallowed at a gulp. A special commission instantly decided that those figures were adequate, and it was arranged that forty millions should be placed at General Mercier's disposal, and twenty-five at that of M. Faure. As we know, General Zurlinden has succeeded General Mercier, and Admiral Besnard has become Minister of Marine; but the preparations begun by their predecessors

have been con nued in their entirety. General Duchesne, an able fighting General of division, was summoned from Belfort to take command ; General de Torcy, who had qualified for his post by personal study of our Anglo-Indian expeditions and our frontier wars, was appointed his Chief of Staff ; and the process of mobilising a naval and military force was at once proceeded with.

As the season for sérious operations in Madagascar is in June and July, there has been plenty of time for organising without haste. Everything is being prepared with commendable foresight. Two brigades have been formed. One is furnished by the regular *armée de terre*, the other by the *armée coloniale* ; that is, one is a military, the other a naval brigade. The first consists of what is called the Two-Hundredth Regiment, which is composed of three battalions (of four companies each), with a battalion (also four companies strong) of Chasseurs-à-pied (No. 40), a battalion of the Foreign Legion, and two battalions of Algerian Tirailleurs ; seven battalions in all. The brigade, which is commanded by General Metzinger (known for his gallant conduct at the assault of Hué, in Tonkin), is also furnished with two mountain batteries from Algeria and two from the Artillery at home. The cavalry escort consists of a squadron of the 1st Chasseurs d'Afrique. A point to note is that the composition of this Two-Hundredth Regiment, which is made up of companies drawn by lot from the several *corps d'armée* garrisoned in France, is an effect of Anglomania. General Metzinger has already gone to Mojanga to make all ready there for the disembarkation. The naval, or rather Colonial, brigade (for all the regular troops serving in the Colonies over-sea are *Infanterie de Marine*) has been made up of three battalions from the *Marine Infantry Brigades** at home, which form the new Thirteenth Regiment, to which are added a company of Haoussa Tirailleurs from Senegal, a battalion of Creole volunteers from Réunion, and two battalions of Sakalava Tirailleurs recruited at Diego Suarez. The Naval Brigade is under the command of Brigadier-General Voyron ; and a part of its *Marine Infantry* is already at Tamatave under Colonel de Giovellina. With regard to the Sakalava Tirailleurs, a battalion of which tribesmen from North-west Madagascar has been long in process of formation at Diego Suarez, it is to be remarked that the Sakalava are acknowledged subjects of Queen Ranavalona III, and their enlistment

* It has been found necessary to call in volunteers from the Line.

has been one subject of complaint on the part of Rainilaiarivony. Well may that Minister object to the tutoring of these savages by the *disciplinaires* of the convict establishment at Diego Suarez !

Shallow gunboats have been built, and are now well on their way out (in Messrs. Clarkson's steamers) for the conveyance of General Duchesne's Infantry and stores for 156 kilomètres up the Ikopa river to Suberbieville, from which place a march of 286 kilomètres will bring them to the metropolis. It is an unfortified town, situate on a noble rock which overlooks the plain of Betsimitatra. It has extensive suburbs, and is surrounded by populous villages, in nearly every one of which is a church, or a chapel, with a schoolhouse attached, to the building of which large sums of British money have been contributed. Simultaneously with the advance of one division along this line of approach from the North-West, a second (probably the Colonial Brigade) will march from the East at Andevoranto. I presume, as matter of course, that the lines of Manjakandrianambona, or Farafatra will have fallen ere long into the hands of the Marine Infantry and Sailors under General Voyron and Commodore Bienaimé.

The Hovas have at last some intention of disputing the invader's advance. It is an open question, however, whether they will do more than fire a few rounds (rather by way of protest than with any serious intent), as they retire before his battalions. That they will attempt to re-open negotiations is almost certain. As certain is it that the French will not stay their march by both routes, but will accomplish the occupation of the Hova capital without a check. Their loss in killed and wounded will be *négligéable*—possibly *nil*—except for accidents by the way. But the columns must be woefully thinned ere they return to Marseilles. The expedition, indeed, is anything but popular with the more thoughtful among the officers. "Ce ne sera pas une promenade au pas gymnastique que celle de Tananarive. Il pouvait paraître plus facile en 1870 d'aller à Berlin, que d'aller en 1895 à Tananarive," it has been remarked ; while a principal military organ points out that "L'écart entre les effectifs continentaux français et allemands est de 129,000 soldats au profit de l'Allemagne ; au lieu de l'augmenter, en puisant dans les régiments les militaires à envoyer à Madagascar, il est tout indiqué de faire appel aux réservistes et territoriaux sans toucher à nos régiments-squelettes. . . . Tout à Madagascar ! Quant aux Vosges, débrouillez-vous ! C'est la formule du Mexique." This critic is right : Mexico is the best parallel to

Madagascar. Who can doubt that the French general will lead the Two-Hundredth and the Fortieth Regiments into the Palace courtyard, past the tombs of the Radamas and Ranavalonas, which are at once the sanctuaries and the treasuries of the Malagasy nation? But only then will his real difficulties have begun.

Generals Duchesne and Voyron with their picked staff duly embarked at Marseilles on board the mail steamer *Iraouaddy* on the 12th April, as prearranged; whilst the newly-formed battalions, with the Artillery and Cavalry, lately concentrated in the camp at Sathonay, after a month's perfecting in special drills, are now in course of embarkation in successive detachments on board the hired transports.* The embarkation should be completed by the 1st May, by the middle of which month we may fairly expect to see the expedition under weigh. Should all go well, transports, troopships, and gunboats should disembark at Mojanga in the middle of June; and by the first week in July the advance by land from the base at Suberbieville should have laid the road as far as Tsarasaotra in the lowlands: for the establishment of a depôt at Nosifito, or thereabouts, at which point the ascent to the hill country really begins. The question of transport has, naturally, exercised the minds of the military advisers of the Conseil de Guerre, and they seem to have come to the conclusion that, while native bearers—Africans, Comoriens, and Sakalavas—will accompany the pioneering party, the track can be made available for Abyssinian mule and ox transport with the main column. General Cosseron de Villenoisy, indeed, advocates, in the pages of the *Avenir Militaire*, the formation of a light railway from Mevatanana (the Hova station above Suberbieville) to Antananarivo, a distance of 286 kilomètres, at an expense of 12,000 francs per kilomètre. Such a line, he maintains, can be laid at a rate of from 800 to 1,500 mètres per diem. But even at two kilomètres a day, it would take at least a hundred and forty-three days, under the most favourable circumstances, to lay; and that would carry things on to Christmas, which is the height of the bad season; and the slightest opposition on the part of the Hovas would make such an advance impossible. Again, apart from the mere physical obstacles of precipitous gradients—at some points of three hundred feet within a mile or two—where is the labour to be got? For a considerable distance the wildest part of the journey is through a desolate and dispeopled

* The *Shamrock* arrived at Mojanga with the 3rd Algerian *tirailleurs* on 28th February.

mountain region. A railway might be useful as far as Nosifito rapids ; but beyond that none could be laid in time to be of any material assistance. M. Justin Suberbie rode with the small detachment of Marine Infantry, which marched down of late from Antananarivo to Suberbieville in eighteen days ; and M. Doërer, who owns a coffee plantation at Ivato, brought down some score of native oxen, which he had trained to carry burdens, at the same time : so that practical experiment has demonstrated the possibility of using baggage animals, and Abyssinian mules are now being shipped at Djibouti, the port of Obok. With such resources at his command, General Duchesne can have no misgivings as to the results of his campaign. He and his staff thoroughly understand that it is to be a *guerre de médecins* and a *guerre d'intendance*. The hospital, the ambulance, and the commissariat are the departments which will need the most prevision ; and if there were any great mismanagement in these most important services, one half the expedition would have to be set to work to carry the other half back to the sea.*

As I have noted, the amount of armed resistance from the Hovas is extremely problematical. Indeed, Rainilaiarivony himself, who reserves to himself all the powers of an Executive Commander-in-Chief, had not by last accounts resolved upon his line of defence. Of course, if Ramasombazaha, the bigot-governor of Mevatanana, should get the *mot d'ordre* from head-quarters, he will show fight. It is true that "Omelettes cannot be made without breaking eggs" ; but his resistance can be but trifling, and in skirmishing with him the French commander would probably find the best available antidote to fever. For, after all, it is the malevolence of the climate (at all altitudes below 100 mètres), with the terrible gradients and the lack of roads, which will give him most trouble. And, assuming that no serious complication upsets his plan, we may expect to hear of his advance guard, under General Metzinger, crowning the crest of the plateau on the Hova side of Kinajy, about the same time that Brigadier-General Voyron's Naval Brigade and Commodore Bienaimé's Sailors debouch from the forests of Analamazaotra on the east and, crossing the Ankay plain, effect the passage of the Mangoro River. The presence of a force on the bleak moors of Vonizongo might distract the attention of the Hova Generals from the defence of the Angavo Pass, which is next in the way of the Naval

* Yet it is said that the first cargo landed at Mojanga consisted mainly of absinthe.

Brigade from Tamatave ; and the two divisions will in all probability join hands before the city of the Merinas, somewhere at the end of August or the beginning of September, the very height of the cool and healthy season.*

Long, however, before the army of occupation has reached its goal, the Hova Government will have submitted to the Inevitable ; and the Hova Army, which has never been more than a rough militia, will have resolved itself into a scattering of industrious, frugal peasants, engaged in growing rice and in breeding the Madagascar ox. We may next expect to see the Civil Commissioner—not M. Le Myre de Vilers this time ; but M. Ranchot—dictate the terms which the great French Republic intends to impose on the small (but respectable) Kingdom of the last Hova Queen, a sometime pupil of the London missionaries. As everyone knows, she is a puppet ; still she is also a very important fetish (so to speak) in the eyes not only of the Hova nation but of the many Malagasy tribes throughout the length and breadth of the immense island (it contains many more square miles than France before the Franco-German war), while the Prime Minister, His Excellency Rainilaiarivony, the Malagasy Bismarck, is the well-nigh autocratic ruler of the realm. From the days of the great Andrian-impoinerina, the first of the reigning dynasty, the family of his trusted adviser has furnished a line of hereditary Ministers to the Crown. It was only after the death of the first great queen, Ranavalona, that the hereditary Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief first ruled the people of Imerina as a despot ; but none of the family has ever exercised such autocratic powers as its present representative, since his brother's downfall, some twenty-five years ago. What is to become of him ?

It is a serious question for the French official charged with the administration of the country. Should Rainilaiarivony elect to remain and accept executive powers as the lieutenant, or colleague, of the French Resident Commissioner, that administration could be easily carried on through the present executive. This method, it would seem, is contemplated by the French Government ; and, if it be adopted, all may go smoothly. But suppose, as an alternative, that when General Duchesne arrives before Antananarivo, he finds (a not impossible

* So cold is it in the wind-swept highlands of these granitic plateaux that it is hoped that warm clothes have not been forgotten by the Supply Department.

contingency) the whole machinery of the Hova Government—the Court, the officials, and any army which may remain—all removed south of the Ankaratra Mountains, whose peaks of eight thousand feet are visible from the Queen's palace? Another Antananarivo and another Palace could be invented at Fianarantsoa, the capital of the Betsileo tribes, and in that case the campaign would only have begun. Then, if the Hova Government could but keep its enemies at bay for a few months longer, till the bad season comes, the Government in office, be it M. Ribot's or another's, would find itself peculiarly placed, with Madagascar turning another Mexico for all concerned in it, from M. Félix Faure himself downwards, when another credit of several millions is demanded.

I have hitherto proceeded on the assumption that there are no complications in France itself during the progress of the Madagascar expedition. Already, as has been shown, those who arranged the preliminaries have had their labour for their pains. As soon as General Zurlinden took office, he had to submit, on his very first appearance in Parliament, to an odious "heckling" as to the hire of English transports. It was in vain that he pleaded the sagacity of his predecessor, General Mercier, in subsidising as it were the British Flag. M. de Mahy—"avec sa chaleur accoutumée" insisted that "*Les Anglais offriraient de transporter pour rien, qu'on ne devrait pas accepter leurs offres*;"* while M. Le Myre de Vilers, who by this time was back from Madagascar, declared: "Qu'au point de vue des principes il partage l'avis de M. de Mahy." Thus the prime movers of the Expedition did their utmost to embarrass the Executive charged with preparing for the safe conduct of a most important factor; and as the former Minister of Marine, M. Faure, was thereby implicated, these ultra-patriots came nigh to upsetting President and Cabinet both. Fortunately our own Government decided not to issue a proclamation of neutrality. "The legitimate interests of British commerce affording the text by which the propriety of a proclamation of neutrality should in law be judged," it was stated in Parliament that England, as a neutral nation,

* M. de Mahy again got into the Tribune to propose this resolution, *ne varietur*: "Il faut que la Chambre fasse une démonstration et décide que pas une tonne destinée à Madagascar ne soit confiée à l'Angleterre." That this movement against Madagascar is aimed against British interests, is shown by the peroration at the end of the recent popular pamphlet by M. Joûbert:—"Nous pouvons dire que Madagascar, la grande île Africaine, aux mains de la France, c'est un pistolet braqué sur l'empire britannique des Indes et de l'Afrique australe."

was not bound to prevent neutral ships from conveying materials for a belligerent, and that Her Majesty's Government purposed to remain neutral. Had our Government interfered to prevent Messrs. Clarkson's syndicate from carrying out their contract, the outcry in the Chamber of Deputies might have led to regrettable issues.

We can all remember the crisis produced in '83 by the Shaw incident at Tamatave, and the boarding of the *Taymouth Castle* by Admiral Pierre, with the tact and resolution shown by Captain (then Commander) Johnstone, of the *Dryad*. During the present expedition several such delicate situations must inevitably arise. There are many British subjects in the interior of the Island, and their communications, hitherto carried on by way of Vatomandry, are to be subjected to the surveillance of French men-of-war. The orders of the French Commodore may be stringent; but the record of Lieutenants Boiteux and Aube on the Niger exists to show that subordinates left to themselves cannot always be trusted to keep cool. At Mojanga, for instance, on the 16th January, when Commodore Bienaimé arrived in the *Primauguet*, flagship, to take on all the glory of occupation, he found, to his great chagrin, that the western division of his squadron, the *Hugon*, the *Lynx*, the *Météore*, and the *Dumont d'Urville*, had shelled the Hova forts two days before, in direct contrariety to his express orders (which, of course, had failed to reach them). Even so, it is feared that when the Castle Line steamers come to be subjected to vigorous "neutral" treatment, our South African colonists may interpose *their* view of the duties of neutrals. Professor Holland's opinion—that, under the Foreign Enlistment Act of 1870, penal consequences have been incurred by Messrs. Clarkson's arrangements with the French Government—may yet be put to the proof in other instances on the Madagascar coasts. The French jurists, on the other hand, contend (according to the *Débats*) that as, in '90, we recognised the French Protectorate in Madagascar "*with all its consequences*," that is all-sufficient for their argument.

The chief dangers to be apprehended are those, in fact, which may arise from the combinations of patriots in Parliament, and of insubordinates afloat. We have but to consider the harvest of difficulties sown and grown for the Minister for the Colonies in the gross insubordination of the French Soudan, to guess at what may, or rather what must, happen under a military *régime* in Madagascar. During the discussion of the Colonial Estimates there were told some very nasty stories, of cruelty to natives, which the Government could not deny.

If a tithe of them were true, the Malagasy might well fight hard to keep their lives worth living.

And, after all, when General Duchesne has telegraphed his *Veni! Vidi! Vici!* how is the great Island to be colonised? French colonists there are none; at least, there are none to spare. Take the case of Réunion, but two days' distance from Tamatave. It is an earthly paradise, which has been in the hands of the French since the early days of Louis XIV, by whom it was settled. And what is its financial state? In the Colonial Debate it was shown that two-thirds of it had fallen into the hands of the Crédit Foncier; that every planter is in debt; and that the island is mortgaged to usurers. It was told that the Creoles have enlisted by hundreds into the regiment, which is to garrison Tamatave. But the Government has since confessed that the Réunion Creoles will *not* volunteer; and Admiral Besnard has had to order from the already depleted ranks of the Marine Infantry at home 480 men extra to fill up the ranks of the battalion forming in Réunion. In the March of '85 Admiral Miot reported 50 per cent. of his force on shore sick at Tamatave; and at Vohemar as many as 80 per cent. *hors de combat* with fever. (Admiral Galiber gave evidence before a Select Committee in Paris that, in '84, in a force of 1,100 men of all services, there were 30,658 days in hospital in six months, and that in the same time 690 men were invalided to Réunion. The cases of malarial fever amounted to 27 per cent., and, inclusive of those cases in hospital at Réunion, the total was 40 per cent.) The Réunion Volunteers were decimated, and it is like enough that those few who are now drilling at Saint-Denis will never be fit to co-operate in any scheme of colonisation. Ere long, however, crowds of visitors—hardly colonists, perhaps—will seek the great gold-and-diamond-bearing regions from British South Africa: for the declaration of '90 expressly lays it down that British subjects are to enjoy all the rights and immunities they have hitherto enjoyed by treaty. As matter of fact, there will be plenty of Colonial Expansion. But it will be from a quarter little dreamed of by MM. de Mahy et Cie.

PASFIELD OLIVER.

THE THEATRE IN LONDON

I.

“ I WAS born with an instinctive, unreasoning, unreasonable love for the theatre, simply *as* the theatre But close upon the heels of this mania for the theatre came another and still more absorbing passion—the passion for high thoughts and beautiful words, for things delicately seen, and subtly felt, and marvellously imagined—in short, for that divinest emanation of the human spirit which we call literature. These two things have I loved, sometimes blindly and foolishly, sometimes, I hope, with understanding; and it has been the instinctive, inevitable effort of my life to make these two one flesh. . . . That the drama should once more take rank among the highest expressions of English creative genius, and that the theatre, not as a place of mere pastime, should once more become a preponderant interest and influence in the lives of thinking men and women—that is the end to which, like all the rest, this year of my life-work is dedicated.”
“ Unless a London manager sees some probability of from 50,000 to 75,000 people paying him an average five shillings a-piece within three months, he will hardly be persuaded to venture.”

The former of these quotations is taken from Mr. William Archer's *Epilogue* to his *Theatrical World* of 1894, and the latter from a preface contributed by Mr. Bernard Shaw to the same volume. “ The cynic ”—a person who does not exist, but has been invented as a convenient cock-shy by the sentimentalist, who does exist—might, it may be, smile at their juxtaposition. But I am certainly innocent of any impertinent intent to make fun of Mr. Archer. The 345 pages of his criticisms, which separate this expression of his enthusiasm from Mr. Shaw's statement of fact, might, it is true, be regarded as a mournful waste of just ideas, of acute analysis, and of pleasant writing. But the most of human ambitions are illusory, and this of Mr. Archer—the hope of getting together in England from 50,000 to 75,000 thinking men and women who can afford an average of five shillings a-piece, every three months, for a preponderant interest and influence—though more forlorn

than any other known to me is neither unworthy nor altogether unprofitable. For the means in such a matter is more than the end, and Mr. Archer's mission has given great pleasure to many of us, and, we are told, an interest in life to Mr. Archer. I have permitted myself the luxury of quoting him at some length, because he is to me by far the most interesting of contemporary "dramatic critics," and because any quarrel I have with dramatic critics is chiefly with some of the results of his attitude.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, in this same preface, laments the absence of "a habit of playgoing among the cultivated section of the London community." My experience agrees with his. It seems to be a commonplace among educated Londoners that there is never anything worth seeing at the theatre. Some of them have that unreasoning love for the theatre, simply as the theatre, which I myself may claim to share with Mr. Archer. With such a love, one can bear dull plays and indifferent playing. One delights in the footlights, the look of the house, the expectation of the coming scene. When one's playgoing began in childhood, he has, no doubt, some faint renewal of old delightful senses, the sense of mystery, of escape from the daily round, of revelations. It is in the theatre only that I have the least approach to that absurdly dear "man-of-the-world" feeling I had at sixteen. And beside this renewal of association, there is for some of us an irresistible attraction in the points, the minutiae, the "business" of the stage. We feel in a more passive way that enthusiasm which leads people, who might enjoy life very well as most others understand enjoyment, to pass their time in the discomfort of provincial tours. One of these has assured me that he would rather sit out the worst-written and worst-acted play ever produced than not be in a theatre, and sometimes I have nearly reached his heights. My reasons for making these boasts, or admissions, are not merely egotistical: I wish to show at the outset, that if I think but poorly of the theatre in London as it is, my attitude towards it is neither "superior" nor unsympathetic in any way. I love limelight, and slow music, and to hear the prompter's voice. The only "shop" of which I never tire in conversation, is the shop of the theatre. But it is a fact that they who share this love with me are in a very small minority among educated Londoners. Most of these take the theatre on its merits, and, having examined it, decide to leave it alone. They read of some play which is declared to be modern, and full of social problems, and full of great ideas, and when they go to

see it, they find it compact of sham sociology and bad psychology. Or they wish to be amused, and are put off with stale buffoonery. And so they stay away. It is because I think that they might be induced to mingle with Mr. Bernard Shaw's 50,000 people, and that those critics who are anxious for this result are not taking the right course to achieve it, that I take the liberty of uplifting my poor voice.

II.

The first remark it occurs to one to make of the London stage is the complete absence of comedies. I do not say of comedy: now and then, at long intervals and for a brief space, we are refreshed in the course of a melodrama or a farce by a scene of comedy. Confining myself, as I propose to do throughout this article, to plays now playing, or at least recently produced, I can think of a few where this is the case. In *John-a-Dreams*, for example, an indifferent melodrama as a whole, there is a trifle of comedy in a scene between a husband and an idiot young man who makes love to his wife. But in the plays that are called comedies the motive is invariably a melodramatic or at least, to be polite, a serious one. By this I do not mean that all comedy must be flippant, or "cynical," or anything of the kind. I do not happen to be very fond of sentimental comedy, but I am far from denying that a comedy may contain feeling and remain comedy. *Beau Austin* is a late proof of that, were one needed. But if the spectator is to weep, he must at least be bidden to smile through his tears. Now, in most of our professed comedies, the story, if worked out consistently and in an abler fashion on the lines on which we see it worked out, would be rather tragedy than comedy; your tears would flow without a break, or only broken by irrelevant pieces of farce. Melodrama *plus* farce, in fact: that is the modern English formula for comedy. Mr. Grundy's *The New Woman* was a fair example. Here the motive, the two loves of a man, one merely sensual or superficially affectionate for a woman of whom he tired, and the other based first on intellectual sympathy, might have been a comic motive, although a grim one; as it was, the theme was resolved into the merest melodrama, expounded with a great deal of rant and violent appeals to emotion, both in dialogue and action, and for any fun there was, you were thrown back on impossible caricatures of a hackneyed craze. In other professed comedies the serious element is relieved by witty dialogue, which, however rare or refreshing, does not constitute a comedy. *The Ideal Husband*, for instance, was relieved in

this way, but there the wit was mostly irrelevant to the action and did not therefore turn the plot into comedy. *The Case of Rebellious Susan* had, indeed, something of the comic spirit in the first act, and in the character of the husband throughout, but was overshadowed by a depressing sense of ethical importance, and was discounted by a strong dash of farce. I wish I could take Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Arms and the Man* as an exception to my general statement. It was novel and exceeding good fun. But it seems to me that its author, "upholding a thesis," sacrificed probability too far to leave his play comedy. Men and women who fancy themselves heroes and heroines are proved by circumstance to be ordinarily mean and mediocre often enough, and sometimes they may recognise the proof. But when throughout a play they recognise it one minute, not, apparently, having done so in their lives before, express the recognition plainly, and the next minute but one have to recognise it again, surely that play is a farce? I think it likely Mr. Shaw may write a good comedy, or has already written one, and am sure he can write another good farce. Meantime, whatever the glories of the living stage, its comedy is not one of them.

When one comes to deal with its serious dramas, its "real, vital plays," the plays that profess to deal with actual questions and interests that concern modern England seriously, one finds, on reflection, that the drama in them is sacrificed to the vital question, or whatever it is called, and that the treatment of the vital question is worthless. I do not agree with the critics who think *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* a very great play, nor with those who think it a very bad one. It seemed to me to have some moments of drama and some excellent dialogue, now and again. In an age with a more robust sense of humour than ours, its motive might have made a good farce. If one had been permitted to laugh at the tedium the light-o'-love discovered in respectable marriage and at the discomfiture of her well-meaning and amazingly unwise husband, one might have accepted the extraordinary actions of the characters as a legitimate farcical convention. As it was, the incredible characterisation quite spoiled the play as an exposition of any problem whatever. Boys and senile men marry such ladies as Paula, but staid men of middle-age do not. Given, however, the curious marriage, the subsequent proceedings of the husband are explicable only on the grounds of temporary lunacy. And given these subsequent proceedings, the suicide of Paula can hardly be accepted as an inevitable conclusion of the drama. As a farce, however, the plot—

minus the suicide—might have served very well, but that a contemporary audience would probably have hissed it dead.

The play with which Mr. Pinero has followed it seems to me better worth seeing, not because it is a better play, but because the old Adam in Mr. Pinero—the old Adam who wrote the best farces of our time—inspired him to introduce some very genuine humour into the character of the wicked duke. A delightful duke! even if the part were less excellently acted than it is. But to accept *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith* as a truthful presentation of contemporary people, contemporary difficulties, contemporary modes of thought, is impossible. You may say that the question whether or no unlicensed unions, terminable at will, between men and women are better than ordinary marriage is one which engages some of the thoughts of Mr. Archer's "thinking men and women." No doubt it does; but their thoughts have more substance in them than the airy denunciations of Mr. Pinero's heroine and the querulous maunderings of his hero, and face elements of the problem which these two complacently ignore. Of course any help to the solution of the general problem is obviated by the selection of a totally unfit man and a very unstable woman; one, moreover, who starts with a suicidal theory of "union without passion." I will not waste my space, however, by writing of the problem, or rather theorem, in sociology. Doubtless, Mr. Pinero was aware, long before I was, that plays have their own problems, dramatic problems, to solve; but that problems in sociology are to be solved, if they can be solved, by argument and not by imaginary creations, and doubtless he did not design his play as a contribution to the science of sociology. But what is to be said of his picture of a contemporary Socialist, a woman of supposed brains and unfettered education? Even the Fabian Society knows more of Socialism than poor Mrs. Ebbsmith. The Radicalism, the idea of which was "down with the pampered aristocracy," and which a few elderly politicians, pleasant survivals of a former generation, live to expound, is quite incongruous in her mouth. The "business" with the Bible, again, and her ultimate and sudden refuge in a religion which she had never learned, are simply incredible. Otherwise, the only objection I have to make to the characterisation of her is its crudity. I believe, more or less, in the course of her changes; I do not believe in the jerkiness with which they are presented. The picture of the clergyman seems to me even more unfair to our times. A mediæval monk would very likely have rushed in horror from a room where a witch was mur-

muring incantations ; no clergyman of my acquaintance—or of yours?—would have been frightened out of argument and self-possession by an hysterical woman's flimsy denunciation of the Bible, or even by her violent handling of the actual book. Other parts of the characterisation are crude, as the manner in which Lucas Cleeve was made to express his fatuous egotism in the second act. In point of dramatic interest *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith* seems to me lamentably deficient ; more so, by far, than *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. And of the whole play, it is my conviction that it is not worth the least of Mr. Pinero's farces.

I need hardly state the reason why we have no plays reflecting the real life and thought, in their serious aspects, of the times in which we live, the questions which interest us most nearly, and the development of our social life. The obstacles are simply Mr. Shaw's 50,000 or 75,000 people paying an average of five shillings, &c., &c. The presentation of a complex society in its finer aspects must needs be by situations and by dialogue of which the import is unrecognisable by large audiences. *Æschylus*? *Sophocles*? They wrote in a simpler society than ours, and dealt with traditional and familiar themes. The comedies of Greece were pretty broad and personal satire, not difficult to comprehend. Shakespeare? His audiences included a far larger proportion, given the times, of cultivated people than do ours, and for the groundlings there were clowns and combats. But I am becoming very elementary. It is my opinion that even were this difficulty of the 50,000 overcome, in a small way, by routing up a subscribing audience for a small theatre, the result would not be at all continuously great and good in the way of sociological plays. I would not press the case of the Independent Theatre. I am speaking of home-grown plays, and that is largely concerned with foreign ones. But in our time of complex problems and delicate—I do not mean "improper"—situations, a time when sociology is becoming more and more a science to be studied laboriously, with a mass of data, I do not think that people whose interest in it is serious would greatly care to see its questions begged, as they must be begged, on the stage. No doubt they would like to see plays in which the situations had some meaning, and the dialogue some delicacy, and might by continual appeals be induced to support some theatre where such plays were to be seen. Then, possibly, the long divorce between our stage and the best of our literature might be ended. But I think it doubtful, and were it realised, this one theatre would hardly satisfy Mr. Archer, whose mission is far more general.

But there are other sights at the playhouse than comedies and serious dramas. Melodrama may not be a high form of art, but it is not one to be despised off-hand. There is such a thing as a good melodrama, and it is a thing to be enjoyed even by thinking men and women. There may be great skill in the use of melodramatic conventions, in hitting just the right remoteness from life, in availing yourself of the recognised crudity of character and coincidence so as to get, without trying your peculiar audience too far, the most thrilling of possible effects. I am told there are superior people whose joy in melodrama comes from its absurdities, the trade marks of its villains, and the rant of its heroes. For myself, I accept it frankly, and profess I can enter into its spirit. But one does not see a really stirring melodrama very often nowadays. The autumn melodramas at Drury Lane have every year a greater tendency to be merely spectacular. I often think their producer wastes a good deal of money on them. My observation inclines me to believe that familiarity, not magnificence, is what his audiences most desire—a real omnibus or tramway rather than the Coliseum by moonlight. The suggestion of a clever actor—to knock down the back of the house and allow the audience to feast its eyes on the traffic in the street beyond—might be profitably weighed. But I prefer the Drury Lane melodramas before such plays as *John-a-Dreams* or *The Masqueraders*, because these, with a sort of dramatic snobbery, though entirely melodramatic in plan, have an air of being something else and, therefore, get themselves played without that robustness and breadth which in melodrama are a prime necessity. *The Fatal Card* at the Adelphi struck me as a better play than either.

The same conventions, the same remoteness from life, are applicable to farce as to melodrama, and a good farce nobody, however cultivated, need be ashamed to have written or to see. In the actual condition of the theatre, indeed, it might be very plausibly argued that of all forms of plays farce has the truest possibilities of perfection. The likeness to life which comedy and serious drama demand is offensive or unintelligible to an average modern audience. It must be difficult to write a melodrama without feeling an idiot. But to talk clever nonsense that pretends to be nothing else, and to devise cleverly-nonsensical complications must be like romping and chaffing with children, and may be achieved with an easy conscience and a whole heart. The condition of success is that you must be whimsical but simple, and is not a hard one to observe. The published farces of Mr. Henry James could not be

successful because their whimsicality is not simple ; but they might have been simple and remained every whit as clever. As evidence of what I have said, I venture to make the assertions that *The Importance of Being Earnest* is incomparably the best of Mr. Wilde's plays, and that Mr. Pinero's farces are incomparably better of their kind than his serious plays. O that I were an eminent critic ! I would never rest until I had bullied Mr. Pinero into writing another farce. It is needed, for the actual condition of farce is poor. There are but two being played at present of any particular merit, and one of them owes most of its vogue to the humours, actual or reflected, of Mr. Penley. As for the sort of musical farce which is now replacing the old burlesque, dear to one's youth, it has possibilities which have not been remotely realised. At present it is unpleasantly just to say that Mr. Gilbert is the only writer of comic libretto who possesses or is not ashamed of possessing an intellect.

You may have noted that I have had nothing to say of the Shakespearean revivals and other plays, as *King Arthur* at the Lyceum. Approaching them now on my hands and knees, as it were, I would humbly suggest that these elaborate spectacles, often beautiful, are in the nature of their attraction apart from my subject. It is not Shakespeare, nor Mr. Irving's and Miss Terry's acting, nor even Mr. Comyn Carr's poetry that takes people there ; it is Capulet's orchard or the mystic mere. To complain of this would be absurd, but I do not profess to be a critic of scenery and costumes.

III.

In nine cases out of ten, when one goes to the theatre, the acting, be it good or bad, is far more interesting than the play. The serious play may be insufficient and the funny play tedious, but there always is, or might be, some pleasure in following the merits or imperfections of its execution. This view is supported by common conversation. The reason given for seeing such-and-such a play is almost invariably that So-and-So is "good" in it. To discuss the qualities of all our eminent or other actors and to make a sort of list of them in order of merit would be a task from which the least modest man might shrink. I wish, however, to suggest two faults of which contemporary acting in London is conspicuously guilty and of which it might, conceivably, be cured.

The first is the fault of under-acting. The ideal of being "natural," in striving after which one or two actors have achieved excellent results,

has misled a large number of actors and a larger number of actresses into supposing that passivity is the goal of playing. Because, for example, Mr. Charles Hawtrey has gained deservedly great success for his unexaggerated presentations of ordinary well-bred men of the period, several young actors studiously avoid any intonation or gesture that would be inappropriate in a drawing-room. They seem not to be aware that an effective moderation of general style is only possible where, as in Mr. Hawtrey's case, the relative importance and effect of every little touch in speech and action have been carefully studied. He is an actor, no doubt, with well-defined limitations, but within them the result is a result of skill. These others merely loaf about the stage, and smile, and wander on and off, and having strained your attention to follow them you are left with no impression whatever. The opposite vice of staginess is far less irritating than this. Mr. Warner, for instance, who bade fair at one time to become perhaps a great actor, has declined on to melodrama and is become without question stogy, but he remains an excellent actor in spite of it. To give too much point is better than to give none at all. When you see Mr. Warner you may smile at his exuberance and gusto, but you feel his appreciation of his part and rejoice in his abandonment. In melodrama, of course, if it is to be acted at all, the acting must be broad and vigorous, and I think most of our young actors would benefit by a course of it, if only they had grit enough to overthrow its ill effects.

The other fault is that of a persistent personality, which is especially the fault of the successful. Of several of our "leading actors" even their admirers must admit that they are always the same. Sometimes it may be the actor's own personality which is exploited. This is not to say he is not an actor, because to have certain qualities and to express them on the stage are different things. Sometimes a peculiarity of manner, adopted for one part, "catches on," and is reproduced in all his parts till the actor acts no more. "The public," which insists on seeing its favourites' familiar tricks, is the first cause, and the actor's natural desire for popularity, the second. The desire is natural, but the result is deterioration. Mr. Beerbohm Tree was wont, at an earlier time, to "get out of his skin," to an extent he achieves no longer. When an actor is always cast for the same sort of part, the fault, if it exist in him, is, of course, not so censurable, though that he should be so cast is a reflection on his ability; in the case of actors like Mr. Tree and Mr. Irving, who cast themselves for every sort of part under heaven,

a mannerism becomes absurd. Even in a fairly narrow range of parts, such as those affected by Mr. Arthur Cecil, it is trying to find the actor never varying his intonation or gesture by a hair's-breadth. And even in comic opera to be precisely the same as a sorcerer, a mikado, a general, a governor, and so forth, as is Mr. Grossmith, is a little wearisome, unless the actor's own humour is greatly entertaining. This condition holds of Mr. Arthur Roberts: his mission is to act Mr. Arthur Roberts, or it I may borrow the friendly liberty of the gallery, to act "Awthur," to express the essence of the bar and the racecourse. In spite of the little bits of clever mimicry with which he varies this entertainment, I hope he will continue to be "Awthur," and not trouble about acting to the end of his days. But the danger of being stereotyped is one that always attends success, and I hope that some of our younger actors may avoid it. Mr. Brookfield is an actor who contrives to efface himself in his parts, and there is always the pleasure of wonder when you see his name on a programme; I should like his example to be followed, and I perceive a danger that it will not be followed in several hopeful players. As Paula Tanqueray, as the lady in *John-a-Dreams*, and as Mrs. Ebbsmith, Mrs. Campbell has had much the same part, that of a woman who is at a conventional disadvantage with other women. She has played this part in the same way, and so excellently, that I trust devoutly she may soon extend her field. Mr. Hare's creation of the duke in *Mrs. Ebbsmith* appears to me remarkable. There are many actors and actresses who have, in their degrees, the true actor's quality of versatility; I trust that, in spite of evil and successful examples, they will cultivate it.

IV.

The critics should encourage them, but the critics seem not to care. I would not write disrespectfully of critics: I know the difficulties of their calling, and am lost in admiration of their constancy to it. I followed it myself some months ago, and found that six weeks exhausted my endurance. The impossibility of avoiding frequent repetitions of the same ideas annoyed one's vanity, and one lost, little by little, the childish enjoyment of the footlights. And then one had to sit out the play. But in this matter of encouraging actors to act, I confess I think the critics to blame. When you read Lamb, or Hazlitt, or Leigh Hunt, you find they were interested in acting; they compared different actors, and observed how they took this or that passage. With our own critics it is otherwise. The plot fares very well at their hands. The morning

papers give you a long summary of it, Mr. Archer brings to bear on it his philosophy and his critical intelligence, Mr. Walkley separates its motives into *a*, *b*, and *c*, and adorns it with quotations from the best authors. But of the acting we are seldom told more than that So-and-So was admirable and his comrades adequate. This is wrong, and I am glad to see that the latest critic, Mr. Shaw, is likely to be an exception.

But what I believe to be the chief imperfection of our dramatic critics is their specialisation. The critic or critics on one daily paper hold a brief for our hearths and homes. That is well, although I do not think the average strength of domestic affections in the country gains much by their being trotted out *apropos* of every little play that is produced; but to condemn in consequence anything that is not obviously hearth-and-homey seems a trifle narrow. Such critics are, however, inevitable, and the honest expression of their point of view is perhaps a gain. But the critics who are desirous, first of all, to improve our stage, and whose influence, being on the side of modern development, must, in the long run, outweigh the others', seem to me to have a more important limitation.

The tendency of what I have written is to show that Mr. Archer's mission—to make the theatre “a preponderant interest and influence in the lives of thinking men and women”—is hopeless. A serious drama, reflecting truly the developments of modern social life, can be realised, I think, only very partially and intermittedly. Books and laboratories have taken the place of the stage as the material of serious study by the cultivated. They will go to the theatre—it is a hard saying for Mr. Archer, but it is true—only to be amused: to be “thrilled,” that is, if they can be, or to be made to laugh. And the serious drama, which shall appeal to the rest, the 50,000 or 75,000 people, is likely to be melodramatical or foolish for a long time to come, and even then to be nothing more than a prolongation of University Extension. It is the tendency, also, of my remarks to show that the other forms of play we have, which are not serious, are worth improvement and need sorely to be improved. Farce and in a lesser degree melodrama, comic opera (I am thinking of the libretto) and the like are, within the limits necessitated by the 50,000 people, capable of a great advance. Comedy, even, might, within these limits, conceivably be re-created. In the face of these facts, as I think them, the more cultivated critics sin egregiously by their lack of catholicity. One of them goes to a

performance of Mr. Arthur Roberts, and complains that there is nothing "beautiful" in it. Another goes to an Adelphi melodrama and laments the "vulgarity" of the comic relief. The one is not meant to be beautiful, nor the other anything but vulgar. In their late tremendous attacks on the censorship—a quite unimportant matter in my opinion—Mr. Archer and Mr. Bernard Shaw were eloquent on the indecency of some of the plays licensed. A dull joke is no less dull, to my mind, because it is indecent, but these critics seem to me a deal less tolerant than the average of London society. A dramatic critic recently described Congreve as "a grimy gentleman," and that serves to show his appreciation of comedy.

I do not exaggerate the influence of dramatic critics. I am aware that the world at large, certainly the cultivated world of London, has taken but little interest even in the Titanic combat between Mr. Archer and Mr. Clement Scott, which I, for my part, have watched breathlessly for years. I do not take Punch very seriously. But as one who is intensely fond of the theatre and would like his taste to be more widely shared by those whose intellectual qualities he appreciates, I regret that a writer of Mr. Archer's calibre, with all his opportunities for influence, should confine his zeal to so narrow a groove. For what he has done in introducing the works of Dr. Ibsen to our stage, I am grateful, sympathising neither with the extravagant praises of their philosophy nor with the ignorant depreciation of their dramatic quality. For the work generally to which, in his words, he has dedicated his life, I have great sympathy, although I despair of its accomplishment. But by these presents I solemnly exhort him to amend his ways, to cast away superiority, to sympathise with those who not only think but dine, to pray for a comedy, and meantime to work for the improvement of our farces, and even our melodramas.

G. S. STREET.

THOMAS PURENEY: PRISONER ORDINARY

THOMAS PURENEY, Archbishop among Ordinaries, lived and preached in the heyday of Newgate. His was the good fortune to witness Sheppard's encounter with the topsman, and to shrive the battered soul of Jonathan Wild. Nor did he fall one inch below his opportunity. Designed by Providence to administer a final consolation to the evil-doer, he permitted no false ambition to distract his talent. As some men are born for the gallows, so he was born to thump the cushion of a prison pulpit; and his peculiar aptitude was revealed to him before he had time to spend his strength in mistaken endeavour. For thirty years his squat, stout figure was amiably familiar to all such as enjoyed the Liberties of the Jug. For thirty years his mottled nose and the rubicundity of his cheeks were the ineffaceable ensigns of his intemperance. Yet there was a grimy humour in his forbidding aspect. The fusty black coat, which sat ill upon his shambling frame, was all besmirched with spilled snuff, and the lees of a thousand quart pots. The bands of his profession were ever awry upon a tattered shirt. His ancient wig scattered dust and powder as he went, while a single buckle of some tawdry metal gave a look of oddity to his clumsy, slipshod feet. A caricature of a man, he ambled and chuckled and seized the easy pleasures within his reach. There was never a summer's day but he caught upon his brow the few faint gleams of sunlight that penetrated the gloomy yard. Hour after hour he would sit, his short fingers hardly linked across his belly, drinking his cup of ale, and puffing at a half-extinguished tobacco-pipe. Meanwhile he would reflect upon those triumphs of oratory, which were his supreme delight. If it fell on a Monday that he took the air, a smile of satisfaction lit up his fat, loose features, for still he pondered the effect of yesterday's masterpiece. On Saturday the glad expectancy of to-morrow lent him a certain joyous dignity.

At other times his eye lacked lustre, his gesture buoyancy, unless indeed he were called upon to follow the cart to Tyburn, or to compose the Last Dying Speech of some notorious malefactor.

Preaching was the master passion of his life. It was the pulpit that reconciled him to exile within a great city, and persuaded him to the enjoyment of roguish company. Those there were who deemed his career unfortunate, but a sense of fitness might have checked their pity, and it was only in his hours of maudlin confidence that the Reverend Thomas confessed to disappointment. Born of respectable parents in the County of Cambridgeshire, he nurtured his youth upon the exploits of James Hind and the Golden Farmer. His boyish pleasure was to lie in the ditch, which bounded his father's orchard, studying that now-forgotten masterpiece, *There's no Jest like a True Jest*. Then it was that he felt "immortal longings in his blood." He would take to the road, so he swore, and hold up his enemies like a gentleman. Once, indeed, he was surprised by the Clergyman of the parish in act to escape from the Rectory with two volumes of sermons and a silver flagon. The Divine was minded to speak seriously to him concerning the dreadful sin of robbery, and having strengthened him with texts and good counsel, to send him forth unpunished. "Thieving and covetousness," said the Parson, "must inevitably bring you to the gallows. If you would die in your bed, repent you of your evil-doing, and rob no more." These exhortations were not lost upon Pureney, who, chastened in spirit, straightly prevailed upon his father to enter him a pensioner at Corpus Christi College in the University of Cambridge, that at the proper time he might take orders. At Cambridge he gathered no more knowledge than was necessary for his profession, and wasted such hours as should have been given to study in drinking, dicing, and even less reputable pleasures. Yet repentance was always easy, and he accepted his first curacy, at Newmarket, with a brave heart and a good hopefulness. Fortunate was the choice of this early cure. Had he been gently guided at the outset, who knows but he might have lived out his life in respectable obscurity? But Newmarket then, as now, was a town of jollity and dissipation, and Pureney yielded without persuasion to the pleasures denied his cloth. There was ever a fire to extinguish at his throat, nor could he vail his wanton eye at the sight of a pretty wench. Again and again the lust of preaching

urged him to repent, yet he slid back upon his past gaiety, until Parson Pureney became a by-word. Dismissed from Newmarket in disgrace, he wandered the country up and down in search of a pulpit, but so infamous became the habit of his life that only in a prison could he find an audience fit and responsive.

And, in the nick, the Chaplaincy of Newgate fell vacant. Here was the occasion to temper dissipation with piety, to indulge the two-fold ambition of his life. What mattered it, if within the prison-walls he dipped his nose more deeply into the punch-bowl than became a divine? The rascals would but respect him the more for his prowess, and knit more closely the bond of sympathy. Besides, after preaching and punch he best loved a penitent, and where in the world could he find so rich a crop of erring souls ripe for repentance as in gaol? Henceforth he might threaten, bluster, and cajole. If amiability proved fruitless he would put cruelty to the test, and terrify his victims by a spirited reference to Hell and to that Burning Lake they were so soon to traverse. At last, he thought, I shall be sure of my effect, and the prospect flattered his vanity. He won immediate and assured success. Like the common file or cracksman, he fell into the habit of the place, intriguing with all the cleverness of a practised diplomatist, and setting one party against the other that he might in due season decide the trumpety dispute. The trusted friend of many a distinguished prig and murderer, he so intimately mastered the slang and etiquette of the Jug, that he was appointed arbiter of all those nice questions of honour which agitated the more reputable among the cross-coves. But these were the diversions of a strenuous mind, and it was in the Pulpit or in the Closet that the Reverend Thomas Pureney revealed his true talent.

As the ruffian had a sense of drama, so he was determined that his words should scald and bite the penitent. When the condemned pew was full of a Sunday his happiness was complete. Now his deep chest would hurl salvo on salvo of platitudes against the sounding-board; now his voice, lowered to a whisper, would coax the hopeless prisoners to prepare their souls. In a paroxysm of feigned anger he would crush the cushion with his clenched fist, or leaning over the pulpit-side as though to approach the nearer to his victims, would roll a cold and bitter eye upon them, as of a cat watching caged birds. One famous gesture was irresistible, and he never employed it but some poor

ruffian fell senseless to the floor. His stumpy fingers would fix a noose of air round some imagined neck, and so devoutly was the pantomime studied that you almost heard the creak of the retreating cart as the phantom culprit was turned off. But his conduct in the pulpit was due to no ferocity of temperament. He merely exercised his legitimate craft. So long as Newgate supplied him with an enforced audience, so long would he thunder and bluster at the wrong-doer according to law and the dictates of his conscience. Many, in truth, were his triumphs, but, as he would mutter in his garrulous old age, never was he so successful as in the last exhortation delivered to Matthias Brinsden. Now, Matthias Brinsden incontinently murdered his wife because she harboured too eager a love of the brandy-shop. A model husband, he had spared no pains in her correction. He had flogged her without mercy and without result. His one design was to make his wife obey him, which, as the Scriptures say, all wives should do. But the lust of gin overcame wifely obedience, and Brinsden, hoping for the best, was constrained to cut a hole in her skull. The next day she was as impudent as ever, until Matthias rose yet more fiercely in his wrath, and the shrew perished. Then was Thomas Pureney's opportunity, and the Sunday following the miscreant's condemnation he delivered unto him and seventeen other malefactors the moving discourse which here follows :

"We shall take our text," gruffed the Ordinary, "from out the Psalms: 'Bloodthirsty and deceitful men shall not live out half their days.' And firstly, we shall expound to you the heinous sin of murder, which is unlawful (1) according to the Natural Laws, (2) according to the Jewish Law, (3) according to the Christian Law, proportionably stronger. By Nature 'tis unlawful as 'tis injuring Society; as 'tis robbing God of what is his Right and Property; as 'tis depriving the Slain of the Satisfaction of Eating, Drinking, Talking, and the Light of the Sun, which it is his right to enjoy. And especially 'tis unlawful, as it is sending a Soul naked and unprepared to appear before a wrathful and avenging Deity without time to make his Soul composedly or to listen to the thoughtful ministrations of one (like ourselves) soundly versed in Divinity. By the Jewish Law 'tis forbidden, for is it not written (Gen. ix, 6): 'Whosoever sheddeth Man's Blood, by Man his Blood shall be shed'? And if an Eye be given for an Eye, a Tooth for a Tooth, how shall the Murderer escape with his dishonoured Life? 'Tis

further forbidden by the Christian Law (proportionably stronger). But on this head we would speak no word, for were not you all, O miserable Sinners, born not in the Darkness of Heathendom, but in the burning Light of Christian England?

“Secondly, we will consider the peculiar wickedness of Parricide, and especially the Murder of a Wife. What deed, in truth, is more heinous than that a man should slay the Parent of his own Children, the Wife he had once loved and chose out of all the world to be a Companion of his Days; the Wife who long had shared his good Fortune and his ill, who had brought him, with Pain and Anguish, several Tokens and Badges of Affection, the Olive Branches round about his Table? To embrew the Hands in such blood is double Murder, as it murders not only the Person slain, but kills the Happiness of the orphaned Children, depriving them of Bread, and forcing them upon wicked Ways of getting a Maintenance, which often terminate in Newgate and an ignominious death.

“Bloodthirsty men, we have said, shall not live out half their Days. And think not that Repentance avails the Murderer. ‘Hell and Damnation are never full’ (Prov. xxvii, 20), and the meanest Sinner shall find a place in the Lake which burns unto Eternity with Fire and Brimstone. Alas! your Punishment shall not finish with the Noose. Your ‘end is to be burned’ (Heb. vi, 8), to be burned, for the Blood that is shed cries aloud for Vengeance.” At these words, as Pureney would relate with a smile of recollected triumph, Matthias Brinsden screamed aloud, and a shiver ran through the idle audience which came to Newgate on a black Sunday, as to a bull-baiting. Truly, the throng of thoughtless spectators hindered the proper solace of the Ordinary’s ministrations, and many a respectable murderer complained of the intruding mob. But the Ordinary, otherwise minded, loved nothing so well as a packed house, and though he would invite the criminal to his private closet, and comfort his solitude with pious ejaculations, he would neither shield him from curiosity, nor tranquillise his path to the unquenchable fire.

Not only did he exercise in the pulpit a poignant and visible influence. He boasted the confidence of many heroes. His green old age cherished no more famous memory than the friendship of Jonathan Wild. He had known the Great Man at his zenith; he had wrestled with him in the hour of discomfiture; he had preached for his

benefit that famous sermon on the text: "Hide Thy Face from my sins, and blot out all my Iniquities"; he had witnessed the hero's awful progress from Newgate to Tyburn; he had seen him shiver at the nubbing-cheat; he had composed for him a last dying speech, which did not shame the King of thief-takers, and whose sale brought a comfortable profit to the widow. Jonathan, on his side, had shown the Ordinary not a little condescension. It had been his whim, on the eve of his marriage, to present Mr. Pureney with a pair of white gloves, which were treasured as a priceless relic for many a year. And when he paid his last, forced visit to Newgate, he gave the Chaplain, for a pledge of his esteem, that famous silver staff, which he carried, as a badge of authority from the Government, the better to keep the people in awe, and favour the enterprises of his rogues. Only one cloud shadowed this old and equal friendship. Jonathan had entertained the Ordinary with discourse so familiar, they had cracked so many a bottle together, that when the irrevocable sentence was passed, when he who had never shown mercy, expected none, the Great Man found the exhortations of the illiterate Chaplain insufficient for his high purpose. "As soon as I came into the condemned Hole," thus he wrote, "I began to think of making a preparation for my soul; and the better to bring my stubborn heart to repentance, I desired the advice of a man of learning, a man of sound judgment in divinity, and therefore application being made to the Reverend Mr. Nicholson, he very Christian-like gave me his assistance." Alas! Poor Pureney! Thus rudely was he awakened from the dream of unnumbered sleepless nights. His large heart almost broke at the neglect. But if his more private counsels were scorned, he still had the joy of delivering a masterpiece from the pulpit, of using "all the means imaginable to make Wild think of another world," and of seeing him as neatly turned off as the most exacting Ordinary could desire. And what inmate of Newgate ever forgot the afternoon of that glorious day (May the 24th, 1725)? Mr. Pureney returned to his flock, fortified with punch and good tidings. He pictured the scene at Tyburn with a bibulous circumstance, which admirably became his style, rejoicing, as he has rejoiced ever since, that, though he lost a friend, the honest rogue was saved at last from the machinations of the thief-taker.

So he basked and smoked and drank his ale, retelling the ancient stories, and hiccuping forth the ancient sermons. So, in the fading

twilight of life, he smiled the smile of contentment, as became one who had emptied more quarts, had delivered more harrowing discourses, and had lived familiarly with more scoundrels than any devil-dodger of his generation.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

WILTSHIRE : EVENING

LONG and bare, and bleak and wide
Is the lifeless lift of the mountain side,
Ghostly the clump of trees espied.

The moorland grasses quake and quail,
As the Briton breaks from his tomb in the dale,
And wanders forth on the gusts of the gale.

The darksome pines grow darker still,
And the feet of a phantom legion fill
The lonely camp on the lonely hill.

The road is scarce by its whiteness known,
A spectral horn from the mist is blown,
And the spectral mail drives on alone.

And an eve shall fall when you and I,
Films like the Druids, shall yearn and sigh
As the traveller treads our barrow by.

For it is but the part of a part of aspan,
From Boadicea to good Queen Anne,
And a day from the dawn to the dusk of man.

W. S. SENIOR.

THE TIME MACHINE

XIII.

THE FURTHER VISION

“ I HAVE already told you of the sickness and confusion that comes with time travelling. And this time I was not seated properly in the saddle, but sideways and in an unstable fashion. For an indefinite time I clung to the machine as it swayed and vibrated, quite unheeding how I went, and when I brought myself to look at the dials again I was amazed to find where I had arrived. One dial records days, another thousands of days, another millions of days, and another thousands of millions. Now, instead of reversing the levers I had pulled them over so as to go forward with them, and when I came to look at these indicators I found that the thousands hand was sweeping round as fast as the seconds hands of a watch—into futurity. Very cautiously, for I remembered my former headlong fall, I began to reverse my motion. Slower and slower went the circling hands until the thousands one seemed motionless and the daily one was no longer a mere mist upon its scale. Still slower, until the grey haze around me became distincter and dim outlines of an undulating waste grew visible.

“ I stopped. I was on a bleak moorland, covered with a sparse vegetation, and grey with a thin hoarfrost. The time was midday, the orange sun, shorn of its effulgence, brooded near the meridian in a sky of drabby grey. Only a few black bushes broke the monotony of the scene. The great buildings of the decadent men among whom, it seemed to me, I had been so recently, had vanished and left no trace: not a mound even marked their position. Hill and valley, sea and river—all, under the wear and work of the rain and frost, had melted into new forms. No doubt, too, the rain and snow had long since washed out the Morlock tunnels. A nipping breeze stung my hands and face. So far as I could see there were neither hills, nor trees, nor rivers: only an uneven stretch of cheerless plateau.

“ Then suddenly a dark bulk rose out of the moor, something that gleamed like a serrated row of iron plates, and vanished almost imme-

diately in a depression. And then I became aware of a number of faint-grey things, coloured to almost the exact tint of the frost-bitten soil, which were browsing here and there upon its scanty grass, and running to and fro. I saw one jump with a sudden start, and then my eye detected perhaps a score of them. At first I thought they were rabbits, or some small breed of kangaroo. Then, as one came hopping near me, I perceived that it belonged to neither of these groups. It was plantigrade, its hind legs rather the longer; it was tailless, and covered with a straight greyish hair that thickened about the head into a Skye terrier's mane. As I had understood that in the Golden Age man had killed out almost all the other animals, sparing only a few of the more ornamental, I was naturally curious about the creatures. They did not seem afraid of me, but browsed on, much as rabbits would do in a place unfrequented by men; and it occurred to me that I might perhaps secure a specimen.

"I got off the machine, and picked up a big stone. I had scarcely done so when one of the little creatures came within easy range. I was so lucky as to hit it on the head, and it rolled over at once and lay motionless. I ran to it at once. It remained still, almost as if it were killed. I was surprised to see that the thing had five feeble digits to both its fore and hind feet—the fore feet, indeed, were almost as human as the fore feet of a frog. It had, moreover, a roundish head, with a projecting forehead and forward-looking eyes, obscured by its lank hair. A disagreeable apprehension flashed across my mind. As I knelt down and seized my capture, intending to examine its teeth and other anatomical points which might show human characteristics, the metallic-looking object, to which I have already alluded, reappeared above a ridge in the moor, coming towards me and making a strange clattering sound as it came. Forthwith the grey animals about me began to answer with a short, weak yelping—as if of terror—and bolted off in a direction opposite to that from which this new creature approached. They must have hidden in burrows or behind bushes and tussocks, for in a moment not one of them was visible.

"I rose to my feet, and stared at this grotesque monster. I can only describe it by comparing it to a centipede. It stood about three feet high, and had a long segmented body, perhaps thirty feet long, with curiously overlapping greenish-black plates. It seemed to crawl upon a multitude of feet, looping its body as it advanced. Its blunt round head, with a polygonal arrangement of black eye spots,

carried two flexible, writhing, horn-like antennæ. It was coming along, I should judge, at a pace of about eight or ten miles an hour, and it left me little time for thinking. Leaving my grey animal, or grey man, whichever it was, on the ground, I set off for the machine. Halfway I paused, regretting that abandonment, but a glance over my shoulder destroyed any such regret. When I gained the machine the monster was scarce fifty yards away. It was certainly not a vertebrated animal. It had no snout, and its mouth was fringed with jointed dark-coloured plates. But I did not care for a nearer view.

“I traversed one day and stopped again, hoping to find the colossus gone and some vestige of my victim; but, I should judge, the giant centipede did not trouble itself about bones. At any rate both had vanished. The faintly human touch of these little creatures perplexed me greatly. If you come to think, there is no reason why a degenerate humanity should not come at last to differentiate into as many species as the descendants of the mud fish who fathered all the land vertebrates. I saw no more of any insect colossus, as to my thinking the segmented creature must have been. Evidently the physiological difficulty that at present keeps all the insects small had been surmounted at last, and this division of the animal kingdom had arrived at the long awaited supremacy which its enormous energy and vitality deserve. I made several attempts to kill or capture another of the greyish vermin, but none of my missiles were so successful as my first; and, after perhaps a dozen disappointing throws, that left my arm aching, I felt a gust of irritation at my folly in coming so far into futurity without weapons or equipment. I resolved to run on for one glimpse of the still remoter future—one peep into the deeper abysm of time—and then to return to you and my own epoch. Once more I remounted the machine, and once more the world grew hazy and grey.

“As I drove on, a peculiar change crept over the appearance of things. The unwonted greyness grew lighter; then—though I was travelling with prodigious velocity—the blinking succession of day and night, which was usually indicative of a slower pace, returned, and grew more and more marked. This puzzled me very much at first. The alternations of night and day grew slower and slower, and so did the passage of the sun across the sky, until they seemed to stretch through centuries. At last a steady twilight brooded over the earth, a twilight only broken now and then when a comet glared across the darkling sky. The band of light that had indicated the sun had long since disappeared;

for the sun had ceased to set—it simply rose and fell in the west, and grew ever broader and more red. All trace of the moon had vanished. The circling of the stars, growing slower and slower, had given place to creeping points of light. At last, some time before I stopped, the sun, red and very large, halted motionless upon the horizon, a vast dome glowing with a dull heat, and now and then suffering a momentary extinction. At one time it had for a little while glowed more brilliantly again, but it speedily reverted to its sullen red-heat. I perceived by this slowing down of its rising and setting that the work of the tidal drag was done. The earth had come to rest with one face to the sun, even as in our own time the moon faces the earth.

“I stopped very gently and sat upon the Time Machine, looking round. The sky was no longer blue. North-eastward it was inky black, and out of the blackness shone brightly and steadily the pale white stars. Overhead it was a deep indian red and starless, and south-eastward it grew brighter to a glowing scarlet where, cut by the horizon, lay the huge red motionless hull of the sun. The rocks about me were of a harsh reddish colour, and all the trace of life that I could see at first was the intensely green vegetation that covered every projecting point on its south-eastern side. It was the same rich green that one sees on forest moss or on the lichen in caves: plants which like these grow in a perpetual twilight.

“The machine was standing on a sloping beach. The sea stretched away to the south-west, to rise into a sharp bright horizon against the wan sky. There were no breakers and no waves, for not a breath of wind was stirring. Only a slight oily swell rose and fell like a gentle breathing, and showed that the eternal sea was still moving and living. And along the margin where the water sometimes broke was a thick incrustation of salt—pink under the lurid sky. There was a sense of oppression in my head, and I noticed that I was breathing very fast. The sensation reminded me of my only experience of mountaineering, and from that I judged the air to be more rarefied than it is now.

“Far away up the desolate slope I heard a harsh scream, and saw a thing like a huge white butterfly go slanting and fluttering up into the sky and, circling, disappear over some low hillocks beyond. The sound of its voice was so dismal that I shivered and seated myself more firmly upon the machine. Looking round me again, I saw that, quite near, what I had taken to be a reddish mass of rock, was moving slowly towards me. Then I saw the thing was really a monstrous

crab-like creature. Can you imagine a crab as large as yonder table, with its many legs moving slowly and uncertainly, its big claws swaying, its long antennæ, like carters' whips, waving and feeling, and its stalked eyes gleaming at you on either side of its metallic front? Its back was corrugated and ornamented with ungainly bosses, and a greenish incrustation blotched it here and there. I could see the many palps of its complicated mouth flickering and feeling as it moved.

"As I stared at this sinister apparition crawling towards me, I felt a tickling on my cheek as though a fly had lighted there. I tried to brush it away with my hand, but in a moment it returned, and almost immediately went another by my ear. I struck at this, and caught something threadlike. It was drawn swiftly out of my hand. With a frightful qualm, I turned, and saw that I had grasped the antenna of another monster crab that stood just behind me. Its evil eyes were wriggling on their stalks, its mouth was all alive with appetite, and its vast ungainly claws, smeared with an algal slime, were descending upon me. In a moment my hand was on the lever, and I had placed a month between myself and these monsters. But I was still on the same beach, and I saw them distinctly now as soon as I stopped. Dozens of them seemed to be crawling here and there, in the sombre light, among the foliated sheets of intense green.

"I cannot convey the sense of abominable desolation that hung over the world. The red eastern sky, the northward blackness, the salt Dead Sea, the stony beach crawling with these foul, slow-stirring monsters, the uniform poisonous-looking green of the lichenous plants, the thin air that hurts one's lungs: all contributed to an appalling effect. I moved on a hundred years, and there was the same red sun—a little larger, a little duller—the same dying sea, the same chill air, and the same crowd of earthy crustacea creeping in and out among the green weed and the red rocks. And in the westward sky I saw a curved pale line like a vast new moon.

"So I travelled, stopping ever and again, in great strides of a thousand years or more, drawn on by the mystery of the earth's fate, watching with a strange fascination the sun grow larger and duller in the westward sky, and the life of the old earth ebb away. At last, more than thirty million years hence, the huge red-hot dome of the sun had come to obscure nearly a tenth part of the darkling heavens. Then I stopped once more, for the crawling multitude of crabs had disappeared, and the red beach, save for its livid green liverworts and

lichens, seemed lifeless. And now it was flecked with white. A bitter cold assailed me. Rare white flakes ever and again came eddying down. To the north-eastward, the glare of snow lay under the starlight of the sable sky, and I could see an undulating crest of hillocks pinkish-white. There were fringes of ice along the sea margin, with drifting masses further out; but the main expanse of that salt ocean, all bloody under the eternal sunset, was still unfrozen.

“I looked about me to see if any traces of animal-life remained. A certain indefinable apprehension still kept me in the saddle of the machine. But I saw nothing moving, in earth or sky or sea. The green slime on the rocks alone testified that life was not extinct. A shallow sandbank had appeared in the sea and the water had receded from the beach. I fancied I saw some black object flopping about upon this bank, but it got motionless as I looked at it, and I judged that my eye had been deceived, and that the black object was merely a rock. The stars in the sky were intensely bright and seemed to me to twinkle very little.

“Suddenly I noticed that the circular westward outline of the sun had changed; that a concavity, a bay, had appeared in the curve. I saw this grow larger. For a minute perhaps I stared aghast at this blackness that was creeping over the day, and then I realised that an eclipse was beginning. Either the moon or the planet Mercury was passing across the sun’s disc. Naturally, at first I took it to be the moon, but there is much to incline me to believe that what I really saw was the transit of an inner planet passing very near to the earth.

“The darkness grew apace; a cold wind began to blow in freshening gusts from the east, and the showering white flakes in the air increased in number. From the edge of the sea came a ripple and whisper. Beyond these lifeless sounds the world was silent. Silent? It would be hard to convey the stillness of it. All the sounds of man, the bleating of sheep, the cries of birds, the hum of insects, the stir that makes the background of our lives—all that was over. As the darkness thickened, the eddying flakes grew more abundant, dancing before my eyes; and the cold of the air more intense. At last, one by one, swiftly, one after the other, the white peaks of the distant hills vanished into blackness. The breeze rose to a moaning wind. I saw the black central shadow of the eclipse sweeping towards me. In another moment the pale stars alone were visible. All else was rayless obscurity. The sky was absolutely black.

“A horror of the great darkness came on me. The cold, that smote to my marrow, and the pain I felt in breathing overcame me. I shivered and a deadly nausea seized me. Then like a red-hot bow in the sky appeared the edge of the sun. I got off the machine to recover myself. I felt giddy and incapable of facing the return journey. As I stood sick and confused I saw again the moving thing upon the shoal—there was no mistake now that it was a moving thing—against the red water of the sea. It was a round thing, the size of a football perhaps, or, it may be, bigger, and tentacles trailed down from it; it seemed black against the weltering blood-red water, and it was hopping fitfully about. Then I felt I was fainting. But a terrible dread of lying helpless in that remote and awful twilight sustained me while I clambered upon the saddle.

XIV.

THE TIME TRAVELLER'S RETURN

“So I came back. For a long time I must have been insensible upon the machine. The blinking succession of the days and nights was resumed, the sun got golden again, the sky blue. I breathed with greater freedom. The fluctuating contours of the land ebbed and flowed. The hands spun backward upon the dials. At last I saw again the dim shadows of houses, the evidences of decadent humanity. These, too, changed and passed, and others came. Presently, when the million dial was at zero, I slackened speed. I began to recognise our own petty and familiar architecture, the thousands hand ran back to the starting point, the night and day flapped slower and slower. Then the old walls of the laboratory came round me. Very gently, now, I slowed the mechanism down.

“I saw one little thing that seemed odd to me. I think I have told you that when I set out, before my velocity became very high, Mrs. Watchett had walked across the room, travelling, as it seemed to me, like a rocket. As I returned, I passed again across that minute when she traversed the laboratory. But now her every motion appeared to be the exact inversion of her previous ones. The door at the lower end opened, and she glided quietly up the laboratory, back foremost, and disappeared behind the door by which she had previously entered. Just before that I seemed to see Hillyer for a moment; but he passed like a flash.

“Then I stopped the machine, and saw about me again the old familiar laboratory, my tools, my appliances just as I had left them. I got off the thing very shakily, and sat down upon my bench. For several minutes I trembled violently. Then I became calmer. Around me was my old workshop again, exactly as it had been. I might have slept there, and the whole thing have been a dream.

“And yet, not exactly! The thing had started from the south-east corner of the laboratory. It had come to rest again in the north-west, against the wall where you saw it. That gives you the exact distance from my little lawn to the pedestal of the White Sphinx.

“For a time my brain went stagnant. Presently I got up and came through the passage here, limping, because my heel was still painful, and feeling sorely begrimed. I saw *The Pall Mall Gazette* on the table by the door. I found the date was indeed to-day, and looking at the timepiece, saw the hour was almost eight o'clock. I heard your voices and the clatter of plates. I hesitated—I felt so sick and weak. Then I sniffed good wholesome meat, and opened the door on you. You know the rest. I washed, and dined, and now I am telling you the story.”

“I know,” he said after a pause, “that all this will be absolutely incredible to you, but to me the one incredible thing is that I am here to-night in this old familiar room, looking into your friendly faces, and telling you all these strange adventures.” He looked at the Medical Man. “No. I cannot expect you to believe it. Take it as a lie—or a prophecy. Say I dreamed it in the workshop. Consider I have been speculating upon the destinies of our race, until I have hatched this fiction. Treat my assertion of its truth as a mere stroke of art to enhance its interest. And taking it as a story, what do you think of it?”

XV.

AFTER THE STORY

He took up his pipe, and began, in his old accustomed manner, to tap with it nervously upon the bars of the grate. There was a momentary stillness. Then chairs began to creak and shoes to scrape upon the carpet. I took my eyes off the Time Traveller's face, and looked round at his audience. They were in the dark, and little spots of colour swam before them. The Medical Man seemed absorbed in the contemplation of our host. The Editor was looking hard at the

end of his cigar—the sixth. The Journalist fumbled for his watch. The others, as far as I remember, were motionless.

The Editor stood up with a sigh. “What a pity it is you’re not a writer of stories!” he said, putting his hand on the Time Traveller’s shoulder.

“You don’t believe it?”

“Well——”

“I thought not.”

The Time Traveller turned to us. “Where are the matches?” he said. He lit one and spoke over his pipe, puffing. “To tell all you the truth . . . I hardly believe it myself. . . . And yet . . .”

His eye fell with a mute enquiry upon the withered white flowers upon the little table. Then he turned over the hand holding his pipe, and I saw he was looking at some half-healed scars on his knuckles.

The Medical Man rose, came to the lamp, and examined the flowers. “The gynæceum’s odd,” he said. The Psychologist leant forward to see, holding out his hand for a specimen.

“I’m hanged if it isn’t a quarter to one,” said the Journalist. “How shall we get home?”

“Plenty of cabs at the station,” said the Psychologist.

“It’s a curious thing,” said the Medical Man; “but I certainly don’t know the natural order of these flowers. May I have them?”

The Time Traveller hesitated. Then suddenly, “Certainly not.”

“Where did you really get them?” said the Medical Man.

The Time Traveller put his hand to his head. He spoke like one who was trying to keep hold of an idea that eluded him. “They were put into my pocket by Weena, when I travelled into Time.” He stared round the room. “I’m damned if it isn’t all going. This room and you and the atmosphere of every day is too much for my memory. Did I ever make a Time Machine, or a model of a Time Machine? Or is it all only a dream? They say life is a dream, a precious poor dream at times—but I can’t stand another that won’t fit. It’s madness. And where did the dream come from? . . . I must look at that machine. If there *is* one!”

He caught up the lamp swiftly, and carried it, flaring red, through the door into the corridor. We followed him. There in the flickering light of the lamp was the machine sure enough, squat, ugly, and askew, a thing of brass, ebony, ivory, and translucent glimmering quartz. Solid to the touch—for I put out my hand and felt the rail

of it—and with brown spots and smears upon the ivory, and bits of grass and moss upon the lower parts, and one rail bent awry.

The Time Traveller put the lamp down on the bench, and ran his hand along the damaged rail. "It's all right now," he said. "The story I told you was true. I'm sorry to have brought you out here in the cold." He took up the lamp, and, in an absolute silence, we returned to the smoking room.

He came into the hall with us, and helped the Editor on with his coat. The Medical Man looked into his face and, with a certain hesitation, told him he was suffering from overwork, at which he laughed hugely. I remember him standing in the open doorway, bawling good-night.

I shared a cab with the Editor. He thought the tale a "gaudy lie." For my own part I was unable to come to a conclusion. The story was so fantastic and incredible, the telling so credible and sober. I lay awake most of the night thinking about it. I determined to go next day, and see the Time Traveller again. I was told he was in the laboratory, and being on easy terms in the house, I went up to him. The laboratory, however, was empty. I stared for a minute at the Time Machine and put out my hand and touched the lever. At that the squat substantial looking mass swayed like a bough shaken by the wind. Its instability startled me extremely, and I had a queer reminiscence of the childish days when I used to be forbidden to meddle. I came back through the corridor. The Time Traveller met me in the smoking-room. He was coming from the house. He had a small camera under one arm and a knapsack under the other. He laughed when he saw me, and gave me an elbow to shake. "I'm frightfully busy," said he, "with that thing in there."

"But is it not some hoax?" I said. "Do you really travel through time?"

"Really and truly I do." And he looked frankly into my eyes. He hesitated. His eye wandered about the room. "I only want half an hour," he said. "I know why you came, and it's awfully good of you. There's some magazines here. If you'll stop to lunch I'll prove you this time travelling up to the hilt, specimens and all. If you'll forgive my leaving you now?"

I consented, hardly comprehending then the full import of his words, and he nodded and went on down the corridor. I heard the door of the laboratory slam, seated myself in a chair, and took up a daily

paper. What was he going to do before lunch time? Then suddenly I was reminded by an advertisement that I had promised to meet Richardson, the publisher, at two. I looked at my watch, and saw that I could barely save that engagement. I got up and went down the passage to tell the Time Traveller.

As I took hold of the handle of the door I heard an exclamation, oddly truncated at the end, and a click and a thud. A gust of air whirled round me as I opened the door, and from within came the sound of broken glass falling on the floor. The Time Traveller was not there. I seemed to see a ghostly, indistinct figure sitting in a whirling mass of black and brass for a moment—a figure so transparent that the bench behind with its sheets of drawings was absolutely distinct; but this phantasm vanished as I rubbed my eyes. The Time Machine had gone. Save for a subsiding stir of dust, the further end of the laboratory was empty. A pane of the skylight had, apparently, just been blown in.

I felt an unreasonable amazement. I knew that something strange had happened, and for the moment could not distinguish what the strange thing might be. As I stood staring, the door into the garden opened, and the man-servant appeared.

We looked at each other. Then ideas began to come. "Has Mr. — gone out that way?" said I.

"No, sir. No one has come out this way. I was expecting to find him here."

At that I understood. At the risk of disappointing Richardson I stayed on, waiting for the Time Traveller: waiting for the second, perhaps still stranger story, and the specimens and photographs he would bring with him. But I am beginning now to fear that I must wait a lifetime. The Time Traveller vanished three years ago. And, as everybody knows, he has not returned.

EPILOGUE

One cannot choose but wonder. Will he ever return? It may be that he swept back into the past, and fell among the blood-drinking, hairy savages of the Age of Unpolished Stone; into the abysses of the Cretaceous Sea; or among the grotesque saurians, the huge reptilian brutes of the Jurassic times. He may even now—if I may use the phrase—be wandering on some plesiosaurus-haunted Oolitic coral reef,

or beside the lonely saline seas of the Triassic Age. Or did he go forward, into one of the nearer ages, in which men are still men, but with the riddles of our own time answered and its wearisome problems solved? Into the manhood of the race: for I, for my own part, cannot think that these latter days of weak experiment, fragmentary theory, and mutual discord are indeed man's culminating time! I say, for my own part. He, I know—for the question had been discussed among us long before the Time Machine was made—thought but cheerlessly of the Advancement of Mankind, and saw in the growing pile of civilisation only a foolish heaping that must inevitably fall back upon and destroy its makers in the end. If that is so, it remains for us to live as though it were not so. But to me the future is still black and blank—is a vast ignorance, lit at a few casual places by the memory of his story. And I have by me, for my comfort, two strange white flowers—shrivelled now, and brown and flat and brittle—to witness that even when mind and strength had gone, gratitude and a mutual tenderness still lived on in the heart of man.

H. G. WELLS.

THE END

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THERE WAS A LITTLE CITY

IT lay between the mountains and the sea, and a river ran down past it, carrying its good and ill news to a pacific shore, and out upon soft winds, travelling lazily to the scarlet east. All white and a tempered red, it nestled in a valley, with other valleys on lower steppes, which seemed as if built by the gods, that they might travel easily from the white-topped mountains, Margath, Shaknon, and the rest, to wash their feet in the sea. In the summer a hot but gracious mistiness softened the green of the valleys, the varying colours of the hills, the blue of the river, the sharp outlines of the cliffs. Along the high shelf of the mountain, mule-trains travelled like a procession seen in dreams—slow, hazy, graven yet moving, a part of the ancient hills themselves; upon the river great rafts, manned with scarlet-vested crews, swerved and swam, guided by the gigantic oars which needed five men to lift and sway—argonauts they from the sweet-smelling forests to the salt-smelling main. In winter the little city lay still under a coverlet of pure white, with the mists from the river and the great falls above frozen upon the trees, clothing them as graciously as with white samite, so that far as eye could see there was a heavenly purity upon all, covering every mean and distorted thing. There were days when no wind stirred anywhere, and the gorgeous sun made the little city and all the land roundabout a pretty silver kingdom, where Oberon and his courtiers might have danced and been glad.

Often, too, you could hear a distant woodcutter's axe make a pleasant song in the air, and the woodcutter himself, as the hickory and steel

swung in a shining half-circle to the bole of balsam, was clad in the bright livery of the frost, his breath issuing in gray smoke like life itself, mystic and peculiar, man, axe, tree, and breath seeming as of one common being. And when, bye-and-bye, the woodcutter joined a song of his own to the song his axe made, the illusion was not lost, but rather heightened; for it, too, was part of the unassuming pride of nature, childlike in its simplicity, primeval in its suggestion and expression. The song had a soft monotony, swinging back and forth to the waving axe like the pendulum of a clock. It began with a low humming, as one could think man made before he heard the Voice which taught him how to speak. And then came the song:—

None shall stand in the way of the lord,
The lord of the Earth—of the rivers and trees,
Of the cattle and fields and vines!

Hew!

Here shall I build me my cedar home,
A city with gates, a road to the sea—
For I am the lord of the Earth,

Hew! Hew!

Hew and hew, and the sap of the tree
Shall be yours, and your bones shall be strong,
Shall be yours, and your heart shall rejoice,
Shall be yours, and the city be yours,
And the key of its gates be the key
Of the home where your little ones dwell.

Hew, and be strong! Hew and rejoice!

For man is the lord of the Earth,
And God is the Lord over all!

And so long as the little city stands will this same woodcutter's name and history stand also. He had camped where it stood now, when nothing was there save the wild duck in the reeds, the antelopes upon the hills, and all manner of furred and feathered things; and it all was his. He had seen the yellow flashes of gold in the stream called Pipi, and he had not gathered it, for his life was simple, and he was young enough to cherish in his heart the love of the open world beyond the desire of cities and the stir of the market-place. In those days there was not a line in his face, not an angle in his body—all smoothly-rounded and lithe and alert, like him that was called "the young lion of Dedan." Day by day he drank in the wisdom of the hills and the valleys, and he wrote upon the dried barks of trees the thoughts that came as he lay upon the bear-skin in his tent, or cooled his hands and feet, of a hot summer day, in the moist sandy earth, and watched the master of the

deer lead his cohorts down the passes of the hills. But bye-and-bye mule-trains began to crawl along the ledges of Margath Mountain, and over Shaknon came adventurers, and after them wandering men seeking a new home, women and children coming also. But when these came he had passed the spring-time of his years, and had grown fixed in the love of the valley, where his sole visitors had been passing tribes of Indians, who knew his moods and trespassed not at all on his domain. The adventurers hungered for the gold in the rivers, and they made it one long washing-trough, where the disease that afflicted them passed on from man to man like poison down a sewer. Then the little city grew, and with the search for gold came other seekings and findings and toilings, and men who came as one stops at an inn to feed, stayed to make their home, and women made the valley cheerful, and children were born, and the pride of the place was as great as that of some village of the crimson East, where every man has ancestors to Mahomet and beyond.

And he, Felion, who had been lord and master of the valley, worked with them, but did not seek for riches, and more often drew away into the hills, to find some newer place unspoiled by man. But again and again he returned, for no fire is like the old fire, and no trail like the old trail. And at last it seemed as if he had driven his tent-peg in the Pipi Valley for ever, for from among the women who came, he chose one comely and wise and kind, and for five years the world grew older, and Felion did not know it. When he danced his little daughter on his knee, he felt that he had found a new world.

But a day came when trouble fell upon the little city, for of a sudden the reef of gold was lost, and the great crushing mills stood idle, and the sound of the hammers was stayed. And they came to Felion, for in his youth he had been among the best of the school-men, where the great cities were, and he got up from his misery—the day before his wife had taken a great and lonely journey to that Country which welcomes, but never yields again—and, leaving his little child behind, he had gone down to the mines. And in three days they found the reef once more; for it had curved like the hook of a sickle, and the first arc of the yellow circle had dropped down into the bowels of the earth. And so he saved the little city from disaster, and the people blessed him at the moment; and the years went on.

Then there came a time when the little city was threatened with a woeful flood, because of a breaking flume; but by a simple and wise

device, Felion stayed the danger, and again the people blessed him; and the years went on.

Bye-and-bye an awful peril came, for two score children had set a great raft loose upon the river, and they drifted down towards the rapids in the sight of the people; and mothers and helpless fathers wrung their hands, for on the swift tide no boat could reach them, and none could intercept the raft. But Felion, seeing, ran out upon the girders of a bridge that was being builded, and there, before them all, as the raft passed under, he let himself fall, breaking his leg as he dropped among the timbers of the fore-part of the raft; for the children were all gathered at the back, where the great oars lay motionless, one dragging in the water behind. Felion drew himself over to the huge oar, and with the strength of five men, while the people watched and prayed, he kept the raft straight for the great slide, else it had gone over the dam and been lost, and all that were thereon. A mile below, the raft was brought to shore, and again the people said that Felion had saved the little city from disaster, and they blessed him for the moment; and the years went on.

Felion's daughter grew towards womanhood, and her beauty was great, and she was welcome everywhere in the valley, the people speaking well of her for her own sake. But at last a time came when of the men of the valley one called, and Felion's daughter came quickly to him, and with tears for her father, and smiles for her husband, she left the valley and journeyed into the east, having sworn to love and cherish him while she lived. And her father, left solitary, mourned for her, and drew away into a hill above the valley, in a cedar house that he built; and having little else to love, loved the earth, and sky, and animals, and the children from the little city, when they came his way. But his heart was sore; for bye-and-bye no letters came from his daughter, and the little city, having prospered, concerned itself no more with him. When he came into its streets, there were those who laughed, for he was very tall, and rude, and his grey hair hung loose on nis shoulders, and his dress was still a hunter's. They had not long remembered the time when a grievous disease, like a plague, fell upon the place, and people died by scores, as sheep fell in a murrain. And again they had turned to him, and he, because he knew of a miraculous medicine got from Indian sachems, whose people had suffered of this sickness, came into the little city; and by his medicines and fearless love and kindness, he stayed the plague. And thus once more he saved

the little city from disaster, and they blessed him for the moment ; and the years went on.

In time they ceased to think of Felion at all, and he was left alone ; even the children came no more to visit him, and he had pleasure only in hunting and shooting, and in felling trees, with which he built a high stockade and a fine cedar house within it. And all the work of this he did with his own hands, even to the polishing of the floors and the carved work of the large fireplaces. Yet he never lived in the house, nor in any room of it, and the stockade gate was always shut ; and when any people passed that way they stared and shrugged their shoulders, and thought Felion mad or a fool. But he was wise in his own way, which was not the way of those who had reason to bless him for ever, and who forgot him, though he had served them through so many years. Against the little city he had an exceeding bitterness ; and this grew, and had it not been that his heart was kept young by the love of the earth, and the beasts about him in the hills, he must needs have cursed the place and died. But the sight of a bird in the nest with her young, and the smell of a lair, and the light of the dawn that came out of the east, and the winds that came up from the sea, and the hope that would not die, kept him from being of those who love not life for life's sake, be it in ease or in sorrow. He was of those who find all worth the doing, even all worth the suffering ; and so, though he frowned and his lips drew tight with indignation when he looked down at the little city, he felt that elsewhere in the world there was that which made it worth the saving.

If his daughter had been with him he would have laughed at that which his own hands had founded, protected, and saved. But no word came from her, and laughter was never on his lips—only an occasional smile when, perhaps, he saw two sparrows fighting, or watched the fish chase each other in the river, or a toad, too lazy to jump, walk stupidly like a convict, dragging his long, green hind legs. And when he looked up towards Shaknon and Margath, a light came in his eyes, for they were wise, and quiet, and watched the world ; and something of their grandeur drew about him like a cloak. As age cut deep lines in his face and gave angles to his figure, a strange settled dignity grew upon him, whether he swung his axe by the balsams, or dressed the skins of the animals he had killed, piling up the pelts in a long shed in the stockade, a goodly heritage for his daughter, if she ever came back. Every day at sunrise he walked to the door of his house, and looked

eastward steadily, and sometimes there broke from his lips the words, "My daughter—Malise!" Again, he would sit and brood with his chin in his hand, and smile, as though remembering pleasant things.

One day at last, in the full tide of summer, a man, haggard and troubled, came to Felion's house, and knocked, and getting no reply, waited, and whenever he looked down at the little city he wrung his hands, and more than once he put them up to his face and shuddered, and again looked for Felion. Just when the dusk was rolling down, Felion came back, and seeing the man, would have passed him without a word, but that the man stopped with an eager, sorrowful gesture and said: "The plague has come upon us again, and the people, remembering how you healed them long ago, beg you to come." At that Felion leaned his fishing-rod against the door, and answered: "What people?"

The other then replied: "The people of the little city below, Felion."

"I do not know your name," was the reply, "I know nothing of you or of your city."

"Are you mad?" cried the man, "do you forget the little city down there? have you no heart?"

A strange smile passed over Felion's face, and he answered: "When one forgets why should the other remember!"

He turned and went into the house, and shut the door, and though the man knocked, the door was not opened, and he went back angry and miserable, and the people could not believe that Felion would not come to help them, as he had done all his life. At dawn three others came, and they found Felion looking out towards the east, his lips moving as though he prayed. Yet it was no prayer, only a call, that was on his lips. They felt a sort of awe in his presence, for now he seemed as if he had lived more than a century, so wise and old was the look of his face, so white his hair, so set and distant his dignity. They begged him to come, and, fetching his medicines, save the people, for death was galloping through the town, knocking at many doors.

"One came to heal you," he answered—"the young man of the schools, who wrote mystic letters after his name; it swings on a brass by his door,—where is he?"

"He is dead of the plague," they replied, "and the other also that came with him, who fled before the sickness, fell dead of it on the roadside, going to the sea."

"Why should I go?" he replied, and he turned threateningly to his weapon, as if in menace of their presence.

"You have no one to leave behind," they answered eagerly, "and you are old."

"Liars," he rejoined, "let the little city save itself," and he wheeled and went into his house; and they saw that they had erred in not remembering his daughter, whose presence they had ever prized. They saw that they had angered him beyond soothing, and they went back in grief, for two of them had lost dear relatives by the fell sickness. When they told what had happened, the people said: "We will send the women, he will listen to them—he had a daughter."

That afternoon when all the hills lay still and dead, and nowhere did bird or breeze stir, the women came, and they found him seated with his back turned to the town. He was looking into the deep woods, into the hot shadows of the trees.

"We have come to bring you to the little city," they said to him; "the sick grow in numbers every hour."

"It is safe in the hills," he answered, not looking at them. "Why do the people stay in the valley?"

"Every man has a friend, or a wife, or a child, ill or dying, and every woman has a husband, or a child, or a friend, or a brother. Cowards have fled, and many of them have fallen by the way."

"Last summer I lay sick here many weeks, and none came near me; why should I go to the little city?" he replied austerely. "Four times I saved it, and of all that I saved none came to give me water to drink, nor food to eat, and I lay burning with fever, and thirsty and hungry, God of Heaven, how thirsty!"

"We did not know," they answered humbly, "you came to us so seldom, we had forgotten, we were fools."

"I came and went fifty years," he answered bitterly, "and I have forgotten how to rid the little city of the plague!"

At that one of the women, mad with anger, made as if to catch him by his beard, but she forbore, and said: "Liar, the men shall hang you to your own roof-tree."

His eyes had a wild light, but he waved his hand quietly, and answered: "Begone, and learn how great a sin is ingratitude."

He turned away from them gloomily, and would have entered his home, but one of the women, who was young, plucked his sleeve, and said sorrowfully: "I loved Malise, your daughter."

"And forgot her and her father. I am three score and ten years, and she has been gone fifteen, and for the first time I see your face," was his scornful reply.

She was tempted to say: "I was ever bearing children and nursing them, and the hills were hard to climb, and my husband would not go"; but she saw how dark his look was, and she hid her face in her hands, and turned away to follow after the others. She had five little children, and her heart was anxious for them, and her eyes full of tears.

Anger and remorse seized on the little city, and there were those who would have killed Felion, but others saw that the old man had been sorely wronged in the past, and these said: "Wait until the morrow and we will devise something."

That night a mule-train crept slowly down the mountain side, and entered the little city, for no one who came with them knew of the plague. The caravan had come from the east across the great plains, and not from the west, which was the travelled highway to the sea. Among them was a woman, who already was ill of a fever, and knew little of what passed round her. She had with her a beautiful child; and one of the women of the place devised a thing.

"This woman," she said, "does not belong to the little city, and he can have nothing against her, she is a stranger. Let one of us take this beautiful lad to him, and he shall ask Felion to come and save his mother."

Every one approved the woman's wisdom, and in the early morning, she herself, with another, took the child and went up the long hillside in the gross heat; and, when they came near Felion's house, the women stayed behind, and the child went forward, having been taught what to say to the old man.

Felion sat just within his doorway, looking out into the sunlight which fell upon the red and white walls of the little city, flanked by young orchards, with great oozy meadows beyond these, where cattle ate knee-deep in the lush grass and cool reed beds. Along the river side, far up on the high banks, were the tall couches of dead Indians, set on poles, their useless weapons laid along the deerskin pall. Down the hurrying river there passed a raft, bearing a black flag on a pole, and on it were women and children who were being taken down to the sea from the doomed city. These were they who had lost fathers and brothers, and now were going out alone with the shadow of the plague over them, for there was no one in authority to say them nay. The tall

oarsmen bent to their task, and Felion felt his blood beat faster when he saw the huge oars swing high, then drop and bend in the water, as the raft swung straight in its course, and passed on safe through the narrow slide, into the white rapids below, which licked the long timbers, as with white tongues, and tossed spray upon the sad voyagers. Felion remembered the day when he left his own child behind, and sprang from the bridge to the raft whereon were the children of the little city, and saved them.

And when he tried to be angry now, the thought of the children as they watched him, with his broken leg striving against their peril, softened his heart. He shook his head, for suddenly there came to him the memory of a time threescore years before when he and the foundryman's daughter had gone hunting flag-flowers by the little trout stream, of the songs they sang together at the festivals, she in her sweet Quaker garb and demure Quaker beauty, he lithe, alert, and full of the joy of life and loving. As he sat so, thinking, he wondered where she was, and why he should be thinking of her now, facing the dreary sorrow of this pestilence and his own anger and vengeance. He nodded softly to the waving trees far down in the valley, for his thoughts had drifted on to his wife as he first saw her. She stood bare-armed among the wild grape vines by a wall of rock, the dew of rich life on her lip and forehead, her grey eyes swimming with a soft light; and looking at her he had loved her at once, as he had loved, on the instant, the little child that came to him later; as he had loved the girl into which the child grew, till she left him and came back no more. Why had he never gone in search of her?

He got to his feet involuntarily and stepped towards the door, looking down into the valley. As his eyes rested on the little city his face grew dark, but his eyes were troubled, and presently grew bewildered, for out of a green covert near, there stepped a pretty boy, who came to him with frank unabashed face and a half-shy smile.

Felion did not speak at first, but stood looking, and presently the child, said: "I have come to fetch you."

"To fetch me where, little man?" asked Felion, a light coming into his face, his heart beating faster.

"To my mother. She is sick."

"Where is your mother?" Felion asked incredulously, for this thing seemed to him not at all natural—he was as yet in a dream, and,

somehow, the look in the lad's face fitted in with his visions, in likeness and in feeling.

"She's in the village down there," answered the boy, pointing.

In spite of himself, Felion smiled in a sour sort of way, for the boy had called the place a village, and he enjoyed the unconscious irony.

"What is the matter with her?" asked Felion, beckoning the lad inside.

The lad came and stood in the doorway, looking round curiously, while the old man sat down and looked at him, moved, he knew not why.

The bright steel of Felion's axe, standing in the corner, caught the lad's eye and held it. Felion saw, and said: "What are you thinking of?"

The lad answered: "Of the axe. When I'm bigger I will cut down trees, and build a house, a bridge, and a city. Aren't you coming quick to help my mother? She will die if you don't come."

Felion did not answer, and from the trees without two women watched his face darken.

"Why should I come?" asked Felion, curiously.

"Because she's sick, and she's my mother."

"Why should I do it because she's your mother?"

"I don't know," the lad answered, and his brow knitted, in the attempt to think it out, "but I like you." He came and stood beside the old man, and looked into his face with a pleasant confidence. "If your mother was sick, and I could heal her, I would—I know I would,—I wouldn't be afraid to go down into the village."

Here was rebuke, love, and impeachment, all in one, and the old man half started from his seat, for now it came to him that someone might accuse him of fear, for not going down to the little city.

"Did you think I was afraid?" he asked of the boy, as simply as might a child of a child, so near are children and wise men in their thoughts.

"I knew if you didn't it'd be because you were angry or were afraid, and you didn't look angry."

"How does one look when one is angry?"

"Like my father."

"And how does your father look?"

"My father's dead."

"Did he die of the plague?" asked Felion, laying his hand on the lad's shoulder.

"No," said the lad quickly, and shut his lips tight.

"Won't you tell me?" asked Felion, with a strange inquisitiveness.

"No. Mother'll tell you, but I won't"; and the lad's eyes filled with tears.

"Poor boy! poor boy!" said Felion, and his hand tightened on the small shoulder.

"Don't be sorry for me, be sorry for mother, please!" said the boy, and he laid a hand on the old man's knee, and that touch went to a heart long closed against the little city below, and Felion rose and said, "I will go with you to your mother."

Then he went into another room, and the boy came near the axe, and ran his fingers along the bright steel, and fondled the handle as does a hunter the tried weapon which has been his through many seasons. When the old man came back he said to the boy: "Why do you look at the axe?"

"I don't know," was the answer; "maybe because my mother used to sing a song about the woodcutters."

Without a word, and thinking much, he stepped out into the path leading to the little city, the lad holding one hand. Years afterwards men spoke, with a sort of awe or reverence, of seeing the beautiful stranger lad leading old Felion into the plague-stricken place; and how, as they passed, women threw themselves at Felion's feet, begging him to save their loved ones. And a drunkard cast his arm round the old man's shoulder and sputtered foolish pleadings in his ear; but Felion only waved them back gently, and said: "Bye-and-bye, bye-and-bye—God help us all!"

And now a fevered hand snatched at him from a doorway, moanings came from everywhere, and more than once he almost stumbled over a dead body; others he saw being carried away to the graveyard for hasty burial. Few were the mourners that followed, and the faces of those who watched the processions go by were set and drawn. The sunlight and the green trees seemed an insult to the dead.

They passed into the house where the sick woman lay, and some met him at the door with faces of joy and meaning; for now they knew the woman, and would have spoken to him of her; but he waved them by, and put his fingers upon his lips, and went where a fire burned

in a kitchen, and brewed his medicines. And the child entered the room where his mother lay, and presently he came to the kitchen and said: "She is asleep—my mother."

The old man looked down at him a moment steadily, and a look of bewilderment came into his face. But he turned away again to the simmering pots. The boy went to the window, and, leaning upon the sill, began to hum softly a sort of chant, while he watched a lizard running hither and thither in the sun. As he hummed, the old man listened, and presently, with his medicines in his hands, and a half-startled look, he came over to the lad.

"What are you humming?" he asked.

The lad answered: "A song of the woodcutters."

"Sing it again," said Felion.

The lad began to sing:

Here shall I build me my cedar house,
A city with gates, a road to the sea,—
For I am the lord of the Earth.
Hew! Hew!

The old man stopped him. "What is your name?"

"My name is Felion," answered the lad, and he put his face close to the jug that held the steaming tinctures, but the old man caught the little chin in his huge hand, and bent back the head, looking long into the lad's eyes. At last he caught little Felion's hand, and hurried into the other room, where the woman lay. The old man came quickly to her, and looked into her face. Seeing, he gave a broken cry and said: "Malise, my dear daughter, Malise!"

He drew her to his breast, and as he did so he groaned aloud, for he knew that inevitable Death was waiting for her at the door. He straightened himself up, clasped the child to his breast, and said: "I, too, am Felion, my little son."

And then he set about to defeat that dark hovering figure at the door.

For three long hours he sat beside her, giving her little by little his potent medicines; and now and again he stopped his mouth with his hand, lest he should cry out, and his eyes never wavered from her face, not even to the boy, who lay asleep in the corner.

At last his look relaxed its vigilance, for a dewy look passed over the woman's face, and she opened her eyes, and saw him, and gave a little cry of "Father!" and was straightway lost in his arms.

"I have come home to die," she said.

"No, no, to live," he answered firmly. "Why did you not send me word all these long years?"

"My husband was in shame, in prison, and I in sorrow," she answered sadly. "I could not."

"He is——" he paused. "He did evil?"

"He is dead," she said. "It is better so." Her eyes wandered round the room restlessly, and then fixed upon the sleeping child, and a smile passed over her face. She pointed to the lad.

The old man nodded. "He brought me here," he said gently. Then he got to his feet. "You must sleep now," he added, and he gave her a cordial. "I must go forth and save the sick."

"It is a plague?" she asked.

He nodded. "They said you would not come to save them," she continued reproachfully. "You came to me because I was your Malise, only for that?"

"No, no," he answered, "I knew not who you were, I came to save a mother to her child."

"Thank God, my father," she said. With a smile she hid her face in the pillow; and, leaving the two asleep, old Felion went forth into the little city, and the people flocked to him, and for many days he came and went ceaselessly; and once more he saved the city, and the people blessed him: and the years go on.

GILBERT PARKER.

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THE SONG OF THE BANJO

YOU couldn't pack a Broadwood half a mile—
You mustn't leave a fiddle in the damp—
You couldn't raft an organ up the Nile,
And play it in an Equatorial swamp.
I travel with the cooking-pots and pails—
I'm sandwiched 'tween the coffee and the pork—
And when the dusty column checks and tails,
You should hear me spur the rearguard to a walk!

With my "*Pilly-willy-winky-winky popp!*"
[O it's any tune that comes into my head!]
So I keep 'em moving forward till they drop;
So I play 'em up to water and to bed.

In the silence of the camp before the fight,
When it's good to make your will and say your prayer,
You can hear my *strumpty-tumpty* overnight
Explaining ten to one was always fair.
I'm the prophet of the Utterly Absurd,
Of the Patently Impossible and Vain.
And when the Thing that Couldn't has occurred,
Give me time to change my leg and go again.

With my "*Tumpa-tumpa-tumpa-tum-pa tump!*"
In the desert where the dung-fed camp-smoke curled
There was never voice before us till I led our lonely chorus,
I—the war-drum of the English round the world!

By the bitter path the Younger Son must tread,
Ere he win to hearth and saddle of his own,—
'Mid the riot of the shearers at the shed,
In the silence of the herder's hut alone—

In the twilight, on a bucket upside down,
 Hear me babble what the weakest won't confess—
 I am Memory and Torment—I am Town!
 I am all that ever went with evening dress!
 With my "*Tunk-a tunka-tunka-tunka-tunk!*"
 [So the lights—the London lights—grow near and plain!]
 So I rowel 'em afresh towards the Devil and the Flesh,
 Till I bring my broken rankers home again.

In desire of many marvels over sea,
 Where the new-raised tropic city sweats and roars,
 I have sailed with Young Ulysses from the quay
 Till the anchor rumbled down on stranger shores.
 He is blooded to the open and the sky,
 He is taken in a snare that shall not fail,
 He shall hear me singing strongly, till he die,
 Like the shouting of a backstay in a gale.
 With my "*Hya! Heeya! Heeya! Hullah! Haul!*"
 [O the green that thunders aft along the deck!]
 Are you sick o' towns and men? You must sign and sail again,
 For it's "Johnny Bowlegs, pack your kit and trek!"

Through the gorge that gives the stars at noon-day clear—
 Up the pass that packs the scud beneath our wheel—
 Round the bluff that sinks her thousand fathom sheer—
 Down the valley with our guttering breaks asqueal:
 Where the trestle groans and quivers in the snow,
 Where the many-shedded levels loop and twine,
 So I lead my reckless children from below
 Till we sing the Song of Roland to the pine.
 With my "*Tink-a-tinka-tinka-tinka tink!*"
 [O the axe has cleared the mountain, croup and crest!]
 So we ride the iron stallions down to drink,
 Through the cañons to the waters of the West!

And the tunes that mean so much to you alone—
 Common tunes that make you choke and blow your nose,
 Vulgar tunes that bring the laugh that brings the groan—
 I can rip your very heartstrings out with those;

With the feasting, and the folly, and the fun—
 And the lying, and the lusting, and the drink,
 And the merry play that drops you, when you're done,
 To the thoughts that burn like irons if you think.

With my "*Plunka-lunka-lunka-lunka-lunk!*"
 Here's a trifle on account of pleasure past,
 Ere the wit that made you win gives you eyes to see your sin
 And the heavier repentance at the last.

Let the organ moan her sorrow to the roof—
 I have told the naked stars the grief of man.
 Let the trumpets snare the foeman to the proof—
 I have known Defeat, and mocked it as we ran.
 My bray ye may not alter nor mistake
 When I stand to jeer the fatted Soul of Things,
 But the Song of Lost Endeavour that I make,
 Is it hidden in the twanging of the strings?

With my "*Ta-ra-rara-rara-ra-ra-rrrrp!*"
 [Is it naught to you that hear and pass me by?]
 But the word—the word is mine, when the order moves the line
 And the lean, locked ranks go roaring down to die.

The grandam of my grandam was the Lyre—
 [O the blue below the little fisher huts!]
 That the Stealer stooping beachward filled with fire,
 Till she bore my iron head and ringing guts!
 By the wisdom of the centuries I speak—
 To the tune of yestermorn I set the truth—
 I, the joy of life unquestioned—I, the Greek—
 I, the everlasting Wonder Song of Youth!

With my "*Tinka-tinka-tinka-tinka-tink!*"
 [What d'ye lack, my noble masters? What d'ye lack?]
 So I draw the world together link by link:
 Yea, from Delos up to Limerick and back!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE INTEREST OF THE LIEGES

“ La première (place) est à la noblesse, à qui sont dévolus de droit tous les grands postes (sauf les rares exceptions ordonnées par le rare mérite) Ici les hommes superficiels s'écrient. Mais pourquoi donc donner des entraves au talent ? Qu'est-ce que la naissance et les richesses ont de commun avec le mérite ? &c., &c. . . . Le propriétaire seul est réellement citoyen : on doit sans doute à tous les autres justice, protection, et liberté dans toutes leurs opérations légitimes ; mais ils doivent se laisser mener. L'homme noble, l'homme riche, l'homme suffisamment poli par la littérature et par les sciences morales, a tout ce qu'il faut pour gouverner.”—JOSEPH DE MAISTRE : *Quatre chapitres inédits sur la Russie*.

“ Je sens en moi une singulière pente, singulière du moins en ce temps. J'ai l'esprit de roture comme je voudrais que les gentilshommes eussent l'esprit de noblesse. Si je pouvais rétablir la noblesse, je le ferais tout de suite, et je ne m'en mettrais pas.”—LOUIS VEUILLOT : *les Odeurs de Paris*.

I T once struck a jocular writer as laughable that Sir Charles Dilke should end a speech on politics by a quotation from Joseph de Maistre. Where the absurdity of quoting one of the greatest of all political writers in a political speech lay, the funny man did not explain, and it would show a rather pedantic want of understanding of the conditions of his trade to ask him for his reasons. If he had thought it odd that a Radical politician should quote Joseph de Maistre of all men, the remark would have had some point, though not much ; no greater, no more effective enemy of all that we call radical ever lived and fought in this world than the Savoyard gentleman who wrote the *Soirées de St. Pétersbourg*. He never did better service against them than in those Four Chapters from which I make the quotation at the head of this article. They are credited on good evidence with having persuaded Alexander I to renounce those “ reforms ” which would infallibly have disorganised Russia at the very moment of her struggle for life against Napoleon. It was a great service to Europe, and it was into the bargain an instance of the essential veracity of Joseph de Maistre's ideas. No crowd would have listened to his arguments, and no authority less than that of a Czar, ruling by Divine Right, could have quieted the fermentation which was threatening Russia. Now, it was of the very essence of

Joseph de Maistre's whole teaching that you cannot govern with a crowd, and that all authority to be effective must be based on something above the consent of the governed.

It is the distinguishing feature of every great political writer, that his sayings are of universal application. The political journalist, even when he is Junius, or when he writes the *Conduct of the Allies* or the *Public Spirit of the Whigs*, is of no value apart from the particular events and doings of the persons he happens to be writing about; but you may take all the proper names out of Burke or Joseph de Maistre without in the least diminishing their value. This quotation is itself a case in point. Maistre's doctrine—that the business of government should be left to those who are prepared to do it by birth and training—is as necessary now as it was when he persuaded the Czar Alexander not to give the government of Russia into the hands of such as had no claim but their "merit." The platitudes which he swept aside are still repeated. We may still hear the question, "Why put shackles on ability?" and "What have birth and riches in common with merit?" The answers he gave are still to the point.

The world, indeed, has listened little enough to the aristocratic Savoyard. His sole disciple was the Czar. The theories he attacked are not only taken for granted, but also we have in many countries advanced to the point of thinking that birth and wealth are disqualifications. Whoever agrees with Joseph de Maistre now may think himself politely treated if he is only called "reactionary." The word "snob" is very likely to be used in his case, particularly in certain quarters where want of birth and of wealth is combined with a very intense consciousness of the possession of merits deserving to be rewarded by great posts. And yet one can ask with some confidence what the world has gained by preferring more "enlightened" ideas before his. It has not acted on them to the full as yet, but it has gone far and its gains are not very visible. America has taken its government out of the control of the nearest approach to a class of gentlemen it possessed, and in so doing it has given itself over to the "boss," and the "machine politician." In about the same time France has gone over the same course. The fall has been from a higher level, and there have been more stages in the decline. There have been one man of very great genius (who, by the way, was not a Frenchman) and a generation of very clever fellows, on the way down to the present democratic plain. Guizot

and Thiers were, at least, considerable men. They have been much quoted as examples of the happy results of removing obstacles from the path of talent. The work has been effectually done in France, with the result that it has reached a generation in which the late M. Jules Ferry towered as a forest tree. The Panama scandal, too, may well inspire some doubts whether or not the loss in talent has been compensated by an increase in honesty. And, while democracy with its "enlightened" ideas has been reaching this stage, the countries which have not lost their "governing class" are still ruled with faculty, and now and then by great statesmen. Even we have not quite come down to the bygone Mr. Blaine, and to the present little men in France whose names it is so hard to keep in memory. Germany, Austria, Russia, all aristocratically governed countries, can show vigorous intelligent rule, and one very great statesman. It can scarce be said that birth had no share in helping the House of Savoy to direct the unification of Italy, nor even in marking out Cavour as the minister of Victor Emmanuel.

It is surely odd that those of us whose lot it is to be governed should not be led by the contrast to entertain some doubts of the admirable results of *la carrière ouverte aux talents*. For to be governed is the lot of all but a very few of us, and our interest is that the work should be done well. We profit as good as nothing by the fact that one aspiring tailor's son out of a hundred thousand can become Secretary of State. We have not necessarily any greater share of "justice, protection, and liberty in our lawful occasions," because from among five hundred thousand workmen, one journeyman mechanical engineer who has got tired of the file, can, by ranting on the stump, and assiduous use of the trade union, get himself into Parliament, and set well on the road which leads to a place "with a pension." Before we rejoice in the success of these Sons of Genius we may fairly ask what good it is to us? Indeed, there is another preliminary question which may be put: Why success in this kind of work should necessarily be taken as proof of the talent which fits a man to govern? The aspiring tailor's son has probably got a scholarship, as thousands do, and with thousands has gone to the Bar. At some lucky date he has been one rising junior among a hundred, with his eye on Parliament as a useful place to push his fortunes in. Time and chance combining to serve, he has got a seat, and has become a political lawyer. Is he a better

man than his ninety-nine contemporaries who stick to the Bar, who do not use it as a stepping-stone to Parliament, and Parliament as a ladder by which to mount to a Secretaryship of State? Is the discontented workman who takes to the trade of agitator a more clever fellow (I need not ask whether he is more useful) than another who sticks to his last and succeeds in his own business? There seems to be a belief that these two types of the adventurer are men of particular ability. One would like to see their claim established by argument.

There would be good cause to refuse our enthusiasm to whatever can smooth the road for the two, and the numerous variations on them, if all we had to say was that we gain nothing by their rise in the world. Our interest is to be well governed; and unless the Political Lawyer and the Labour Agitator can secure us better government, they might as well have been left to pursue their first trades. Their prosperity may be very interesting to themselves and their friends. There is no reason why it should be seen with any particular pleasure by the world which does not know them. But that is not all. No sooner is the career opened to talents than we are called upon to supply talents with incomes. The poor wise man, conscious of ability to save the city if only he can get the chance, must have a subsistence in the meanwhile. In order that he may be there when needed he must live; and to enable him to do that there must be Payment of Members. There is not a country in the world which has opened the career to talents which has not also saddled itself with a charge for the wages of its legislators larger than the Civil List of any Crown in Europe. We are threatened with the same burden; and we are very like to have to bear it unless we revolt in time against one of the most idiotic of modern superstitions.

If politics be an experimental science—which is a rather pompous way of saying, if we have any reason to go by experience in politics—then the throwing open of the gates to those whom the excitement and the prizes of public life attract does not tend to good government. Whoever has attended the debates of local Parliaments (it is not a practice to be much followed, but in moderation it is useful) must have noticed the two types of men who rule therein. The Unsettled Workman, with a dash of mother wit, and a great flow of words, is one. He is not uncommonly Scotch, or Irish, or half-Irish. But the prevailing type is the Lawyer, and he is frequently a Jew, or parcel Jew. His knowledge is not great, and his sincerity is less than dubious. His practice is, you learn, mostly in the lower branches.

His knowledge, as you soon see for yourself, is confined to text-books, and the commonplaces of the papers. But his capacity for shining in a local Parliament is undeniable. He is quick, fluent, ready with his objections, and his formulæ, trained to have his wits about him, and he has long applied his faculties to the art of bamboozling. It is amusing to see how superior he is at this kind of game to slow men of twice his intrinsic faculty who sit about him. Now these are the men who will obstruct every path leading to office (which is the power of governing us) if once the possession of independent means ceases to be necessary to the Member of Parliament. The real lawyer, the genuine workman, will not turn from their trade to politics till they have made their fortunes. But for the political lawyer and the workman agitator politics is a trade, the only one they care to follow. They have flooded the French Chamber of Deputies, and every other chamber from which they have not been debarred by birth and wealth, and wherever they have penetrated in numbers they have reduced all to a dead level of vulgarity, tainted with corruption. For to the end they are adventurers, and must be. Their salary is an unsafe thing, and may be filched from them by some other fluent talent pushing its fortunes in the world. They are every whit as much toadies and flatterers as any king's favourite, or the hangers-on of any minister. They toady and flatter the mob and the caucus. They belong to the race of Wright and Powis, and Williams, and Sawyer, and Scroggs. They will hold any brief for which they are paid. The persons just named, did a king's dirty work at the Bar and on the Bench. Their modern representatives look rather to the Legislative Chamber, and to the Mob, as their masters.

Thinking purely with regard to my own interests, and as one who wants to be intelligently and honestly governed, these are the men from whom I most devoutly pray to be protected. Judging from experience, which is our only guide, I know of no effectual protection, except that the business of government should be left to gentlemen (the proper translation of *noblesse*, which we persist in rendering by "nobility," a very different thing in English), to men of property, and to men of education. Those "rares exceptions ordonnées par le rare mérite" may, perhaps, be allowed for; though I am not sure that Joseph de Maistre did not, with a weakness very unusual in him, sacrifice the principle by this concession. After all, one Beaconsfield may be made the excuse for fifty Brummagem imitations. At any

rate, let us be sure that what we except is "rare merit," and there is no better security than this: that the path to power shall not be made too easy to mere cleverness in intrigue. The man of genius may at least be called upon to prove his quality before he is admitted to a place among those who govern, by conquering very great obstacles.

All rich men are not gentlemen, neither are they all educated men. But it is not proposed to give power to any man merely because he is rich, though it might be argued that he is fitter than the workman who prefers agitation to the Shop, or the lawyer who prefers the caucus to the Bar. The argument is, that a rich class will, on the average, be most likely to produce men fit to govern. A particular member may not himself be wealthy. The younger Pitt had a very small fortune; but then, he belonged to the class, and had the advantages of its training. It is less likely that men of that class will be adventurers than men who have had to force their way up. Fitness for public functions, too, is a matter of training. It is much more likely to be found where men are brought up in the expectation of taking their part in public life. Mr. Freeman has somewhere very truly said that where men know that they have a good prospect of office if they qualify themselves, they have every motive for exertion. Assure a small aristocracy that it will have power whether it is capable or not, and it will not improbably govern very ill, though exclusive aristocracies—the Venetian, for an example—have shown a wonderful governing capacity over long periods. Assure an aristocracy that because it is "noble" (which we ought to translate "gentle") it shall have no voice in government, and it will be in extreme peril of becoming idle and dissolute. But where the road to honour is open to those who make government the business of their lives, they produce, on the whole, the greatest number of capable rulers.

No one need be under any fear that his talent and his merit will be stifled merely because he is not helped from the counter or the workshop to a seat in Parliament, and supported while pushing his fortunes at the public expense. Art, literature, science, all learning, the Bar, all business are open to talent and to merit, which can be shown in many other fields than politics. Indeed, real merit and talent are commonly content with their own kingdoms, are not at all eager to mingle with the work of government; are anxious only to be well governed. No class need fear that its "view will not be properly put forth," to use the common cant phrase, because it does not speak by the mouth of one of

its own members, whose dearest ambition is to get out of it. All Members of Parliament are elected, and must consider their electors. The danger is that they will do it too much. The best guarantee for their independence we can have—and as the times go it is a poor one—is that they shall not be dependent on their electors for bread and butter. It is a kind of inverted snobbery, a rebellious flunkeyism which gets such tender treatment for the demands of the mere adventurer in our days. He is an adventurer, and nothing else, who, turning from his own trade before he has earned an independence by it, betakes himself to political life. Once in a century he may be also a man of genius ; but for thousands of times in every generation he is a pushing adventurer with a share of the smartness which unfits a man for any kind of regular industry. The support he gets is partly due to a maudlin sentiment, partly to a silly snobbery which makes men think they are in some way proving their own right to be considered as good as anybody else, when they help one of their own class to a Secretaryship, or even an Under-Secretaryship. As a matter of fact, they are helping the Agitator, who is a self-seeking pest, and the "Attorney Species," which is the degradation of everything it touches. In the United States, in France, all over Southern Europe, which is a creature of the French Revolution, they have dragged all government down to the level of pettifogging mediocrity. They have been as corrupt as ever was any aristocracy, and have shown not a trace of an aristocracy's virtues, which are political sense and the power of producing strong personalities. Why should I be asked to help them to office, and pay taxes to relieve their poverty, who have my own bread to earn, and who fear them as I do the gates of hell? What interest have I, who want to see the country governed with dignity and spirit, and to have justice, protection, and liberty in my lawful occasions, in seeing power over me in the hands of second-rate Lawyers and Workmen who have shirked their trade

&C. THE YOUNGER.

THE GENTLE ART OF MUSICAL CRITICISM

The reciprocal civility of authors is one of the most risible scenes in the farce of life.—DR. JOHNSON.

RASH though the statement sounds, I venture to assert that some advance, some small movement in the direction of reason and propriety, has of late been made in the theory, if not in the practice, of musical criticism. To suggest, not so long ago, that this second-hand art, like the other second-hand arts, its fellows—literary, dramatic, and art criticism—demanded, in the first place, æsthetic sensitiveness, in the second, a certain minimum of literary skill and tact, and was not rendered impossible by knowledge, by clearness and sanity of judgment, nor by a humorous or even a poetic temperament—to suggest this, I say, was to set taverns roaring. For the “old” critics believed in the “method” they followed quite as firmly as they believed in Mr. Ruskin and the Ten Commandments, and for exactly the same reason: namely, that it had never, to their limited knowledge, been questioned. They held themselves and each other in mighty respect. In the early days they nicknamed one of the craft, Mr. J. W. Davison, “prince of musical critics,” because he was blindest of them all, and often dared to rush in where a man with eyes would certainly have feared to tread. After Mr. Davison’s withdrawal they transferred their allegiance to Mr. Joseph Bennett, who, on Mr. Davison’s own lines, “went,” not “one” but, say, fifty “better” than Mr. Davison. They had a score or so stereotyped phrases; and these appeared day after day kaleidoscopically, now in one kind of disorder, now in another, and—to a man who wanted to get at some definite notion of the matter “criticised”—each worse confused and more confusing than the last. Had you hinted that these phrases applied as well to one artist or composition as to another, and therefore conveyed no precise meaning, and, in a word, had better be let drop, the feelings of the Old Critics would have resembled (to take an extreme simile) those of an enthusiastic missionary, who should be requested to put off the dusky livery of his calling and turn chief of a cannibal tribe. As matter of fact, no one interfered with the Old Critics. But for their own folly they might

to this day be writing that "Miss A. played with her customary good taste," that "the part of Nebuchadnezzar was safe in the hands of Mr. B.," that "Dr. C.'s oratorio, *Jonah in the Whale's Belly* (written as a degree exercise), bears the stamp of the composer's genius on every page, and is a work of which English music may well be proud"—this sort of thing might still be pouring forth unstinted, while the "new" Critics might smile a contented smile, but certainly make no other comment. But the Old Critics did not know their luck. When Mr. Bernard Shaw began to write genuine criticism, and to put cleverness, feeling, wit, and knowledge into it, there was not a critic in Fleet Street who could not point to Mr. Shaw's knowledge, wit, feeling, and cleverness, as so many proofs that he knew nothing of music, and was, in fact, no musical critic at all. It is needless to describe the ensuing battle. It lasted, intermittently, some four or five years; indeed, a guerilla warfare still goes on. But when the smoke of the main combat cleared away towards the end of last year the "new" men were to be seen unharmed, while some of the "Old" seemed, but only seemed, to have had their prejudices shot away. Mr. Fuller Maitland, after declining my invitation to come over to the side of reason and propriety, and writing from the other side, admitted (in *The Musical Courier*, last autumn) that musical criticism should be all the "new" men wished. He had, however, apparently given the matter insufficient consideration, for he qualified this with the odd remark that technical terminology remained an insuperable hindrance to the realisation of the ideal. More recently, Mr. E. F. Jacques, a runaway from the aforesaid school, in the discussion following a lecture on musical criticism delivered by Mr. Sidney Thomson, under the auspices of the Society of Women Journalists, astounded his audience by a wise utterance. He said (in effect) that unless a man was artistic, and possessed of clear discernment and mental balance, of technical knowledge and literary power, he was "not fitted to fill the post of musical critic to any responsible paper"; and I, who listened, heard this quasi-official acknowledgment of the advance in musical criticism with equal wonder and delight.

II.

This, however, is a mere change of position. The Old Critics do admit in fact, that criticism need not be illiterate; but in their practice they have not budged an inch, and the change of front in theory would seem to be solely for the purpose of fighting the younger men to greater

advantage. Why they should want to fight at all is not very clear, unless indeed they want to get back to the old state of things, when every man might hold and draw the emoluments of half-a-dozen offices. Anyhow, they insist upon fighting, and will possibly have their fill, or more than their fill, of it before they have done. The younger men, they repeatedly declare (now loudly to the public, now in an impressive whisper to a misguided editor), give but untutored impressions, restrained by no sense of responsibility, supported by no knowledge. The inference is, not only that the younger men should be ejected and their places given to their elders (pluralists in grain) who know the value of stereotype, but that these elders have the very qualities the others lack, and never have fallen, never do, and never will fall into error. Now before considering these points let us briefly note the assurance with which the older men go forth to harry and to slay their junior colleagues ; an examination of their own achievements will then enable us to judge whether that assurance is not a little unbecoming.

My purpose compels me to recall a piece of ancient history. Last year, in the windy month of March, the Bach Choir, under the direction of Professor Villiers Stanford, gave a disgraceful performance of Bach's *Matthew Passion*. The musical critic of *The Pall Mall Gazette* did not call the performance disgraceful. "The performance at the Queen's Hall, last night," he wrote, "of Bach's *Passion* according to St. Matthew by the Bach Choir, under the direction of Professor Villiers Stanford, was naturally an event to be expected with some eagerness. Now that all is over, one can scarcely realise the depth of disappointment in which one grovelled. We began with a spirit of warm approval. This splendid, this highest achievement of musical genius appealed, as it should do, at the outset by reason of its own force and compulsion. One forgets, with the beginning of any such interpretation of such a work, to be minutely critical. One is inclined to lapse into mere enjoyment. Unfortunately, this was not long possible last night. After the first flush of immemorial delight, there came a gradual and startling awakening. Mr. Robert Kaufman had come from Germany to please us ; but, after the initial pleasure, one could not but recognise the spasmodic character of his style, and his lack of the knowledge of his own vocal possibility ; once, indeed, he ran very near breaking down altogether. The choruses, too, were seen to be, first timid, then—we regret to say—unfeeling. The orchestra played with some fineness, indeed, yet well within any Bach orchestral ideal. Mr. Salmond sang with a sincere kind of insincerity. Miss

Fillunger was not equal to the exacting demands of the soprano part. Miss Marie Brema and Mr. David Bispham indeed sang with extreme conscientiousness; and Mr. Villiers Stanford conducted. Mr. Stanford is a most excellent musician, a man of delicate musical sympathies, and of occasional musical exquisiteness; but is he—well, is he?—quite the ideal conductor of Bach's music? There was an exotic languor over the whole interpretation which suited so ill with Bach that, though it was useless to be very angry—we had our Bach after all—filled, and could not but fill, every conscientious listener with a world of regrets and disappointments.”—*Pall Mall Gazette*, March 16th, 1894.

Whether the critic was right or wrong, could he have uttered his opinion with greater restraint and courtesy? But his suggestion that one of the ring that rules things musical in England was something less than an ideal conductor proved too much for the other members of that ring. With unparalleled ingenuousness, five “eminent musicians” “protested” “in the name of English music” against his verdict. The document deserves reprinting, if only as a warning to all future Academics never to write anything in a temper. Here it is:—“SIR, —We desire to utter an emphatic protest, in the name of English music, against the article which appeared in *The Pall Mall Gazette* of the 16th instant on the subject of the performance of Bach's *Passion* according to St. Matthew, given by the Bach Choir on the previous evening. Musicians in London know by this time how much value to attach to the strange utterances on the art which are appearing in your columns; and the sheer ineptitude of the whole notice, like the attempt to take refuge behind such a fatuous paradox as ‘a sincere kind of insincerity’ need cause no more than the usual amount of amused contempt. As, however, *The Pall Mall Gazette* has a foreign circulation, it is necessary that the reporter's observations on the performance should not go unchallenged or be accepted on the Continent as representing the views of English musicians. The falsity of his remarks is so patent to every musician who was present at the concert that they might be ascribed to wilful malice did not experience of the writer's style prove them to be merely the result of his profound ignorance.—We remain, yours faithfully,

• “A. C. MACKENZIE, P.R.A.M.

“G. GROVE, Director R.C.M.

“OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT, late Director of the Bach Choir.

“WALTER PARRATT, Master of the Queen's Music.

C. HUBERT H. PARRY.”

Apart from its ingenuousness, the claim of these gentlemen to speak for "English music" was extravagant. A strong minority, at least, if not an actual majority, would emphatically deny that Sir George Grove and Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, amateurs, Sir W. Parratt, an organist, Sir A. C. Mackenzie, a composer of very dull music and an uninteresting conductor, and Dr. Parry, a writer of oratorios and of articles on the technology of music, represented anything save English Academicism. But whatever they might represent, and whether he of *The Pall Mall* was right or wrong, there are two reasons why every critic should have resented this "protest." First, it was no protest, but, as *The National Observer* said, an attempt to "square the Press": to force the Editor of *The Pall Mall* by weight of authority into gagging, or summarily ejecting his critic; and, as a matter of feeling, then, or, if you like it better, of etiquette, the critics, New and Old, should have sunk their private differences and come to the rescue of the fellow-craftsman attacked. Second, if feeling and etiquette were nothing, self-preservation should have prompted the Old men to resist the encroachment of a censorship which might become as intolerably irksome as that exercised by the Royal Academy of Arts in the days before its fall. These considerations counted for nothing with the Old Critics; and their conduct appears doubly odious when we remember that they must have known that he of *The Pall Mall* had a great deal of right on his side. For the world yet waits to learn whether the five Academics were or were not at the concert; and their silence has encouraged a belief that they were not. Further, I can testify that a musician so distinguished that he has, at least, as strong a claim as any of the five to speak for "English music," quitted the hall at the end of the first part of the *Matthew Passion* with every appearance of impatience, if not of disgust. Last, many papers condemned the performance in language less measured than that used by *The Pall Mall Gazette*. These facts, I say, had no influence whatever upon the "Old" Critics. *The Pall Mall* man was a "New" Critic and must no longer breathe this vital air; and with one consent the Olds got out their tomahawks and went after the offender. With the honourable exception of *The Musical Standard* the "professional" musical press joined in the cheerful hunt. A Mr. de Nevers wrote to *The Pall Mall*, asking: "May I be allowed a few words in reference of (*sic*) your column?" and proceeded to demonstrate, with irrefragable logic and in very refragable English, that the criticism of *The Pall Mall* should

be held by "an expert": should be held, that is (if I read the letter aright) by Mr. de Nevers. Mr. Southgate, then editor of *Musical News* (a penny weekly), also wrote to *The Pall Mall*, proving the critic to be absolutely wrong; for had not Sir George Grove edited dictionaries, made analytical programmes, organised schools, concerts, shows, and circuses, built bridges, and heaven knows what besides? Mr. Charles Graves, who is understood to be critic of *The Daily Graphic*, and is certainly on the committee of the Bach Choir, and sang at the famous concert as a member of the chorus, poured forth his unbiassed soul in a letter accusing *The Pall Mall* of "suppression" and other crimes. The others, some openly, some anonymously, suggested that *The Pall Mall* man was a fool, an idiot, a humbug, a malicious maniac, and, in short, had better be removed with all possible haste. Luckily the editor of *The Pall Mall* was not the squeezable person they thought. He declined their kind suggestions; and he laughed at the five Academics, telling them they were five nobodies who had better get back to their counterpoint. The offender took the matter lightly enough. He insisted that his opinion was as good as any musical doctor's in the kingdom, treated the pigeon-English of Mr. de Nevers with the contempt of silence, and prescribed a natural and easy remedy for the hysteria of Mr. Graves.

The moral is plain. Unless you turn out the old, old *clichés*; unless you fill your columns with profound references to consecutive fifths, and the birth- and death-dates of composers and popular singers, the Old Critics and the Academics of this land (who should have read their Schumann, their Berlioz, and their Wagner, and so know better) at once assume that you are ignorant, inept, fatuous, and so forth, but chiefly ignorant—ignorant, that is, of the technique of music. And unless you receive with a pleased and grateful smile whatever is done by the "heads of the profession," you are rash, presumptuous, wholly without judgment, and worthy the scorn of decent (and obedient) men. I might give many instances. To descend to so humble a person as myself, I had occasion to condemn some organ music sent me for review by Messrs. Novello; and though I gave high praise to certain songs issued by the same firm, they declined to advertise any longer in the paper wherein the review appeared, with the remark that I was an incompetent person—this to my Editor, of course. Moreover, Messrs. Novello's monthly price list, *The Musical Times and Singing Class Circular*, declared that "even

those who are the butts of this comic reviewer cannot complain. The fooling is so obvious that the most simple reader will not take it seriously." Messrs. Novello showed that they were no simpler than their simplest reader, and did "not take it seriously" by adopting, doubtless in a spirit of pure fun, the course I have mentioned. But instead of accumulating instances, let me give a small selection from the divers terms of endearment applied to the New Critics of late. It may serve as a contribution towards some future *Critic's Lexicon of Abuse*:—

"The writer . . . whose vulgar remarks . . . His erratic performances . . . A man of insignificant powers . . . ready to adopt, and to offensively (*sic*) proclaim, any wild theory of studied insolence . . . Name calling, unmerited abuse . . . The fanfaronade of abuse he sets down . . . A contrapuntal devil—counterpoint is a form of music (!) quite beyond his knowledge . . . This wild person's sneers . . . Abuse is not criticism . . . The calling of offensive names . . . no cultured person"—(Mr. T. L. Southgate works in a bank)—"mistakes this for criticism . . . The writer has earned his reward—contempt" (Leading article in *Musical News*, February 2nd, 1895). "The miserable subject of our protest . . . An irresponsible, feather-brained person . . . His scandalous inuendoes (*sic*) . . . Surely such productions have not been seen outside the columns of the *Eatonswill Gazette* . . . A libel of the grossest kind . . . It was for much less than this that the Earl of Lonsdale got the late Mr. Yates sent to Holloway Goal (*sic*) for a libel that appeared in the *World*, and still less for the offence which, at the suit of Mrs. Weldon, the editor of the *Figaro* was punished (*sic*) in the same manner" (*Musical News*, February 9th, 1895). "Those critics who seem to live only to persuade us that everything we like is bad . . . We wonder if this gentleman ever writes an appreciative notice" (*Musical News*, March 9th, 1895). "A comic reviewer of music . . . The hysterical nonsense slung . . . by impressionist critics" (*Musical Times*, February, 1895). "Musicians watched with amusement the innocent gambols of G.B.S., who did, after all, occasionally, though not often, deviate into accuracy . . . A thing is not necessarily good literature from the mere fact that it is bad criticism" (Letter from Mr. Fuller Maitland). "Drunken helot of musical criticism" (Mr. C. L. Graves, in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, March 18th, 1894). "The 'new criticism,' which consists largely in 'a nice derangement of epitaphs'" (Mr. Joseph Bennett, in *The Musical Times*, May, 1894).

Assurance to spare is surely here displayed! Is it true, then, that

the Old Critics have, and have always had, a monopoly of technical knowledge and sober judgment? Have *all* the mistakes been made by the younger school? Let us see.

III.

It is impossible to read half-a-dozen lines of the "technical" criticism of the *Standard*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Musical Times*, or *Musical News*, without being forced to the conviction that the writers have no more than just such a text-book acquaintance with musical technique as they might get by a course of evening classes at Trinity College; and often not even that. I have waded through long reaches of *The Daily News* and *Truth*, and find that the accusation brought against the New Critics—that they purposely avoid technicalities—applies equally to the gentleman who writes for those papers. He avoids them as religiously as he avoids æsthetic criticism or a literary manner, and fills his columns with a kind of green-room gossip about the doings and sayings of musical artists, interlarded with irrelevant dates. *The Standard* sometimes goes so far as to speak of "old binary form" or a "masterly fugue"; but that, be it noted, shows only that the writer has heard these terms. Mr. Joseph Bennett, of *The Daily Telegraph*, who is spoken of as the "leading critic," and is undoubtedly the leading critic of the Old School—a very different thing—once rashly entered upon a public discussion with the distinguished theorist, Mr. Ebenezer Prout, and made such an exhibition of his unfamiliarity with the commonplaces of music, that Mr. Prout took pity on him and spared him. Mr. Southgate's blunders in *The Musical News* have kept the readers of that organ of officialism amused for some years past. I have played piano duets with the editor of *The Musical Times* and discussed Bach's fugues with him; and I can testify that his theoretical attainments are quite limited and his piano-playing not to compare to that of many less pretentious New Critics. The critic of *The Times* plays the harpsichord prettily; but, as he draws no distinction between a Bach fugue and a Parry fugue, one can only conclude that his practice is stronger than his theory. A rather comical hymn-tune of his making may be found in a book lately compiled by Lady Radnor, and the consecutive (and unresolved) sevenths therein contained are a standing witness to his knowledge of the "laws of part-writing." Of the others, some know a little and some nothing at all. (One who attacked *The Pall Mall* critic rather vehemently, confesses to his friends that he is "only an

amateur.") But it is needless to argue the matter: we have taken each other's measures, and we know very well that the most furious onslaughts on the New men have been delivered by those whose own acquirements were not above suspicion. To examine certain verdicts on artists and on compositions that have come before the public during (say) the last ten years would be a permanent cure for anyone who places his trust in the Olds. Again and again, unrestrained by the memory of blunders done before, you find them eagerly rushing in to blunder on: hurrying to their offices to declare with fervour that Dr. C.'s new oratorio (now forgotten) was destined to immortality; that Berlioz's *Carneval Romain* would never again be heard in London; that Mr. D. (now also forgotten) was the greatest pianist of the century; that Mr. Paderewski was no pianist at all. Many examples are a weariness; wherefore I shall take only this last point, and quote what was said of the greatest player of recent times by the enlightened, sober, balanced Old Critics who never fall into error:—

"His reading, if reading it can be called, of Beethoven's *Appassionata* Sonata on Tuesday last, showed that his general musical culture has not kept pace with his musical training; no movement was even adequately played At the close of Liszt's transcription of the 'Divertissement à la Hongroise,' the player simply 'ran amok,' to the delight of the less cultivated hearers, and to the disgust of the rest of the audience."—*Times*, March 22nd, 1890.

(May I ask, in parenthesis, how the Old Critics generally know so well what "disgusts" and what "delights" an audience, and how—to take this case—that it was the "less cultivated" hearers who were "delighted"?)

". . . . We do not pretend to much admiration for the Paderewski who astonishes no one present at St. James's Hall had before heard Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor so played with clang and jangle of metal and with such confusion of sound that trying to follow the working of the parts was like watching moving machinery in a fog. Had Handel heard his *Harmonious Blacksmith* every hair would have stood upright Result of his labours not music We hope that time will effect a natural cure."—*Daily Telegraph*, May 12th, 1890.

"M. Paderewski succeeded in astonishing the audience, and if amateurs are still attracted by meretricious sensationalism in pianoforte playing, his remaining recitals will be more largely attended He seems to imagine that effect is to be gained by violent contrasts. At times he pounded the piano until music degenerated into mere noise."—*Athenæum*, May 17th, 1890.

"M. Paderewski created a far more favourable impression at his second recital than he did on the occasion of his first appearance. There was very little exaggeration and much intelligence in his reading of Bach's 'Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue,' and Beethoven's Sonata in D, op. 28."—*Athenæum*, June 2nd, 1890.

“ . . . there is evidently a public for piano pounders as well as for piano ticklers M. Paderewski, who made his *début* last Friday, is an excellent example of both schools.”—*Truth*, May 15th, 1890.

“ M. Paderewski is, in brief, a *virtuoso* of no common order, but that he is entitled to the higher rank of an artist is more than can be said, judging from yesterday's performance. His subsequent recitals, however, may enable us to modify this judgment.”—*Standard*, May 11th, 1890.

“ advertised as the ‘Lion’ of the Paris season His leonine attributes were heard (*sic*) in Mendelssohn's E Minor Prelude and Fugue the fugue suffered most.”—*Daily News*, May 10th, 1890.

Let me call attention to the insolently patronising tone of the second two of the notices above, showing more completely than the damnation of the first that the critic thought he was dealing with a tenth-rate pianist. Compare, again, these two with later notices:—

“ The favourite pianist played his piquant and delightful ‘Polish Fantasia,’ if possible, more brilliantly than ever.”—*Athenæum*, May 5th, 1894.

“ Such playing has never been surpassed and rarely equalled it is certain that Paderewski has immensely improved. No trace of eccentricity or extravagance.”—*Athenæum*, June 24th, 1893.

And so I might go on. Apparently Heaven was determined that the Old Critics should have ample opportunity of blazoning their fatuity; for a tenth-rate lady pianist appeared at the same time, and the notices of her performances, printed by the side of the Paderewski notices, glow with a fervour of enthusiasm hardly got up in honour of Paderewski even now. The affair was made still more laughable by the subsequent behaviour of the critics. The recital they so confidently condemned pleased the public; the fame of the player went abroad; the hall was filled at the second recital, packed at the third, while at Mr. Paderewski's orchestral concert seats could not be had for love or money. Then, indeed, the critics made haste to discover the player's merits; and the “marked improvement” which they observed in his playing thus finds a simple explanation. Just the reverse happened recently. Mr. Sauer, a very excellent pianist, came, and the Press announced that here was another Paderewski, perhaps a Rubinstein. It was quickly found that Mr. Sauer was not playing so well as at first, and now he gets even less than the praise he deserves. I could fill this review with cases similar to these, of judgments ignorantly and rashly made, and speedily reversed; but perhaps I have given enough; and for those who want more there is always the Newspaper Room in the British Museum.

These, then, are the writers who insist on the over-hastiness, the untrustworthiness, the ignorance, and the general inferiority of the New Critics. The public may be left to decide whether the Old practitioners can easily be outdone in rashness, or the New be possibly much less trustworthy. In truth, it is absurd to claim all the good qualities for either school. There are Old Critics and there are New who know their business, and some of both schools who do not know their business; and that is chiefly what I want acknowledged; for it becomes a little tiresome to hear it repeated so many times, that the critics who write about consecutive fifths are experts *because* they write about consecutive fifths, while the New men are not experts because they do *not* write about consecutive fifths. Wagner, Berlioz, and Schumann wrote little or nothing about consecutive fifths, and they after all were experts, no less than Mr. Fuller Maitland, or Mr. Jacques, or Mr. Betts, or even Mr. de Nevers. In fact, if a competition could be arranged between these gentlemen and any four of the New school I have reason to believe that the Old school would not cover itself with glory. Both schools make mistakes; but a mistake no more proves a critic's incapacity than a stumble proves a broken leg. If it did, where would be the Mr. Bennett who, in 1876, described the *Walkürenritt* as a chorus? where the Sir George Grove who, in the Crystal Palace programme for March 30th of the present year, includes Beethoven's *Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage* in a list of Mendelssohn's overtures? The distinction between the New and the Old consists not in absolute knowledge on the one side and blank ignorance on the other but, in this: that the adherents of the Old theory conceive of criticism as reporting, while the others aim at the production of literature, with music as its subject matter, leaving others to report that will. Of course one other difference has been observed. It is said that the New men do nothing but "slate"; and this charge has an instructive explanation. The Old School has always allied itself with Academicism; the New has for the most part shown no reverence for unearned reputation or for conventions. The Old has used the lash with all desirable vigour, but always upon unimportant people. Not until the New men came along, examining the credentials of the Stanfords, Parrys, Mackenzies, Groves, and treating them like common mortals, was anything said about harshness. This, I suspect, far more than any real faith in the dogma that good musical criticism must necessarily be bad English, is the root of the hatred felt towards the

New Criticism. How strong the hatred is may be seen from the fact that Sir Alexander Mackenzie now refers to the present writer as one who is ignorant of the grammar of music, though in a letter written some years ago, and still in my possession, he endorsed the high praise given to a piece of re-arranging and re-scoring, which I now lament, but which could certainly not have been done without less of that "profound ignorance" which led Mr. Maitland to write consecutive sevenths. Lately, indeed, Mr. Maitland and others of the Old School—perhaps feeling their position a little unstable—have averred that the Old Criticism is as good English as the circumstances permit, and that the New is written in "Della Cruscan." If that be so I suggest the advisability of at once compiling a *Critic's Lexicon of Praise and Abuse*, so that instead of our being compelled to read for the five-hundredth time that "the tenor music was safe in the hands of Mr. So-and-So," we shall merely read "Mr. So-and-So: p. 7, No. 23," turn up the page in our lexicon, and know all about it. The lexicon need not be large, for the phrases are few, and in case that any hater of Della Cruscan should think of carrying out the notion—which would really be invaluable to the Old Critics' readers—I present him with the following as a commencement:—

"The Scherzo was played in magnificent style."—*Times*, May 21st, 1890.

"Mr.—— sang . . . in perfectly artistic style."—*Times*, May 21st, 1890.

"Splendid performance of Brahms' fourth symphony."—*Times*, June 13th, 1890.

"The remarkably fine performance."—*Times*, June 13th, 1890.

"It was finely played."—*Times*, June 13th, 1890.

". . . every part of the symphony was finely played."—*Times*, June 13th, 1890.

"Mr.—— played remarkably finely."—*Times*, June 13th, 1890.

"Mr.——'s romantic reading gave great satisfaction."—*Sunday Times*, May 25th, 1890.

"At the end Mr.—— was twice called forward and heartily cheered."—*Sunday Times*, May 25th, 1890.

"Both ladies were enthusiastically applauded and recalled."—*Sunday Times*, May 25th, 1890.

"There was a fairly large and highly appreciative audience."—*Sunday Times*, May 25th, 1890.

". . . a remarkably fine rendering."—*Daily News*, May 23rd, 1890.

". . . they were admirably performed."—*Daily News*, May 29th, 1890.

". . . a magnificent performance."—*Daily News*, May 30th, 1890.

". . . was splendidly played."—*Daily News*; June 30th, 1890.

Note that I came on all these gems of inexpressiveness without special search, during the task of examining some criticisms on Mr. Paderewski. It is alarming to think how many times the same

phrase may do service in the course of one year. I hope Mr. Maitland will not be angry, and say that I am joking. I really mean that it is absurd of him to claim this stuff of his and his brethren as criticism to be compared with that which appears in, for example, *The Pall Mall Gazette*. If it be objected that these short phrases do not adequately represent the Old Criticism, then let these longer cuttings be considered. They are, I suppose, what one Old Critic would call "remarkably finely" written.

"The composer . . . seeks to depict the sorrows of life under the simile of cloud, and its pleasure under the figure of sunshine."—*Daily News*, May 23rd, 1890.

"Among other distinguished visitors at present in London are Herr Remenyi, the eminent Hungarian violinist, and Herr von zur Mühlen, the Russian tenor."—*Daily Graphic*.

"Mr. Max Klein . . . continues to play (in Australia) important violin works with the orchestra, and invariably with success."—*Sunday Times*, May 25th, 1890.

"MR. HENRY PURCELL'S TOCCATA FOR DOUBLE ORGAN.

"This interesting work consists of two separate movements, a prelude and a toccata.

"The prelude commences with a scale passage for the left hand, leading to a long-sustained chord.

"Then follow many florid passages, distributed between two manuals, with points of imitation ending with a full close on the tonic. At the penultimate bar is a striking use of the diminished seventh, which is introduced with truly excellent effect. The toccata starts with a brilliant semiquaver subject, treated fugally. This subject is alternated with passages taken from the prelude. An episode in the relative minor in 18/16 time and of a somewhat different character next appears, abounding in triplets, and forming many imitative passages leading to a return in the original key. This return partakes of the nature of a free fantasia, with bold harmonic progressions. The style of the toccata is then resumed for a short time, and the work concludes with a grand cadenza, forcibly reminding one of those written later by the immortal Bach . . ."

(H. DAVAN WETTON, in *Musical News*, February 2nd, 1895.)

". . . the Royal box was occupied by a large party."—*Daily News*, May 24th, 1890.

This is agreeable reading, and not on any account would I have it different. Is it criticism?

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

THE CANARY

I.

THE Mullinses lived in a watering-place on the South Coast, where they let lodgings. Whenever they left their little house in a back street for the long sea-front, the same sweeping and defiant prospect met their eyes. They beheld a long line of big white houses, with innumerable windows reflecting the sun as it curved above the southern horizon. The primitive sea forces—storm and calm, shifting gold and grey from the changing Channel—swept on the artificial succession of terraces, crescents, and squares, and left their ephemeral pretensions unruffled. But the stunted trees and shrubs, shrinking from the salt lash of the wind, flung themselves despairingly landward and knew their master. The waving tamarisk, the gleaming euonymus alone defied the rushing sou'-westers that danced in over the humming tide. On the shore was Man, in his latest aspect of cheap stucco. Beyond the brown margin of the beach Nature spread herself out in her oldest and least mutable shape. The Mullinses' thoughts rarely went further seaward than the pier, where a noisy band played music-hall tunes every evening, and a line of gas-lights chequered the crests of the breaking waves.

Mrs. Mullins' two daughters assisted in waiting on the lodgers. Susan, the younger, was fairly efficient, but Angela, the elder, never pulled her own weight in the household. Her character was as artificial as her native town, which lived on visitors, owned scarce a fishing-smack, and boasted half a dozen milliners' shops in every street. "Some day," she thought, "one of Ma's lodgers will marry me!" So in the morning she cleaned their dirty boots, arrayed in a cheap wrapper, which she thought artistic. And in the evening, "when it was her turn to do the house-work," she waited on them superciliously in a tea-gown of her own manufacture. She spent a shilling a week in fashion-papers, and revelled in the modes. Susan, whose taste for patterns was bridled by a vein of common-sense, and Mrs. Mullins, who spoke of her daughters to her neighbours as "the young ladies," also took a lively interest in the question of what "was being worn," and in the still more intricate problem of how to

convert a cheap *confection* of the autumn of 1892 into a fashionable costume for the spring of 1894.

After they had laid the lodgers' suppers, Susan and Angela used to go on the pier, where they walked round and round the bandstand, exchanging smiles with the local young gentlemen, and inspecting the ladies' dresses. They were very critical of both. They were not pretty, but Susan was robust and healthy, while Angela, who was frailer, posed as "distinguée." She had rather a hectic colour, fluffy fair hair, a large weak mouth, and one of those indefinite faces which are associated with untidiness and trailing garments. She fashioned herself on the heroines of *The Lady's Novelette*, affected a sweeping gait, and flung back her dress—which she wore unnecessarily long—as though it were a train. She had read of someone who succeeded in doing this feat "with a qucenly sweep."

Her sentimental musings were always whelmed in millinery. Whenever she fancied herself in a romantic situation—(which she would do even over the blacking-bottle)—she "dressed the part" to the minutest details of colour, texture, and pattern. She made herself an evening frock, which she wore whenever she drank tea with her mother's friends whom she patronised. Once a young clerk, with a taste for literature, read Matthew Arnold's "*Forsaken Merman*" to her:—

We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.

And "What a pretty dress amber and pearl would make for you, Miss Angela!" he said gallantly. This personal application of the poem struck her as supremely delightful; so she made her a dress of yellow cotton backed satin, and hung it round the front with white beads. Her dwindling arms and thin shoulders loomed hungrily through the saffron tint.

"That girl of yours don't take enough nourishment," said the plump landladies of their society; and they suggested bottled stout.

"Angela is so refined," said Mrs. Mullins, who was fascinated by her daughter's aspirations. "She picks over her food like a little bird." The simile was unconsciously suggested by the yellow of that poor new gown. But the neighbours' daughters, who had no evening dresses and less distinct social ambitions, saw more in it than Mrs. Mullins. They nicknamed Angela "the Canary."

At last there came a young man to woo at the Mullins. In the beginning he was impartial in his attentions. Then Angela's languors drew him, ever so faintly perhaps, in her favour. "She was so lady-like," he thought. He owned a small confectioner's shop in South Street, and wanted a wife to keep his books and look after the business: so one evening he took her to the theatre. They sat in the Upper Boxes, and Angela had donned her "yellow."

"She doesn't look very strong," the young man reflected, as he viewed her frail charms emerging from the edging of beads.

"Saw you at the play with the Canary," giggled the neighbours' daughters, who all thought themselves a better match. This cruel little gibe settled the business. He rapidly drifted towards Susan.

Angela grew peevisish. She shouldn't "demean" herself any more, she said. So when Mr. Webling, the confectioner, "dropped in" to spend the evening, she made a point of absenting herself, in her room or on the pier. She was her mother's favourite, and Mrs. Mullins expostulated with Susan. But "It isn't my fault if he likes me best," Susan argued; "surely a man can have his likes and dislikes!" And when Mrs. Mullins questioned Angela herself on this delicate question, she declared that she would not marry Mr. Webling, even if he sent "a coach and four to take her to the parish church." "He's too common for me," she said; "let Susan have him. I've no wish to sit in the shop parlour and listen to the bluebottles buzzing about over the stale jam tarts!"

In the end Mr. Webling married Susan. Angela spent several weeks in making herself a wedding gown; and, as she was convinced that she was far the best dressed guest at the party, she was fairly reconciled to the match, although she always spoke of "the Weblings" with an acrid ring of derision in her voice. She had a glorious contempt for "little shopkeepers," and sniffed most superciliously when a baby was born to the confectioners. "Children," she said, "are very vulgar." The Webling baby struck her as "particularly common looking." Her study of the fashion-plates and papers absorbed her whole time now. She refused to assist in the house-work. "Now you've got rid of Susan," she urged, "I think we ought to keep a girl." So a small maid-of-all-work was added to the establishment.

Time passed, and Angela withered like a tuft of yellow grass. Her poor little narrow mind had visibly shrunk from constant concentration on the fashion papers. She decorated her bedroom with penny fans and

"art bows," and refused to meet her mother's friends because they were "unable to understand her tastes." She spent her days in walking on the Parade at the fashionable hours, studying the costumes of the rich visitors, which she imitated with a certain crude ingenuity.

"Angela's getting impossible with her fads and her fancies!" Mrs. Mullins used to complain on Sunday evenings, when she supped at her son-in-law's. "You always did spoil her, Ma," said Mrs. Webling. "I'm sure there's no standing her airs and graces." Poor Mrs. Mullins sighed. At last the truth had dawned on her. Angela was not a success. And Mr. Webling congratulated himself on his choice. "I thought seriously of choosing Angela at one time," he said to his wife. "And I should think you blessed your precious stars you didn't," was that lady's answer. For Angela ignored the plump and ruddy Webling children; and Susan was hurt by her sister's want of natural affection.

II.

One day Mrs. Mullins, who "had suffered from short breath all her life," was taken ill. It was in the off season. They had one lodger only, and he promptly left. Mrs. Mullins had been an essential part of the domestic machinery: working as regularly and as surely as the kitchen range, which she had stoked and black-leaded for thirty years. The little servant and Angela made a feeble effort to step into the breach her retirement made. The doctor came and found the case serious. The poor landlady had broken down under a load of worry and work, and her heart was diseased.

January came. A driving north-east wind drifted the snow to the grey margin of the calm and ominous wintry sea. One bitter night, after a prolonged fit of coughing, a deep silence fell on the patient's room. Outside the cruel wind hissed down the chimney from the snow-clad Downs, and the cold deepened towards dawn. The little maid, going up to light Mrs. Mullins' fire, was met by an icy stillness, and broke it with a piercing shriek. The landlady's tired, old heart had ceased to beat; and every corner of the chamber seemed to miss her troubled breathing.

After the first shock of puny grief, Angela turned her attention to her mourning garments. She had never worn mourning before. The problem drove all other questions from her mind. Then they buried her mother in the new cemetery on a wicked January day. The wind tossed the snow dust on the coffin, and the white wreaths the

neighbours had placed there were frozen stiff ; but pride in her mourning soothed Angela's sorrow. On the way home to the sheeted town, the Webling son, who was four years old, cried with the cold, and was comforted with biscuits. The wet crumbs stuck to his black woollen comforter, and the sight of them jarred unpleasantly upon her selfish and luminous dreams. "You should have left him at home," the Canary said, morosely ; and she returned alone to the empty house haunted by her mother's shadow.

"Couldn't you fancy a little piece of sweetbread for your supper?" the muffled motherly voice said. But the voice was hushed under the frozen chalk on the hill side ; and Angela sought her wardrobe and rearranged her dresses. She took out the "yellow," as she called it. She remembered, with a dull spasm of pain, the unstinted admiration the dead woman had lavished on it. In a few days she had grown sentimental over it, and was trying to persuade herself that she had only worn it "because Ma liked it" ; and the luxury of this delusion solaced her.

At last, Angela was compelled to turn her attention to the realities of life. The bitter winter cleared the wind-swept town of visitors. Hungry sea-gulls flew in the vacant streets, the pleasure boats filled with drifted snow. Now and then a gleam of pale cold sunlight, piercing the banks of cloud, would illumine the chill sea with a glow of illusive warmth. Angela would walk up and down the Parade in her new mourning. And the idle boatmen would nudge each other and say, "There goes the little Canary!" In the end, the spring came, and the visitors came with it. The fly-drivers and boatmen again grew cheerful, and stray lodgers, whose comforts Mrs. Mullins had tended with skill and sympathy, returned to the dismal little stuccoed house where two euonymus bushes stood as sentinels in concrete pots. But under Angela's *régime*, comfort had fled the place ; and none ever stayed more than a week. The Canary could cut a sleeve, but she had not the rudiments of cooking. The lodgers were left to the clumsy care of the hireling ; and a day came when nobody even asked to see the apartments. Worse still ; a black quarter-day arrived. The landlord called, and Angela had to confess that she was "not ready" with the rent.

He was neither surprised nor obdurate, being prepared. "This place is too big for you," he said. He urged her to take a smaller house ; and, after consulting with the Weblings, Angela retreated into an

anæmic dwelling remoter still from the sea-front. A more enterprising woman took on the abandoned home, and even gave her a few pounds for the "goodwill"; so Angela continued to console herself with her fashion-plates. She was out of mourning now, and, as her sole care was to gratify her longing for colours, the few shillings she had saved from the wreckage were soon gone.

It was a dusty row of jerry-built "villas," all fairly gasping for lodgers; but nobody ever came there; and Angela found herself drifting on the rocks. The Weblings expostulated; so she quarrelled with them, and when she met them on the Parade on Sunday she looked haughtily seawards.

At last the frail little boat was whelmed and sunk; the poor Canary had no money for the rent; none for the butcher and the baker; none for the maid-of-all-work, with whom her dignity could not dispense. But her vanity carried her some way through the trouble. After all, was there not something rather aristocratic in owing money which you couldn't pay? Were the most dashing visitors not sometimes left in pawn? Then, after a time, the Weblings—"the confectioner people," as she called them—came to the rescue; and ever since, to keep her out of the workhouse, they have allowed her fifteen shillings a week.

She lives in a single room, and devotes her energies and her capital to her toilet. The Weblings will have it that "her head is turned"; and it is a fact that, as a human being, she is hopeless. Her hats and gowns get weirder and weirder, as she drifts. She has dyed her fringe "old gold." Her flowing skirts scatter the chalky dust of the Parade, her lean fingers are more than ever suggestive of a bird's claw. Her sole aim is to emphasise her existence by her dress. When the Parade is most crowded, in the glare of the sunshine, against a background of glittering sea, there you may always see "that poor Canary." There is an odd brightness in her eye, a conscious jauntiness in her walk; and "The Canary ain't all there," the boatmen tell you, tapping sun-burnt foreheads.

A year or two hence, there will come some cruel winter night, and the Canary will be found dead in her cage. For the Canary is starving on tea and bread, and will starve so till the end. While the vain, little, feeble heart still beats, she will flutter her feathers and ribbons "along the front," as the sea uplifts its ancient cry, and the white gulls circle in the blue above. There is no place for "canaries"!

PERCY WHITE.

TAILOR-MADE IN GERMANY

IT is an odious fact that this country spends about a million and a half a year in the purchase of made-up clothes from Germany.

Now, the last census returned the number of tailoresses in London at 24,782 ; but the trade has grown since then, and competent observers now estimate the strength of it at upwards of 30,000. Upon the authority of Miss Marion Tuckwell, Secretary to the Women's Trades Unions League, I beg to put on record this statement: *that probably less than 3,000 (or 10 per cent.) of these are constantly in employment.* What that means we know ; and if we come to look for the *causa causans* of a most squalid and disquieting effect, we need go no further, I take it, to start with, than such of the great wholesale houses of Cannon Street and St. Paul's Churchyard as are named in German, or parade the pregnant words "And in Berlin." That at least is the view of many of the shrewdest and the most patriotic among City men, who regard the comparatively steady condition of this particular trade as a question of serious economic concern.

To walk through the docks, and see the great bales of clothing landing, will suffice to convey a vague idea that the import is a large one ; but the fact to be first grasped is that yonder dirty North Sea tramp, with her cargo of foul rags, is simply carrying away an instalment of our worn-out woollens which shall presently be returned to us in the shape of shoddy clothes, the cost of whose regeneration we, wretches that we are, have paid. It is an industry in which the German excels ; and, to quote a single example, one huge factory in Silesia is wont to issue circulars to private families, asking them to send on old woollen dresses, petticoats, coats, or trousers, and have the rubbish converted into new cloth or new clothes. In truth, the figures for the past five years in the Board of Trade Returns of our exports of rags to Germany, are sufficiently imposing :—

					Cwts.	Value. £
1889	49,608	20,150
1890	34,660	19,350
1891	29,191	15,550
1892	26,265	14,700
1893	30,264	17,700

To be rid of figures as soon as may be, I shall follow these up with a remarkable and instructive table specially compiled at considerable pains, by the courtesy of Mr. Robert Giffen, from the elaborate German Trade Returns. This table, I should note, is instructive—to those that know how to read it; but it is very easily mis-read. Hastily regarded, the dwindle in value seems encouraging. But against this we must set the enormous increase in *bulk*; for it shows that in the cheaper grades the competition is becoming keener year by year. In '89, when the high-water mark of over £2,000,000 was touched, the weight was under 35,000 cwts.; but the next year quantity began to assert itself, and in '93 (the last for which statistics are available) the expenditure dropped to £1,403,100, but the mass was increased by 750 tons of ready-made apparel. Now, it is precisely this lower-class stuff which the average East End tailoress could—if she might—turn out. The “ladies’ tailors” of the West End have their own staffs, and are in no way affected by the trade, but its pressure bears cruelly hard upon the moderately skilled. Careful enquiries instituted by Miss Tuckwell have brought out the fact that the average tailoress’s employment is exceedingly irregular. The big East End factories turn out vast quantities of men’s clothes (largely for exportation to the Colonies), and in these a competent hand may earn her 10s. a week; but in the lower class workshop, where the output is all for women, the maximum wage appears to be 2½*d.* an hour, or 1s. 6*d.* a day. Eliminating the fortunate few, whose occupation is assured, the probability is that some 60 per cent. of the aforesaid 30,000 are earning less than 8s. a week all round the year. How they contrive to live it is not my present purpose to enquire. Follow my table; and I pray my readers to study it with the care which it deserves.

EXPORTS TO UNITED KINGDOM.—WEARING APPAREL
(DOMESTIC MANUFACTURE).

Statement showing the Quantity and Value of Wearing Apparel exported from Germany to the United Kingdom in each of the undermentioned years.

QUANTITY.

—	1880.*	1881.*	1882.*	1883.*	1884.*	1885.*	1886.*
	cwts.	cwts.	cwts.	cwts.	cwts.	cwts.	cwts.
Wearing apparel and fancy clothing manufactured of silk and half-silk, embroidered and trimmed	15,337	14,627	16,396	17,888	22,371	1,047	1,145
Clothing of linen, cotton, and wool (including also woollen under-clothing)		Not specified. See note (†)				18,663	20,515
Underclothing of linen and cotton..	846	563	531	1,854	1,848	821	937
Total wearing apparel ..	16,183	15,190	15,977	19,742	24,219	20,531	22,607

VALUE.

—	£	£	£	£	£	£	£
Wearing apparel and fancy clothing manufactured of silk and half-silk, embroidered and trimmed	779,400	743,300	833,200	795,400	994,700	239,400	261,900
Clothing of linen, cotton, and wool (including also woollen under-clothing)		Not specified. See note (†)				616,450	680,950
Underclothing of linen and cotton..	25,800	17,150	16,200	47,100	37,550	15,650	17,850
Total wearing apparel ..	805,200	760,450	849,400	842,500	1,032,250	871,500	960,700

QUANTITY.

—	1887.*	1888.*	1889.	1890.	1891.	1892.	1893.
	cwts.	cwts.	cwts.	cwts.	cwts.	cwts.	cwts.
Wearing apparel and fancy clothing manufactured of silk and half-silk, embroidered and trimmed	1,293	1,149	4,152	2,873	2,704	2,216	1,181
Clothing of linen, cotton, and wool (including also woollen under-clothing)	25,592	24,240	29,687	29,709	38,706	47,695	48,598
Underclothing of linen and cotton..	2,035	1,033	1,059	844	982	1,192	1,100
Total wearing apparel ..	28,920	26,422	34,898	33,426	42,392	51,103	50,879

VALUE.

—	£	£	£	£	£	£	£
Wearing apparel and fancy clothing manufactured of silk and half-silk, embroidered and trimmed	295,650	262,800	981,150	678,900	583,950	281,500	150,000
Clothing of linen, cotton, and wool (including also woollen under-clothing)	845,350	800,150	1,056,000	1,056,800	1,278,500	1,211,850	1,234,800
Underclothing of linen and cotton..	38,800	18,350	18,500	15,000	16,450	19,400	18,300
Total wearing apparel ..	1,179,800	1,081,300	2,056,000	1,750,700	1,878,900	1,512,750	1,403,100

* Including Gibraltar, Malta, and Cyprus in these years.

† Including "clothing of linen, cotton, and wool, &c.," and also waterproof clothing in these years (1880 to 1884).

NOTE.—In converting into English equivalents the original weights and values (Kilogs. and Marks) in which the figures are entered in the German trade volumes, the Kilog. has been taken as equal to 2.204 lbs., and the Mark as 15.

When we come to the distribution of these foreign-made goods the German wholesale dealer begins with a marked advantage ; for, though the English retailer will never admit that he is selling them, he has a strong prejudice in their favour. It may be that the German manufacturer is more tactful, and has more of the arts and wiles of his trade than the brusquer Englishman. Certain it is that the foreigner is treated with a consideration which is not accorded to ourselves. A gentleman at the very head of this department of commerce assures me that although, according to the custom of the trade, he might have his spring novelties on exhibition in December, quite four-fifths of his clients would put him off on the ground that they wouldn't decide until they had seen what Schmidt und Schmidt, or Meyers' people were offering from Berlin. This means that the hapless Briton is left wondering^{*} which of the 20 to 30 patterns out of the 200 he has prepared—the usual ratio of successes to failures—will “take” with his patrons ; he is at his wits' end to keep his people employed ; and at the last, when the buyer has given his largest orders to the foreigner, he has to turn out his commissions—such as they are !—at a rate of speed which is fair to neither contractor nor worker. He loses any advantage which might accrue to him from the early placing of his contracts, and he has often to pay special and heavy rates to get his material at all.

Of course this prejudice on the part of buyers militates seriously against the home trade. A point to be noted is that in spite of the enormous demand for cheap clothing for men, the coats and trousers imported are proportionately very few. Taking the figures of the port of Hamburg, I find that in '92 5,546 cwts. of female apparel, worth £131,880, and in '93, 4,572 cwts., worth £122,765, were landed thence ; but the returns in men's clothing were 218 cwts., worth £3,291, and 2,192 cwts., worth £52,365 (the increase is accounted for by a very large development in the trade in hosiery, as vests and socks). Now, the tailors' buyers have never shown any predilection for foreign manufactures ; but it is somewhat to be feared that one result of the influx of Germans into the English trade may be a greater demand from foreign sources. Another notable consideration is that, although fashion runs conspicuously in the direction of the coat-and-skirt style, no appreciable trade whatever is done therein with Germany. The reason is not far to seek. Outdoor jackets and mantles have hitherto been the almost exclusive form of import, and consequently have passed under the ken of the buyers of the Jacket and Mantle Department.

But the moment that a skirt is added, the article becomes "a costume," and must be dealt with by another departmental buyer. Up to the present he had not looked to Germany as a market, and he has no particular reason to change his routine.

In the matter of sewing, most experts unhesitatingly award the palm to the English worker, male or female. Where the German excels is in trimming, braiding, and *appliqué*. In proof of this two jackets were placed in my hands, one of home and one of foreign make, both to be described as "smart." The first was in smooth, dark blue, Yorkshire cloth, cut very much after the form of a man's morning coat, beautifully stitched and pressed, lined throughout with soft Swiss silk, and having revers of thick corded silk. It could be sold wholesale at 45s., and the retailer, in whose show-room it is now appearing, has certainly marked it 63s. or 65s. The other, in a rough black cloth, was neatly braided outside, and was unlined, but had nicely bound seams, with sufficiently ample sleeves, and was finished off with pockets. It could be offered wholesale at 12s. 3d.; and by the time it was ticketed in Upper Street, Islington, or Westbourne Grove, it would stand at 15s. 11½d. Now, no one would deny that it is better for the type-writing miss to prefer a garment at a price that she can afford before a garment so costly that she must run into debt for it. But there can be no doubt that, in buying in this particular market, she gets too near an approach, for the resources at her disposal, to the finery that her penny fashion-paper tells her, is the privilege of other and richer women. The truth is, Germany gives her a better show for her money; and that somebody has to suffer does not enter her shallow little mind. "I shouldn't like to have made it for the price," she says to her fellow at the next machine; but she altogether fails to realise that the true victim is some poor wretch in the East End.

I am touching only the fringe of a vast subject; and it will soon be a commonplace of economics that we are heavily handicapped by many more than the German "slopster," whether male or female. Let me stick to my last, and go on to record that in London experienced and unprejudiced employers say that Germany starts with a pull of 40 per cent. over ourselves. According to the last Report on Labour and Wages included in the Foreign Office *Miscellaneous Series*, the average woman's wages in Berlin is 1s. 6d. a day. Skilled female hands may earn as much as 3s., but the unskilled command no more than 1s. 6d., while in some East Prussian

towns from one- to two-fifths of a shilling is the utmost to be got by girls under twenty. Under the most favourable conditions even skilled men seldom make more than 4s. a day, and in Berlin, where there are said to be about 25,000 tailors, the average male wages is less than 2s. 6d. In the matter of working hours, too: there are practically no Factory Acts, and while forty-eight to fifty-six hours make a full working week in England, in Berlin seventy-five may be described as a moderate and easy one. In the weaving districts of Aachen and Trier 12½ hours' shifts are worked; while the long shifts imposed upon tailors and tailoresses by the miserable pay for home-done piece-work are simply lamentable. Mr. Geoffrey Drage, in his report on Labour in Germany, states that, at Posen, "days" of 18 to 20 hours are sometimes worked in the clothing industry. Far more of the work is done at home than in factories. Mantles and jackets are wholly made up for 4d. to 6d. each. And this, remember, under conditions thus officially described: "Berlin is especially bad, and the average number of persons inhabiting one tenement had risen from 60·7 in '80 to 66·0 in '85. Sub-letting is known to be exceedingly frequent: 7·1 per cent. of the population took in persons who boarded and lodged with them, and 15·3 took in persons to sleep. One instance is given of a householder taking 34 such night lodgers, in another case there were 11, including two women. Thirty-eight per cent. of the families taking night lodgers lived in a single room; one instance is mentioned in which a man and his wife and a family shared their one room with seven men and a woman." The food is of the poorest; and in such surroundings what can be the standards of morals or of comfort? Sweating in its most grinding forms is responsible for all this abject wretchedness. By such means as these, I insist, it is that the plate-glass windows of "pushing" shops in London and the Provinces are filled at the cost of every human amenity and of every human decency. It must be bad indeed when the poor creatures crowd over here to Whitechapel, and find that even as things are there, with work scarce and the most relentless of task-masters, they have bettered their position.

A factor in the German Cheap Labour problem, which has appreciably contributed to the forcing down of wages to starvation point, is the Pocket-Money Seamstress. The German female is a capable needlewoman; and, her aspirations and her outlook being unalterably domestic, she has, her drudgery being done, plenty of time on her

hands. In the lower-middle classes, she is not at all above earning two or three marks a week for her own dress or towards her occasional evening in the theatre or the concert room ; and, as she can afford to work at rates which would not keep her off the streets if she had to earn her bread, she is guilty of taking work from women who want it far more than herself. She is not unknown here ; but she is by no means so important a factor in the situation as in Germany. Now, it is with no special wish to create a sympathy for the hard lot of the German workers that these facts are stated. The German workers can very well be left to organise or do anything they please. But it is well to formulate the case as it is : first, to show that our own sempstresses are undersold by a people with a still cheaper standard of living than their own ; and secondly, to pass on to the unthinking certain qualms as to the dirt, the squalor, the infection even, out of which their fine cheap clothes have come.

To the average buyer it will probably be nothing short of disgusting to learn that the jacket (or mantle) for which she pays what she considers a fair and reasonable price at a well-reputed shop, is in all probability tailor-made in Germany. There is scarce a single leading house in Oxford Street, Regent Street, Bayswater, Kensington, Islington, or Brixton that does not deal largely in such ware. (One firm is known to deal in it to the extent of £100,000 a year.) One is a little inclined to grin at the spectacle of jackets or capes, marked "great bargains," and offered at prices ranging from 45s. to 70s. each : "Low Prices, to Keep our Hands Employed." I was so tempted in February last, when more than one fashionable window flamed with stuff which cried itself aloud for Prussian to the least experienced ear. Any woman who would take a little trouble might do her share in checking this detestable branch of the import trade by having her outdoor garment made to measure. But, as things are, the jacket (or mantle) of even the upper-middle class woman is almost invariably bought ready-made, as the advertisement pages of *The Queen*, or *The Gentlewoman*, or *The Ladies' Pictorial* will show. Only the outdoor wear of the really well dressed is specially designed and fitted by accredited tailors. It must be worth a little more money to have something that you feel is exclusive, and that you know is made of genuine hand-stitched cloth ; but outside the circle, anyone attempting a little patriotism in this direction would receive the scantest encouragement at the drapers' hands, while the difference in price

would be found out of all proportion to the effect. Having no staff to execute such special orders, the common tradesman would be driven to put it out with someone who had, and at least two profits would be charged. Which is not what refined women want !

As to the requirements of British buyers, the German manufacturer has learned his market well ; for he has not been in a hurry, but has been content to wait, watch, and perpend. Perhaps the birth of the trade may be traced back to those golden years that followed on the Franco-Prussian War ; when, enriched by French milliards, the country started a mercantile marine, drew up a code of equality of tariffs for the several States, and sent out her young men to acquire not only the languages of her neighbours but also an insight into their commercial secrets. Where the English clerk would have starved, the frugal German could save money, and appear respectably dressed, obsequiously polite, and invariably punctual. His employer reckoned these virtues as of great price ; " but, all the while," to quote a recognised authority, the British Vice-Consul at Hamburg, " Hans Meyer had a note-book in one pocket and a pair of folding scissors in the other. ' He entered in the one the addresses of all his principal's customers, with the prices at which the goods were shipped to Rio, to Morocco, to Tokio, or anywhere else, and with the scissors he secured one square inch of each as a sample. When he got home, he raised a few thousand marks in his family, married a girl with a few thousands more, and set up to compete with his former principals. The piece from which his square inch had been cut, had cost $3\frac{3}{4}d.$ a yard to produce in Lancashire. He got it copied sufficiently well to deceive the foreigners for $3\frac{1}{4}d.$ a yard, and thus he tempted his former principals' buyers from England to Germany." It was not only cotton that he learnt to imitate. He marked the types of serge and cloth in demand and wear in this country, and he began to compete in these also, sparing not tact, nor zeal, nor attention to minor details. A characteristic illustration is furnished from Hamburg, which for some years had been rising into eminence as a rival to Dundee in the raw jute trade. Even as with the finer fabrics, the manufacturers resolved to carry the industry beyond the elementary stage, and to turn out sacks and the likes, like finished workmen. By the offer of a shilling a week more than could be earned in the trade at the mouth of the Tay, some fifty Scots girls were induced to export themselves to the mouth of the Elbe. They stayed for over a year ; and in the course of that sojourn many of them " fell "

and had children. Meanwhile, the German hands were mastering their methods, and when there was no more to be learned of them, they were turned out: the most, in their utter destitution, to beg a passage home; and all to find on their arrival that the demand for made-up jute was falling off, and wages going down. In the same way, the German exporter comes very early to the manufacturing centres here, and buys a piece each of all the promising novelties in woollens. With these he hastens to the Fatherland. Specimen jackets are made up from the materials thus secured, and these he submits to his customers. They are pleased with the value, and they give their orders. Then he sends the stuffs to be copied at Aachen; and this is done cheaply, and quite closely enough for the retail market. Thus, it is not only the London sempstress who suffers, but the weaver as well, to say nothing of vast subsidiary interests in the matters of braids, trimmings, linings, sewing silks, and buttons.

The extreme cheapness of shipping freights permits all this showy rubbish to be brought in at an almost inappreciable addition per piece. Cases containing from 80 to 90 jackets are landed in London by *grande vitesse* services at from 42s. each; the average cost for the several items being about 7*d.* a-piece. (Taking into consideration the cost of paper, packing cases, and incidental charges, 9*d.* would allow a handsome margin.) If time is of no importance, there are slower and far cheaper routes, and in any case there is no customs hindrance and there is no duty. Fashionable Germans, who, like the well-dressed Parisienne, recognise the supreme excellence of English tailor-made goods, and are would-be buyers, have to pay a duty upon them estimated by weight and value, which may add from 5s. to 12s. to the cost. But we have set our face as a flint against reciprocity, and there is an end of it. We are all Free-traders still; and if the German profits by it, why, then, so much the better for the German.

Anywhere save in England, the provisions of the Merchandise Marks Act might be properly exercised. At present evasion is easy. According to the clauses of the Act, a vendor acts with intent to defraud when he offers goods for sale under "any description, statement, or other indication direct or indirect . . . as to the place or country in which any goods were made or produced," which is demonstrably false. Further, it is noted that the protection of the Act "shall extend to the application to goods of any such figures, words, or marks, or arrangement, or combination thereof, as are reasonably calculated to lead

persons to believe that the goods are the manufacture or merchandise of some person other than the person whose manufacture or merchandise they really are." Clearly, that covers any imported garment ; and these are not infrequently ticketed inside with a woven label bearing the retailer's name—a proceeding which is decidedly calculated to deceive. In the case of margarine, the buyer is at least made cognisant of the nature of his purchase, by the compulsory labelling thereof in letters of not less than a fixed size. Why, in the name of common sense, should not the same rule be put in force concerning every imported article of made-up wear? I fear that it could not cripple the trade. It has not done so, unfortunately, in the case of watches, which enjoy the distinction of a special clause in the Act, nor in that of Christmas cards and cutlery—to name but these. But it would be a salutary check upon buyers and sellers. The action of the Duchess of York, the Duchess of Teck, and other ladies in society has gone far to put the British silk industry on its feet once more. Court dressmakers and large shops are sometimes unable to get as much as they want of English woven brocades and the like. In the case of this cheap stuff, such help is impossible ; and, I confess, I know not what is to be done.

Once in a way a private member astonishes the House of Commons with some startling figures as to the imports of prison-made goods : which may range from carpets to the coloured *paillettes* used for bonnet trimmings, from clothes brushes to baskets. But, thus far, no one has championed the needlewoman whose livelihood is removed from her to the profit of sweaters overseas. Ignorance may (and does) account for much ; but ignorance should scarce be suffered to tell in the matter of an import trade, which considerably exceeds the whole revenue (£1,210,000) derived from the duties on wine, nearly equals the £1,425,000 raised by House Duty, and closely approaches the Naval Defence Fund of £1,428,500. The thing thus viewed, there is no necessity for sentimental appeal. What must be realised is this : that the country is being drained of money which should remain within it, and which not only never comes back, but is used to create and develop an implacable rivalry in the markets which are opening up in Eastern Asia and in Africa East and West and Equatorial.

MARY FRANCES BILLINGTON.

WHAT ABOUT AMATEURS ?

THERE is a large class of persons in this country, increasing proportionately to the co-operative ease of civilisation, whose scope and standing are so indefinite that no English word has yet been invented to define them. We designate as amateurs those who, though they may persevere so far as to attain considerable proficiency in science, art, or literature, do not lie under the necessity of living by their exertions in these fields. No serious attempt has been made to provide them with a standard of achievement, probably because they seldom or never interfere with the supremacy of professional workers. But seeing how greatly leisure abounds, and is likely to abound, for many people, and that there are not a few who try to evade the tedium of idleness by applying themselves to production, it can hardly be vain to devise some scheme—to prescribe some limits—for the regulation of voluntary enterprise. The aggregate volume of amateur work is so huge, and the time spent in it so great, that one is unwilling to admit its worthlessness, notwithstanding that our practical fellow-countrymen civilly veil their contempt for it by having recourse to a foreign term.

At first sight it certainly seems as if excellence in the three subjects above-named—science, literature, and art—should lie most easily within reach of those who are most free from pecuniary anxiety: who have not to ponder gravely upon the vital value of hours and minutes, or to balance the expenditure of effort against its effect upon the means of subsistence; and this, because students, authors, and artists—workers with the head—are just the people whom it most nearly concerns to have control of disengaged thought. Fallow intervals are necessary to the ripening of intellectual crops, but it often happens that he who has his bread to win cannot afford unproductive periods.

Even if the labour is not dire drudgery, it must be incessant; there is no time for leisurely thought, and it is strange if artists and men of science must be sought for, not among those who live at ease, but in the

ranks of those ever at arm's length of famine. How comes it that the well-to-do have produced so few foremost workers in the nobler mind-crafts? that the term amateur implies something so far short of excellence that it is held to be almost synonymous with immature?

Yet to what heights might he not aspire, whose reach is not crippled, whose range of thought is not hampered, by the iron necessity of earning! Nay—far short of these heights, what unsuspected mines of enjoyment lie waiting to yield abundant treasure to resolute touch and patient endeavour; yet how few there be who find them. There was, indeed, a certain rich man who, in the early years of the last century, imparted to his fellows, in a single sentence, the secret of the great content he had discovered. Jean Capronnier de Gauffecourt spent a leisurely life in his country house of Montbrillant, near Geneva, working at the delicate craft of bookbinding. He gave to the world a little treatise, now of exceeding rarity, in which he explained that he laboured *pour faire usage de son heureuse oisiveté*. This fashion of life was certainly not in Talleyrand's mind when he declared that nobody who had not lived before 1789 could understand what a pleasant thing existence could be made; nevertheless, De Gauffecourt's plan is probably the surest to bring about lasting earthly happiness. The practice of a congenial industry, whether manual or mental, or, as in De Gauffecourt's art, a combination of both, realises Bacon's ideal existence—leisure without loitering—or, as Johnson chose to put it, labour without weariness. It has all the competitive excitement of a game, without its futility; there is something to show for the expenditure of time, and the eagerness of pursuit secures to every hour its proper value.

Surely those only can reasonably hope to attain distinction by exercise of their higher faculties, who are relieved from the obligation of wage-earning; a truce must have been struck for them with want, and such ease of circumstance provided that their thoughts need never be heavy with sordid care of gain.

Not so. It will be found, strange to say, that of those who have touched highest intellectual attainment, the greater number have been of the class to whom daily bread comes as the fruit of their own labour, and have had to pass through such periods of prolonged hardship and humiliation as might have seared the wings of any human soul. God knows how many pinions have been so seared and sunk unnoticed! The marvel is, to those who read the lives of great doers, that so many

have prevailed to rise through obstacles and disadvantages well-nigh insuperable. All of us spend much money in teaching our children music; how many of them carry it to the pitch of accomplishment surreptitiously reached by the boy Handel on his ricketty spinet? Yet how sternly was the face of Handel's father, barber and *valet de chambre*, set against the indomitable inclination of the child of his old age. He would have made his son a lawyer. Giovanni Cellini, on the other hand, would have trained his son Benvenuto as a musician, and, like Michelangelo's father, he did not hesitate to enforce, with many stripes, his dislike of the plastic arts. The list is endless of men who turned in disgust from work to which access was made easy, and in which livelihood was secure, to enter upon careers wherein failure meant ruin. It is, indeed, the humbling truth, that a man must feel the spur of necessity before he will assume command over his best productive faculties; and that all sources of supply, save those found in the chosen calling, must have been cut off before he can excel in anything. Johnson had this in view when he said that "no man but a blockhead ever wrote, except for money." Nevertheless, as an attempt will be made to show presently, literature is almost the only arena in which amateurs may compete on even terms with professionals.

Turn we first to analyse the conditions essential to excellence in one of the most popular of the fine arts. No man has ever drifted into proficiency as a painter. The preliminary discipline is so searching and so prolonged as to put late comers at a hopeless disadvantage. Corot, indeed, made a name for himself, though tied to a draper's counter till six and twenty, and it is tantalising to think of the perfection to which, with an earlier start, he might have brought his natural gifts. Velasquez has sometimes been cited as an amateur who made his way into the front rank, but this is a mistake arising out of the fact that, being of gentle birth, he held a Court appointment from Philip IV, and was created a knight of Santiago. The code of Spanish chivalry debarred from knighthood any person who sold the works of his hands; in the case of Velasquez this was evaded by a quibble, and it was declared that, being painter to the King, he did not sell his pictures. But Velasquez was in no sense an amateur, as his early masters, Herrera and Pacheco, might testify if they could be consulted. He obtained his Court appointment in recognition of his professional skill.

There is nothing more certain than this, that no amateur can usefully aspire to proficiency in the art of painting. It is not given to

human hand and eye to master the infinite complexity of that craft, at any sacrifice less than the whole energy of a life.

The obstacles to application which the amateur art student of either sex has to encounter are practically insuperable. The common engagements of social life, the legitimate demands on their time by relatives and friends, and, as regards young women, the conventional rules of chaperonage, are all hindrances to the necessary work. Reference is made here only to those of independent means, and therefore exposed to the demands of leisured society, for it is only those, of course, who can afford to practise painting as amateurs. If anyone were found able to free himself from these restraints betimes, and, still young, submit to constant and prolonged discipline of hand and eye, he would be equipped, not as an amateur, but as a professional artist. It would be for him then to decide whether, severing himself from the society and habits of those among whom he has been born, he should lead the stern life of an artist, or, deteriorating into an amateur, be content to fill the interstices of ordinary business and pleasure with the practice of an elegant accomplishment. The question always answers itself in the same way—in the way that it was resolved for Clive Newcome. There is no single instance on record of an amateur painter turning out work of the first order. Sir Francis Grant, it is true, was no more than amateur till he had turned thirty. Then, when his fortune was spent, he applied himself seriously to making a living out of art, and he became professional. He rose to be President of the Royal Academy, but it was his personal qualities, and not those of his work, which raised him to that eminence.

All this of course is quite contrary to the vague ideas of the nature of artists' work conveyed in works of fiction. Great pictures appeal so powerfully to the imagination that they are supposed to be exclusively the offspring of genius. Attention is seldom called to the years of slow drudgery, whereby control of materials was acquired. Many a young fellow beholding a fine picture is conscious of various beautiful thoughts to which he would like to give expression; belike he sees beauties which the painter has overlooked, and straightway, having a degree of graphic facility, he is fired with a resolve to "take up painting."

He enters himself as a pupil at some art school, and it is not surprising if he finds the initial steps a trifle dreary and discouraging. It is the heyday of the year—early June—when the country is

sweetest, and, to our shame, the town is fullest. His resolution is exemplary for some days, and the novelty of the class-room is not without its charm. But plaster casts are monotonous objects, and it is provoking what an infinity of labour is required to copy them correctly, and how vastly uninteresting the copies appear when done. He must not overdo it at first, you know; for the sudden change from easy life to "grind" might upset his health: so he permits himself to accept tempting invitations to luncheon—he may safely take an hour from two to three and go back all the better able to work for the change of air. But modern luncheon parties are elaborate affairs, and, after coffee and a cigarette, the appetite for work is apt to be blunt. However, he generally manages to get back to the studio for a couple of hours in the afternoon and then—a fellow must dine somewhere, you know. And so matters go on, fairly well considering the time of year and that the town is full of his friends. Then Ascot week arrives; well—he will just take a spell off. He neither understands nor cares for racing, but has received an invitation to stay with a charming party near the course. After all, he has got all the rest of the summer for unbroken work

It is not necessary to follow his further progress. Many there be who have travelled the same path; experienced the same spasms of eagerness to excel; resorted to the same attempts to skip tedious tracts of training, and landed at various stages of dissatisfied incompetency. To the young man of possessions or prospects, the kingdom of art is as little easy of access as the kingdom of heaven to Dives: there are no short cuts to either goal. It is well for him if he learns from his excursions what thousands go to their graves without ever finding out—the *real nature of honest work*.

This is to present art in a sadly matter-of-fact view. Most people seem to imagine that good painting comes by inspiration; but it seems never to strike them oddly that the afflatus is limited to those whose circumstances compel them to paint for a living.

In truth, there is as much romance in the living artist's life as in the novelist's ideal. None knew this better than Thackeray, who had himself pushed far enough to test the steepness of the ascent, and the contrast between Clive Newcome and J. J. Ridley repeats itself over and over again in the experience of every day. Isolated deeds of valour, dashing exploits and brilliant feats of arms are but waste of blood and strength, unless they come to crown patient endurance,

weary marches and vigils, and the million humdrum details that make up the conduct of a campaign.

There is as much difference between the real artist's life and the popular conception of it as there is between true romance—the romance of history, and the make-believe of fiction—the historical novel. You read a stirring story woven out of the fancy of one of the host of ingenious novelists, and you let your fancy fasten upon the favourite characters, with never a fear lest they should fail to come through the plot without scathe. What if your breath come quick and your temples throb with a pleasant degree of disquiet? You can trust your author to bring the hero and heroine out of the darkest dilemma and crown them with all dignified delight. I am but newly risen from devouring one such wholesome, impossible tale—Mr. Conan Doyle's *The White Company*. That accomplished writer had never dared to court audience again had he failed to rescue Alleyne Edricson alive from the bloody *Altura de los Inglesos*, or allowed Maud Loring to anticipate by one half-hour the blessed nick of time which brought her lover from the wars to save her from immurement in the nunnery of Romsey. That is the romance of make-believe at its best, and it is so delicious to surrender oneself to the glamour of the gay science, to be roused and then soothed, tormented and then tickled, that it is small wonder that novels have so vastly more readers than history. For, leaving aside the tracts of dulness that must be traversed to attain to knowledge of the history of nations, and the multiple horrors of cruelty, perfidy, and inhuman misrule, one must encounter such dismal miscarriages as the fall of gentle Falkland between the steel-lined hedges of Newbury, or such infirmity of counsel as brought about Charles Edward's retreat from Derby. In like manner the reading public loves to be told of the gifted artist under whose flowing brush the masterpiece grows so swiftly to perfection. For in novels the work is always swift, the hand bold and unerring, the conception as independent of study as the execution is facile; always—that is—except in novels written by tiresome people like Thackeray, who know too much of the plodding years of apprenticeship, and the long climb to power over pigment and pencil.

This prevalent delusion about the ease of painting seems so absurd to those who have an inkling of the truth, that it may be well to record an actual instance of it, which must be of a class with which drawing masters are very familiar. The father of two young ladies took them

to a school of painting in London. "I wish my daughters taught to sketch," he said. "I do not want them to learn drawing, you understand; they have not time for that; but just enough to do pretty landscapes in water-colour." They were admitted as pupils, of course, and who shall blame the master for undertaking what he well knew to be impossible; for the vocation of drawing master would be gone if the harsh truth were made known to fond parents. Yet it would be as reasonable to undertake to make musicians without teaching them the scales and insisting on constant practice, as to teach pupils to sketch without instruction in drawing. It is evidence of extraordinary and widespread ignorance, that probably more than half the water-colour materials supplied by Messrs. Winsor and Newton, pass into the possession of amateurs who have never acquired the rudiments of their art.

Many years ago, George Odger, bootmaker and radical lecturer, was addressing an audience on the subject of Labour. He used as an illustration the length of apprenticeship in the bootmaking trade, which he said was seven years. Now, seven years, at seven hours a day, means nearly 18,000 hours. Painting is a craft immeasurably more complex than that of stitching soles; one, in short, in which no proficiency could be expected for a less expenditure of time than has to be paid to learn bootmaking. Obviously, any young person who gave up his whole time for seven years, say from eighteen to twenty-five, would cease to rank as an amateur. Yet it might be supposed a reasonable matter for a youth of means and leisure to devote half his daily time, say three hours and a half, for twice the number of years. Try it! Three hours and a half, say from 10 a.m. to 1.30 p.m. for fourteen years—from sixteen to thirty—why it puts serious cricket, hunting, or shooting out of the question. Who is sufficient for these things? Balls must be eschewed, or there will be dawdling about breakfast. Business, in the common acceptation of the term, is equally incompatible with painting, for both require the golden hours of each day. In short, the sacrifice will be found too excruciating by anyone who will not pay the heavy price of proficiency in a difficult handicraft. *Pour faire usage de son heureuse oisiveté*—why, the leisure disappears and hard work takes its place! Yet what happiness would one secure who should be found capable of this devotion! Hopeful labour without anxiety for livelihood, resolute cultivation of power with no necessity for potboilers; no richer reward, one would say, could wait upon human effort.

Is there then no place for amateurs in the graphic arts? Assuredly there is, and herein it is believed is the chief profit in these observations. Not in the full exercise of painting, but short of that a great deal may be achieved. There are plenty of people so happily circumstanced as to be able to take a fair share of the pleasant ease of life—travel, field-sports, social gaiety, and yet find each day long enough to set apart an average of a couple of hours to steady practice in draughtsmanship. If young men and young women could only realise early enough what is within their power to accomplish, and decide to what pitch their natural gifts might be cultivated without making complete surrender of a lifetime, then, indeed, a great deal of excellent work, proportioned to the standard of enterprise, might be produced. The late Mr. P. G. Hamerton says that a violinist who can only spare one hour a day for practice would be ill-advised in attempting to give Spohr's "Ninth Concerto," though he might creditably accomplish "Auld Robin Gray." The misfortune is, that what is obvious as affecting music, is concealed from those who incline to graphic art. It is the rarest thing for an amateur to be proof against the fascination of colour.

No amateur musician ventures to summon others to listen to him unless after long and painful application to manual practice; he would very soon be given to understand that his performance was intolerable to those who, though peradventure unable to produce better music, at least have their ears accustomed to perfect sound. Yet nothing is commoner than to see the productions of amateur painters elaborately framed and hung in view of all comers. The secret of this being tolerated lies in the power of any sensitive visitor to turn his eyes away from the piece. Ears cannot be turned away; and it would be neither convenient nor decorous to thrust the fingers into them, supposing two young ladies, as little trained in music as the majority of amateurs are in painting, were set down to wrestle with the overture to the *Semiramide* while you were paying a morning call.

It would be bad for the colour shops if young people of leisure were to wake up some day to the limitations of amateur graphic art, but it would tend greatly to enrich the resources of profitable recreation. Excellent work might be done in black and white, or, if the seduction of pigment be irresistible, in the tessellated scheme of colour known as illumination. In the last-named art, now fallen into unmerited disuse, colour is not complicated by difficulties of light and shade and reflected lights; drawing is freed from the complications of perspective. Fine

books may be enhanced in value to an incalculable degree by illumination on margins and flyleaves, and proficiency is well within the reach of any student of reasonable diligence and artistic perception.

So much for painting, and the limitations of the sister arts of sculpture and music are not more flexible. But when we come to consider literature, the conditions seem to be less rigid. Every child learns to talk, and the most rudimentary education comprises instruction in writing: what is the best literature except written talk? Sometimes the words of the speaker have been repeated from lip to lip of generations before they came to be committed to manuscript. Homer is numbered among the greatest writers, though his voice had fallen silent ages before his verse was stored on papyrus or parchment. But, so soon as the invention of letters, no more was necessary to the poet or maker than to master their mystery, and to become an author in the modern sense. In this craft the line that divides amateur from professional is scarcely to be traced. Memory is crowded with the names of authors who began writing as a recreation, and it profits not to run over the long list of them, but there comes to mind a remarkable trio of contemporaries—Byron, Wordsworth, and Scott—not one of whom deliberately adopted literature as a means of livelihood.

Now what is the plain reason? It is this:—Technical instruction in writing—in the fluent formation of alphabetical signs and the grammatical construction of sentences—is included in the simplest form of education. Every ordinary pupil acquires it: if he has the power of penetrating thought or the sense of rhythmic cadence, education puts him in possession of the means of permanently expressing whatever is in his mind, whether as simple narrative, or poetry, or philosophy. This is literature; and in this many men and women, quite independent of remuneration, have won distinction, and even risen to the highest grades of fame.

To reckon a judge an amateur might involve contempt of court. Yet no man can well follow two professions, and it would be absurd to class Sir Walter Scott among amateur writers. Howbeit, his training was strictly a legal one, his profession was that of a sheriff, equivalent to a county-court judge in England. Again, Henry Fielding wrote more pungently than most people of the folly of setting hands to any work without adequate preparation and knowledge. No doubt he conscientiously endeavoured to fit himself for the duties of a stipendiary magistrate by reading up the best authorities on the administration

of justice. But when it is considered that this well-born Bohemian was forty-two years of age when he ascended the bench, that up to that time he had depended for his livelihood on the exercise of his pen, supplemented by intervals of stage management, and his wife's small fortune (which he dissipated in a few months of extravagant hospitality), the conclusion is irresistible that, as a judge, he was no more than a paid amateur. His jurisdiction has left no memorial, but the *History of Tom Jones* is an enduring testimony to his genius.

Literature, then, must be recognised as ground on which ordinary education puts amateurs and professionals on almost even footing; but in almost every other craft it is really the humbling truth that man requires the spur of necessity to make him take command of all his faculties; that all other supplies, except those derived from the chosen calling, must have been cut off before he can touch the point of excellence. There is, however, one other field which is yielded to the control of unprofessional workers, with results which it is not easy to estimate.

It is passing strange that, in this country, the business of legislation, including the maintenance and modification of the civil constitution, should be entrusted to the hands of those who, for the most part—greatly the most part—have had no more than the haphazard training of amateurs. Profoundly and rightly as amateur work is distrusted among us, we are content to commit to amateur legislators the matter of most moment to the temporal well-being of the people. Some curious deductions might be made from this, such as that we attach more importance to spiritual than to temporal affairs, because few people feel any more confidence in amateur pastors or preachers than they would place in unprofessional solicitors or physicians. Needless to say how little such a conclusion would bear analysis. The phenomena of a single season in London would suffice to dispel it; for how much more keenly people concern themselves about the Chancellor of the Exchequer's budget than about the sittings of Convocation, and how much more wheels on the date of Epsom races than on the incidence of Ascension Day.

Seeing, then, that mundane matters weigh more with us than heavenly, it might be expected that efforts would be made to secure professional law-givers as well as a professional priesthood. Hereditary rule is the only kind for which anything like professional training can be ensured, yet this has fallen into increasing disfavour in latter days.

Peers are held to be archaic survivals, permitted to hold their office on sufferance provided they do not administer it too effectively, and we have pronounced emphatically in favour of the purely elective—that is, the amateur—system. The inherent defects of this plan were not likely to escape the scrutiny of the Athenian philosopher Socrates, himself an elected senator, who incurred much ridicule on account of his inexperience in the conduct of public business, and never wearied in denouncing them.

“It is,” he said, “absurd to believe that men could not become skilled in the lowest mechanical arts without competent instructors, and to imagine that ability to govern a state, the most important of all arts, might spring up in men by the unassisted efforts of nature.”

Hippias, on his return to Athens after a long absence, happened to come upon Socrates as he was discoursing on the extraordinary system under which, if a man wished to have his son taught to be a shoemaker or a carpenter, or a worker in brass, or a horseman, he knew exactly where to send him; whereas if he wanted him to learn justice he would be utterly at a loss to find an instructor. Upon which Hippias exclaimed—“What! are you still saying the same things, Socrates, that I heard from you so long ago?” “Yes,” replied the sage, “and what is more wonderful, I am not only saying the same things, but am saying them on the same subjects,” implying that it was wonderful that intelligent men should so long submit to such an irrational system.* It is impossible to read Socrates’ dialogue with Euthedemus, a candidate for political honours, whom he cross-examined on the means he had employed to learn statecraft, without being struck with the pertinence of Grote’s comment on this and many similar passages.

“Were Socrates,” he says, “to revisit the earth at this day, and put the same questions in the market-place, he would find the like confident persuasion and unsuspecting dogmatism as to generalities—the like flattering blindness and contradiction when tested by cross-examining details.”

Luckily for the people who have to live under laws enacted by unprofessional law-givers, there exists behind these a more stable element which had no parallel in the Greek constitution. Behind Ministers and Members of Parliament, of whose sayings and doings newspaper readers are fully informed, there is a vast organisation about

* Xenophontis *Memorabilia*, IV, 4, 5.

which the general public hear very little and know less. The permanent heads and staff of the various public departments form a professional class in the strictest and highest sense of the term ; it is on their knowledge and industry that the lofty reputations of statesmen are built up ; by this silent, invisible army the plans of great leaders are carried into effect, and, while these men receive no more than their hire, the others, who would be absolutely helpless without them, come and go according to the caprice of the polls, without ever passing beyond the standing of illustrious amateurs.

There is something in this singular blend of dilettante statesmanship with professional workmanship to remind one of a celebrated case, arising out of the practice of a distinguished sculptor, which was argued in the law courts some dozen of years ago. The artist, who was accused of presenting work as his own which was really that of "ghosts" working to his directions, defended himself by claiming the right of the *maestro* to conceive designs, while the manual labour of execution was assigned to workmen. As machinery of government, this system is probably the best ever devised for securing popular liberty from encroachment on the part of rulers and, at the same time, securing that vigilance in defence of the realm which is so easily lulled when private and public aims are not held apart. Government by a purely professional class would soon prove intolerable: the amateur element gives it the necessary elasticity and sensitiveness to popular needs. But it is unfair that one side of this partnership—the amateur—should receive all the credit due to the co-operation of both.

This, then, is the conclusion led to as to the possibilities of amateurs in art. In certain defined branches of the fine arts, the power of adequate expression may be attained by a moderate expenditure of time, provided there exists the natural aptitude—as the French call it, *une disposition*—for artistic expression. But the sole value of art being the expression of the artist's mind, it is indispensable that the mechanical means of expression shall have been thoroughly mastered. The scope of attempt must be proportioned to the time that can be given up to acquiring that mastery. It is good to be a correct draughtsman, but it is not good, but altogether evil, to be a bad painter. Almost anyone may cultivate a natural gift to become the first: none can become the last at any price short of his whole energy and time. But above all things let the terms "genius" and "talent" have no place in the student's vocabulary. If they exist, they are to find

expression—full and worthy expression—when resolute industry and plodding perseverance have formed the artist. For without these humble virtues, even Milton must remain mute and inglorious, the embryo Michelangelo never pass from the grade of daubers.

“Why can’t you be content,” I hear someone saying, “to leave amateurs to amuse themselves in what way they please, without bothering them with prohibition against attempting this, or forbidding them to reach so high as that? Surely the palette and paint-box are more commendable instruments of pastime than the dice-box or roulette table? The heir to wealth who chooses to dabble in painting is surely less liable to earn disaster and unavailing regret, even if he has no very excellent productions to exhibit, than he who sets up a training stable or devotes his energies to betting.” Assuredly that is so. But let none set out on the journey without reckoning the length and counting the cost of it.

Seeing that the majority of intellectual producers have been found hitherto almost exclusively among the classes depending for subsistence on their own exertions*; seeing also that the average intellectual capacity of the leisured and moneyed classes is not lower than that of the earners, and that the amount spent on their education is almost incalculably greater, one is forced to believe that the obstacle to excellence among amateurs lies in their mode of applying their powers. To get rid of the futility, insincerity, and disappointment which at present seem almost inseparable from amateur work, there must be intelligent concentration of effort, and a proportion observed between the scope of that effort and the time it may be possible to set apart for training.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

* Account must of course be taken of the achievements of amateurs in the field of science, though, even there, vagueness of purpose and inconstancy of helm have rendered the proportional results immeasurably less than might have been.

THE CRITICISM OF ACTING

“**I**N the matter of encouraging actors to act,” says Mr. G. S. Street, in the May number of this REVIEW, “I confess I think the critics to blame. When you read Lamb, or Hazlitt, or Leigh Hunt, you find they were interested in acting ; they compared different actors, and observed how they took this or that passage. With our own critics it is otherwise. The plot fares very well at their hands. . . . But of the acting we are seldom told more than that So-and-So was admirable and his comrades adequate. This is wrong, and I am glad to see that the latest critic, Mr. Shaw, is likely to be an exception.” Mr. Street’s observation is just enough, but I cannot help demurring to the tone of reproach which he gives it. He tells us that his own experience of dramatic criticism was limited to six weeks ; had it run to six months, I think he would have understood and pardoned. He would have found himself falling back, however reluctantly, upon the stereotypes—“admirable,” “adequate,” “amusing,” “convincing,” “in his element,” “at her best,” with their synonyms and negatives—which are the well-worn but indispensable small-change of criticism. The effort to say something original and trenchant about every considerable piece of acting is the sure mark of the freshman in the critical college. It betrays a noble and pleasing but untimely ambition. The stars in their courses oppose it. Not half a dozen times in a season, perhaps, do we see a piece of acting which affords any real opportunity for analysis, discussion, reasoned praise, or discriminative censure. The times have changed since Leigh Hunt and Hazlitt sat in the side boxes, and not only the critics but the actors have changed with them. I should like to draw Mr. Street’s attention to the nature of the change.

In a well-ordered argument, the enunciation should precede the proof. Briefly, then, I hope to show that whereas nine-tenths of the acting of to-day is, or aims at being, a slightly magnified mimicry, a kinetoscopic reproduction of life, nine-tenths of the acting which interested Leigh Hunt and Hazlitt aimed at the idealisation of life, the intensification of both tragic and comic expression, by the aid of processes as artificial,

and as clearly susceptible of analysis and definition, as those which to-day obtain on the operatic stage. The presentation of a simple every-day, childishy obvious personage is, nine times out of ten, the task of the modern actor; the actor of the palmy days addressed himself to the interpretation of a complex, more or less archaic, more or less problematical character, expressing itself in measured and highly figurative language. What the modern critic has usually to determine is how far an actor's personality and method enable him to get "into the skin" of a trivial and probably conventional figure, which offers no problems for discussion and round which no traditions have accumulated. Of course it is always possible, and sometimes interesting, to give a general appreciation of the talent of an actor or actress; but time is too short and space too limited to allow of our repeating this on the occasion of each new performance. As a rule, we are forced to assume a common knowledge of the actor's characteristics, and simply to state how he appears to us to have adapted these characteristics to the part in question. If it be a modern part, ten words will generally serve the purpose as well as ten thousand. In such a case, Hazlitt himself could do no more than state his personal impression, or rather perception, of likeness or unlikeness to the simple, elementary idea of the character. He could find no room for disquisition, comparison, discrimination. He would have to content himself with saying that Mr. A. was "admirable," Mr. B. "adequate"; that Mrs. X. "was at her best," and Miss Y. "seemed out of her element."

Let us look, now, at the conditions under which Leigh Hunt and Hazlitt worked. Mr. Street, by the way, brackets Lamb with these—unadvisedly, as I cannot but think. Lamb wrote little or no criticism in our ordinary journalistic sense of the term, the sense which Mr. Street must be understood to have had in mind. What he did, and did incomparably, was to draw portraits, mainly from memory, of actors who had kindled his imagination—vivid, delightful, and in some cases highly idealised portraits. This we could still do if, as Lamb himself said on another occasion, we had the mind. The attempt is frequently made, indeed, and it is not the subjects that are lacking. What would we not give for a mezzotint, signed "Elia," of Miss Ellen Terry or Miss Ada Rehan, Mr. Hare, Mr. Tree, or Mr. Charles Wyndham?

The critical campaigns of Leigh Hunt and Hazlitt (excluding Leigh Hunt's *Tatler* work of 1830-31) cover between them the fifteen years from 1805 to 1820, or in other words the decline of the Kembles

and the rise of Kean. Let us take the mid-season of the period, that of 1813-14, as fairly typical. It was exceptionally interesting, inasmuch as it revealed the genius of Edmund Kean; but as regards the plays presented, it was quite an ordinary season.

We turn to the indispensable Genest, and what do we find? Drury Lane opens on September 11th with *The School for Scandal*. Before the month is out four plays of Shakespeare's have been performed: *Much Ado, As You Like It*, the first part of *Henry IV*, and the *Merry Wives*; along with Fletcher's *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, *The Rivals*, *John Bull*, *The Jealous Wife*, and *The Honeymoon*. By the end of the year *The Merchant of Venice* and *Romeo and Juliet* have been added to the list of Shakespearean productions, and *The Wonder*, *The Man of the World*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, and several others, to the list of standard comedies. In all this time only four new pieces have been acted: *First Impressions, or Trade in the West*, "an indifferent comedy by Horatio Smith"; *Who's to Have Her?* "a tolerable musical farce, by T. Dibdin"; *Illusion, or the Trances of Nourjahad*, "a melodramatic spectacle in three acts, vastly well contrived for the introduction of splendid scenery, dresses, dances, &c."; and *Orange Boven, or More Good News*, a "temporary trifle." On the 3rd of January *Othello* was produced, two days later *Venice Preserved*; and on January 26th "Kean from Exeter" made his first appearance. He played before the end of the season, on July 16th, Shylock, *Othello*, Iago, Richard III, Hamlet, and Luke, in an adaptation of Massinger's *City Madam*. *Twelfth Night*, also, was added to the Shakespearean roll, and *She Wou'd and She Wou'd Not*, *Wild Oats*, *The Belle's Stratagem*, *The Iron Chest*, and *The Revenge* to the list of standard plays; while of new productions there were four, each more trumpery and despicable than the last—an "indifferent opera," a "two-act farce," a "melo-dramatic romance," and an "interlude." Thus we find, taking the whole season, that ten plays of Shakespeare were performed, and about a score of classical or, at any rate, well-known and popular comedies and dramas, as against eight new pieces which vied with each other in triviality, not to say imbecility. Three different actors—Stephen Kemble, Huddart, and Kean—played Shylock; Stephen Kemble acted the two Falstaffs "without stuffing"; five actors, Sowerby, Rae, Pope, Kean, and Elliston, appeared as *Othello*; and three, at least, of the same actors assumed in turn the part of Iago.

Crossing the street to Covent Garden, we are confronted with a very

similar record. The new pieces, nine in number, are deplorable farces or comic operas. One only aspired to the dignity of a comedy, and one only, Pocock's "melo-drame," *The Miller and His Men*, attained any popularity. On the other hand, fourteen plays of Shakespeare were produced, and at least a score of standard tragedies, comedies, and dramas by other authors. John Kemble played Coriolanus, Macbeth, Hamlet, Richard III, Brutus, Wolsey, Rolla, Cato. Charles Mayne Young played Hamlet, Mark Antony, Richard III, Cassius, Jaques, Othello, Iago, Zanga, Rolla, Pierre. Terry played Shylock and Ford in *The Merry Wives*. Conway played Romeo, Henry V, Coriolanus, Othello, the Prince of Wales (*Henry IV*, Part I), Norval, Jaffier, and other important parts. Mrs. Jordan played Peggy in *The Country Girl*, Violante in *The Wonder*, Miss Hoyden in *A Trip to Scarborough*, Rosalind, and Lady Teazle. Miss "Kitty" Stephens played Ophelia and Desdemona. Miss "Sally" Booth played Juliet. A Mrs. McGibbon, "from York," played Lady Macbeth and Mrs. Haller: two of the great parts which Mrs. Siddons had relinquished for ever only two seasons before.

Forgive this tedious enumeration, the drift of which you must long ago have perceived. The critics of those days gave the best of their attention to acting, because there was practically nothing else that could occupy their thoughts for a single instant. The new plays produced were few in number and childish beyond expression. Read Leigh Hunt upon his favourite dunce-triumvirate, Reynolds, Dibdin, and Cherry, and you will realise how impossible it was for any one to criticise seriously the miserable stuff which was all the stage had to show in the way of novelty. Hunt, as he afterwards confessed, was rather truculent and ill-mannered towards these gentry, but no one has ever suggested that he did them substantial injustice. He never even named their plays, but simply dismissed them in the mass as beneath contempt. Of course there were then theatrical reporters who summarised in the newspapers the plot of the previous evening's opera, farce, or melo-drame—even Hazlitt did so occasionally; but these notices were quite as perfunctory task-work as any modern criticisms of acting. To read an account of one of these productions, or even to glance down the list of characters, is to conceive a new respect for *Charley's Aunt* and *Niobe*, for *The Fatal Card* and *The Derby Winner*, for *The Red Lamp* and *John-a-Dreams*. Occasionally a terrible, turgid tragedy in blank verse would break the dead level

of prose ineptitude; but so lifeless were these enormities that when *Virginius* was produced in 1820, the vigorous fustian of Sheridan Knowles was hailed as marking the revival of a lost art. The plays of to-day, in short, however slightly we may esteem them, are masterpieces of wit and invention, technical accomplishment and criticism of life, in comparison with the deplorable hack-work of the Leigh Hunt-Hazlitt period.

And while the drama was at its nadir, acting, of the sort that lends itself to analytic, reasoned criticism, was at its zenith. In the nine months we have reviewed, seventeen plays of Shakespeare were presented at the patent houses: nowadays, two revivals in a season are regarded as quite a Shakespeare "boom." In most of the great tragic parts, several actors in turn essayed their strength during that one season, so that comparisons, as to both general conception and particular "business" and readings, were forced upon the critics. They became learned Shakespearians by the mere act of attending the theatre. They saw more of Shakespeare in nine months than we have seen in nine years—aye, or for that matter, in nineteen; and the very comparisons suggested by every new performance lent it a fresh interest. Remember, too, that while Shakespeare was exceedingly familiar on the stage, his characters were not yet so deeply encrusted in critical glosses and theories as they are to-day. Hazlitt himself was one of the pioneers of modern exegesis, as opposed to the patronising apologetics of the eighteenth century. It was still possible to prelude your estimate of a new impersonation with an original and luminous summary of the character as designed by the poet, or to enforce your censure of a particular detail by proving it inconsistent with the general idea of the part. Every criticism, in brief, consisted of a more or less minute comparison of two highly complex phenomena: the poet's conception, and the actor's understanding and rendering of it. Every smallest detail, every emphasis, every elision, every crescendo or diminuendo, afforded matter for acute investigation, ingenious attack or defence. And these arguments, it must not be forgotten, were addressed to a public of experts, familiar with every point under discussion, and capable of intelligent assent or dissent: a partisan public, intensely interested in the contest between this tragedian and that, between the Old School and the New. Nowadays, if a critic who happens to know verse from prose calls attention to some gross mutilation of an exquisite line, even his fellow critics marvel at his

pedantry, while the public at large neither knows nor cares what he is talking about.

Let us take up Hazlitt, and turn for a moment to his 1814 criticisms. Here is his first notice of Kean's Richard III. He opens by declaring in general terms the originality, the freshness, the perfect "articulation" of the performance. Then he defines, in a single paragraph, his own conception of the character of Richard, and goes on as follows:—

If Mr. Kean does not completely succeed in concentrating all the lines of the character, as drawn by Shakespeare, he gives an animation, vigour, and relief to the part, which we have never seen surpassed. He is more refined than Cooke; more bold, varied, and original than Kemble, in the same character. . . . The only two things which appeared to us decidedly objectionable, were the sudden letting down of his voice when he says of Hastings, "Chop off his head," and the action of putting his hands behind him, in listening to Buckingham's account of his reception by the citizens. His courtship scene with Lady Anne was an admirable exhibition of smooth and smiling villainy. . . . We remember Mr. Cooke's manner of representing this scene was more violent, hurried, and full of anxious uncertainty. This, though more natural in general, was, we think, less in character. Richard should woo, not as a lover, but as an actor.

Here, you see, we have all the characteristics of this school of criticism: (1) General character-exposition. (2) Comparison of the new actor's rendering with an ideal conception, and with the renderings of other well-known performers. (3) Allusion to, and sometimes full discussion of, the minutest details of emphasis, gesture, and expression. A few weeks later, Hazlitt opens a long and elaborate essay on the character of Iago with the remark that

We are very much inclined to persist in the objection we made before, that Mr. Kean's Richard is not gay enough, and that his Iago is not grave enough. This he may perhaps conceive to be the mere caprice of captious criticism; but we will try to give our reasons, and shall leave them to Mr. Kean's better judgment.

If Mr. Kean thought the criticism "captious," he was a much greater fool than I take him to have been. He may or may not have agreed with it; probably he agreed on some points and dissented on others: in either case, he cannot but have found it luminous, suggestive, helpful. This is the criticism that is really worth writing, in which the critic becomes at once the interpreter of the author and the collaborator of the actor. But it is applicable only to vital and complex characters in plays of perdurable substance and texture. Imagine Hazlitt setting forth to prove that Mr. Charles Cartwright (for instance) was not gay enough as Major Mostyn in *The Derby Winner*, and not grave enough

as Sir Hubert Garside in *John-a-Dreams*, and applying to Mr. Haddon Chambers's Iago the fourteen pages of analysis which he devotes to Shakespeare's!

Some of us, even in these degenerate days, seize every reasonable opportunity of treating poetical, or would-be poetical, acting with all the seriousness that in us lies, or that our editors will stomach. I, for my part, am old enough to know something of the traditions of the days when passion was passion, and verse was verse. When I began theatre-going, the echoes of some of the great voices of the first half of the century still lingered in the provinces. Time was when we young enthusiasts of the pit valued ourselves not a little on our knowledge of "business" and "readings," our power of striking a just balance between tradition and originality. But, frankly, one's Shakespearology grows rusty from sheer disuse, and one meets with small incentive to rub it up. If Hazlitt himself were to rise from the grave, he would find his occupation gone. His criticism would no longer be either helpful to the actors or interesting to the general public. When a man of strictly limited physical and vocal means has rehearsed a great part day and night for six weeks, and settled down to play it six times a week for six months, criticism may annoy, but cannot assist, him. Kemble, Kean, and even Macready were for ever alternating, and consequently for ever re-studying, their parts. In their younger years, at any rate, their acting was always in a more or less plastic and experimental stage. Read Macready's diary, and you will see how unwearied he was in studying and elaborating — perhaps over-elaborating — his most familiar parts. On men so circumstanced criticism could bite, and perhaps did bite more than they realised or would have admitted. Nowadays, censure or remonstrance is little better than crying over spilt milk. The best that criticism can do is to try to keep alive, if possible, some sense of the true proportions of things, and to assert, in spite of everything, that passion and poetry are still the very essence of Shakespearean acting, however ingenious and interesting the modern substitutes for them.

One thing, however, we can and ought to do: we can insist on syllabic perfection in the mere memorising of verse. Fire, energy, smoothness, sonority, music are not to be had for the asking; but at least we can demand that there shall be five feet in an iambic pentameter. Mr. Irving, let me hasten to say, is in this respect above reproach. He rarely shows any feeling for rhythm, but he never

inserts, omits, or misplaces words to the destruction of the line. In this he stands almost alone. Miss Ada Rehan has a fine but uncertain instinct for verse. Her delivery of Katherine's long speech in the last act of *The Taming of the Shrew* was once the most exquisite piece of musical diction I ever heard on the English stage. Time has told upon it to some extent, but it is still very beautiful. One was all the more astounded, then, to hear Miss Rehan, in the very first lines of Viola, convert one of the tenderest and most subtly-cadenced verses Shakespeare ever wrote into bald and hideous prose, by omitting an emphatic word and the suspension which should have preceded it. The lines run thus :—

And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother, he is in Elysium.

Did ever poet more clearly prescribe the way a line was to be spoken? Who cannot see the wistful half-smile that curves the lady's lips as, in the pause after "my brother," the melancholy little assonance of "Illyria" and "Elysium" floats into her mind? Miss Rehan omitted the pause and the "he," and remarked "My brother is in Elysium," as who should say "My brother has gone to Twickenham." This is the sort of thing that no one with an ear for verse can ever forget or can wholly forgive; and in protesting against it one stands on no shifting ground of opinion or prejudice, but on a solid basis of common sense. The distinction between verse and no-verse is as clear as the distinction between an ellipse and a parallelogram; yet it quite escapes the majority among actors and, I am sorry to say, a good many critics as well. I remember a revival of *The Midsummer Night's Dream* in which Miss Kate Rorke, as Helena, spoke her verse with absolute accuracy and considerable grace, while her comrades were shamelessly imperfect; yet several critics singled out Miss Rorke's delivery for censure!

At this point I am sensible that my argument seems to verge towards a contradiction. If the characters of modern plays are so elementary as to offer no material for analysis, how can the plays themselves be worthy the consideration we lavish upon them? Surely, it may be urged, a play which affords no opening for rationally criticisable acting cannot itself be rationally criticisable.

To this specious objection there are several answers. In the first place, the modern French technique, the technique of the well-made play, though now rapidly becoming obsolete, was, and still is, an interesting

product of the human intellect, not at all unworthy of serious attention. Since the days of Eugène Scribe it has been possible for playwrights to produce works even emptier of character and observation than the efforts of Messrs. Reynolds, Dibdin, and Cherry, yet rescued from sheer nothingness by an ingenuity of invention, a deftness of construction, and a mastery of a certain order of scenic effect, which it is impossible altogether to despise. Take, for example, such a play as *Diplomacy*. Here character-analysis is out of the question. All we can say of the acting is that the artists engaged seemed to us to mimic more or less cleverly the conventional types assigned to them, and to express certain obvious emotions with more or less sincerity and skill; and for these judgments we can give no rational reasons, since they are founded on the simple perception of similarity or dissimilarity to an instinctive, incommunicable idea of the different personages, which somehow shapes itself in our minds. Hazlitt himself could in effect have said nothing more than "Mr. A. pleases and Miss Z. displeases me"; but Hazlitt, we may be sure, would have felt a keen interest in taking to pieces and putting together again the complicated clockwork which is Sardou's idea of a dramatic action. There have been, and there still are, countless plays of this order, devoid of vital character or philosophic import, yet claiming a certain amount of attention in virtue of their sometimes amazing, and generally considerable, technical dexterity. It is easy to scoff at Scribe, Sardou, and their imitators; but they are men of a totally different intellectual calibre from the English hack-playwrights of the Hunt-Hazlitt days.

Again, it does not follow that because a character is simple, perspicuous, and unrheterical, it is therefore despicable. Think, for example, of Eccles, in *Caste*. He is undoubtedly a real character, well worth drawing, well worth acting. Criticism may have much to say about him as a representative type, as a social phenomenon; but he entirely eludes such analysis as may be helpful to the actor, or may lend authority to our praise or censure of any particular performance. We may envelop our judgment in a mist of words, but the practical upshot is simply this: "Mr. So-and-So's Eccles resembles, or does not resemble (as the case may be), the idea of a blustering and whining sot, which we have formed either from direct observation or from dim and half-conscious recollections of other actors—an idea which we cannot express, describe, or rationally vindicate, but which nevertheless we are bound to swear by." Is it wonderful that we should give brief and

perfunctory utterance to judgments which rest on no firmer basis than this? The last time *Caste* was performed, I remember, the critics were unanimous in condemning the Captain Hawtrey and Polly Eccles. I did not, and do not, dissent; but I am much mistaken if any one of us gave a more convincing reason for his adverse opinion than the simple one that Mr. M. and Miss N. were not Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft. None of us, certainly, dreamed of going to Robertson's text, expounding the true inwardness of the characters, and showing where the artists in question failed to realise it.

The great poetic and rhetorical characters, in sum, not only require a much more definite and elaborate technique for their interpretation, but have an independent existence, to which even the most ably-drawn modern characters cannot pretend. The Shakespearean personage is an incarnation of the individual will: in his very essence an exception, sometimes almost a monstrosity. The modern personage is in his essence a commonplace social unit, as little of an exception as possible, who becomes dramatically interesting from his conflict with established institutions or prejudices, or with another social unit as commonplace as himself. The Shakespearean play is the study of a passion: the modern play is a picture of society. Therefore it follows that even a true and finely-drawn character in a modern play cannot be invested with the overwhelming individuality of Richard III or Iago, of Cleopatra or Lady Macbeth. Except in what are specifically called character-parts, dependent on elaborate make-up and delicate mimicry, modern acting is infinitely less of an *impersonative* effort than Shakespearean acting is, or ought to be. The modern author, in casting a play, tries to find a man and woman physically resembling his leading characters, and temperamentally capable of getting into touch with them. Graceful and accomplished self-expression, rather than impersonation, comes to be the task of the modern actor; and in the judgment of this style of acting an enormous allowance must be made for the personal equation.

Here we have the ultimate and, perhaps, the strongest reason why some of us are apt to shirk any trenchant expression of opinion on modern acting. No doubt it is a commonplace as old, at least, as Churchill, that

Things of no moment, colour of the hair,
Shape of a leg, complexion brown or fair,
A dress well chosen, or a patch misplaced,
Conciliate favour, or create distaste.

But we become doubly exposed to such fortuitous, sub-conscious, in-avoidable influences in cases where impersonative effort and technique are reduced to a minimum, and the effect depends almost entirely upon mere personal characteristics, upon physique and temperament. I am bound to confess that there are two or three gentlemen, and possibly one or two ladies, on the stage, whom I simply cannot abide, whom I contemplate either with pain, or with what Mr. Weller described as "inward and suppressed mirth," and whom I am therefore utterly incompetent to criticise. When it is necessary, I mention their names, appending to them some phrase of the least possible import. I could no more condemn than I could praise them. If it were possible to be quite frank, I should simply say: "I do not like you, Dr. Fell—the reason why I cannot tell." (A friend of mine once did use these words in confessing his prejudice against a particular actor, and received a solicitor's letter threatening an action for libel, on the ground that the performer in question had been a doctor before going on the stage.) These, however, are extreme cases. More frequently one is unconscious, or only half-conscious, of the bias; and it is quite as likely to operate to the advantage as to the disadvantage of the artist in question. In that case, of course, it matters less. There is no reason why one should not express one's sense of a pleasant personality, even if it be seconded imperfectly, or not at all, by conscious art. But among so many uncertainties and disturbing influences, may not one be excused for walking warily? I think, too, we may in reason remember that the personal element in acting, which is so apt to distort the critic's judgment, at the same time heightens the actor's sensitiveness. Where we feel that we cannot help, who shall blame us if we are chary of hurting?

WILLIAM ARCHER.

THE CHARACTER OF THE POLITICIAN

To which is added A Modest Proposal for Electoral Reform

IT will not, I think, be seriously questioned, that the attitude of the plain man towards the Politician is briefly: "Here comes the politician: let us lock up the spoons." A contributor signing himself "Z." has, in the pages of this REVIEW, delineated, with highly commendable self-restraint and moderation, the characteristics of two leading demagogues of the age. In a spirit of compromise which mars the outspoken candour of an otherwise admirable article, "Z." offers an apology for the Working Politician. This giving of quarter to any sort of Politician is, I venture to think, a very reprehensible act of clemency at the present crisis of our national affairs. It is an error, in my humble judgment, from which the patriotic pages of this REVIEW should speedily be purged.

I will not trifle with the intelligence of my readers by framing any elaborate indictment of the subject of this paper. The space of this REVIEW is valuable, and I must hasten on to a disclosure of my remedies. It is a case for summary procedure, and I cannot do better than follow the line of argument used by the great Voltaire in the affair of the prophet Habakkuk. That philosopher, relying on evidence which seemed to him sufficient, had conceived a very mean opinion of this distinguished leader of the Jewish theocracy, and he roundly accused him of all the seven deadly sins. An apologist—for even Habakkuk, like the Working Politician (incredible as it may seem), had his apologist—pointed out that chronology, with a trifling discrepancy of a century or two, absolved the prophet on one particular count of the indictment. "*N'importe,*" cried the philosopher, brushing aside this frivolous objection with a gesture of impatience, "*Habakkuk était capable de tout.*"

And our modern Politician—is he not by universal consent even as Voltaire's Habakkuk. It is incredible to me that any serious and philosophical writer should go out of his way to find extenuating circumstances. The observations on this head made by "Z.," who in other respects seems

to be a reasonable and moderate person, call for grave animadversion from all who value the independence of political journalism. I trust, therefore, for the credit of that profession, that "Z." will see fit to offer some explanation and apology for the servile complaisance exhibited in his recent article. That a writer of "Z.'s" insight and ability should speak of any class of politicians in other than terms of severe reprobation, is, to me at all events, a very disheartening sign of the times.

I appeal from this anonymous journalist, with his timorous presentation of half-truths, to testimony of a weightier character. Dr. Robert Flint stands pre-eminent as a leader of thought in the great Democratic Kirk of Scotland. Professor in the University of Edinburgh, and author of *The Philosophy of History*, he is justly esteemed one of the profoundest thinkers of the age. In his book on Socialism he writes thus:—"On the only occasion on which I met J. S. Mill I heard him say, 'I entered Parliament with what I thought the lowest possible opinion of the average member, but I left it with one much lower.' Parliament has certainly not improved since Mr. Mill's time, and especially morally (*sic*). The more indistinct the principles, and the more effaced the lines of action, on which the old parties proceeded, are becoming, the more the advantages of party government are decreasing, and the more its latent evils are coming to light. Already the struggle of politics is largely a conscious sham, an ignoble farce, the parties pretending to hold different principles in order not to acknowledge that they have only different interests. Our whole political system is thus pervaded with dishonesty. What would in any other sphere be regarded as lying is in politics deemed permissible or even praiseworthy. Ordinary parliamentary candidates have of late years shown themselves unprecedentedly servile and untrustworthy. A large majority of the House of Commons are of use merely as voting machines, but without independence of judgment, sensibility of conscience, or anxiety to distinguish between good and bad in legislation or administration. The House of Commons has during the last decade greatly degenerated, and it is still plainly on the down grade."

The high character and the well-known moderation of Dr. Flint, combined with the deliberate trenchancy of these remarks, give a point to his indictment of the political profligacy of the age to which the opinion of a mere letter of the alphabet can add nothing. The distinguished moralist from whom I have quoted shows great leniency, and makes no attempt to aggravate our indignation by descending to particulars. The

case of the politicians is one to which the great principles of Jeddart justice most fitly apply. Are they not daily caught red-handed making cannibal feasts of their own convictions? Let the reader pause for a moment to consider the career of — or —! Let him her fill in at discretion the name of the object of his own supremest contempt! Let him watch the creature at his "work," with the *tabula rasa* which he calls his Political Conscience, cadging among the groundlings in search of a vote. He no longer aspires to lead, but seeks guidance and inspiration from the most ignorant and the most venal. He does not possess a good honest "No" in his vocabulary. His meanness is such that he no longer bribes out of his own pocket but out of the Rates. He will not say a word in defence of the most fundamental principles of civilised society, if thereby he may risk the loss of a vote; and he would support the appointment of a Royal Commission to consider a revision of the rigours of the Multiplication Table. All this he does with the imperturbable gravity of Mr. Shandy's bull. His antics, however, are ceasing to re-assure: he is being found out; honest men are separating themselves from his company, and the Rump that is left stands out clearly as knavish or phrenzied. In political as well as in juridical science it is proverbially difficult to distinguish the knave from the fanatic. If a man be of opinion that National Salvation cometh only by Total Abstinence, it is an interesting question to determine how far he is blameworthy in log-rolling the kindred proposition that two and two make five. It is a problem not to be resolved in the circumscribed pages of a magazine article. The species of phrenzy with which I am more particularly concerned—for I fear it is a misconception of its real nature which has led "Z." astray—is the phrenzy of the Moderate Man, true analogue of Mr. Shandy's bull: who thinks that truth can be reached by obtaining from the exorbitant demands of fanaticism a reduction of 25 per centum.

If space permitted, strong if not convincing reasons might be given for the opinion that the ability of moderation to obtain an abatement of (say) 25 per centum on all the products of fanaticism is not altogether equivalent to an infallible canon of truth or a first principle of government. There are those who argue that Democracy, if it is fortunate enough to have courageous leaders, is capable of apprehending scientific truth; that government is a science; that the brayings of an Ass whose ears are tickled cannot be unanimously accepted as the formal exposition of that science, any more than of the laws of astronomy or medicine.

The Ass, these optimists declare, can be educated. To tickle his ears and make him bray at large is the art of the Demagogue. To deduct 25 per centum from the destructive resonance of that bray is the work of the Moderate Politician. Meanwhile, the educator of the Ass is conspicuous by his absence. The time is ripe for his advent, but even he tarries. "Z," I venture to think, has, by his apology for existent types, done something to delay his coming. He has been misled, I fear, by some foolish saw which urges the necessity of economy in controversy.

The first object of my paper is now served. The second humblest letter in the alphabet, I have protested against the backsliding of "Z." I have done this with the more pleasure, as, I learn, he has been blamed in certain quarters for undue temerity, forsooth! Never in my humble judgment was criticism more at fault. Let "Z." take courage: he has disposed, to the general satisfaction, of the Demagogic Section of the political world; let him undertake a new controversy, and give us his candid opinion on the Common Politician.

My object, however, is not to repeat obvious and well-worn common-places, but to point to a remedy. For many years I have been unable to vote because of my profound abhorrence for the candidates who solicit my suffrage. They have all offered me my heart's desire out of the Rates, till my political stomach turns away from them with irrepresible nausea. They are sceptics as to the existence of any principles of Government or Society. Their only device for winning sympathy is to invite me to plunder my neighbour under the shelter of some nefarious Act of Parliament. I have no appetite for the messes of pottage which these gentlemen offer me, and I find that a vast majority of my acquaintances is of the same opinion. We will join no longer in the braying which these gentlemen evoke.

My remedy is a very simple one. It is iniquitous, I affirm, that so large a number of Her Majesty's subjects should be deprived of the franchise in the manner I have described. We cannot bray for the candidates who submit themselves for our suffrage: we demand the right to bray against them. To descend to the language of practical politics: we insist on the necessity of a second ballot, in which the constituents of every elected representative may express their wishes, "Yea or Nay," by depositing a white or a black bean in a ballot box provided for the purpose.

I will now proceed, according to the method followed by the most celebrated panacea-mongers of all ages, to develop, under five heads,

the advantages which, I humbly submit, would accrue to the community from an adoption of the plan I advocate:—

1. It would enable a deserving class, hitherto excluded from any exercise of political power, to use its franchise, and so add vastly to the civic enthusiasm of these islands;

2. By making black beans legal tender at elections, it would restore the ratio of value between the black and the white bean, to the infinite advantage of the Agricultural Classes of this country;

3. It is computed by the most serious demographer of my acquaintance, that the demand for black beans would soon be so great that a large section of the Unemployed might go “back to the land,” and cultivate the Bean Industry, with profit to themselves and the country at large;

4. The House of Commons would be permanently abolished, or rendered innocuous: as it is not conceivable that any candidate (except of the educative type aforesaid) would survive the shower of black beans rained upon him in the second ballot;

5. A sounder administration of the laws of the land would indubitably be promoted. It is confidently asserted by some of the more enthusiastic supporters of my plan that if, *e.g.*, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre and Sir Balthazar Foster were withdrawn from the influence of the more ignorant of their constituents, and permeated by the influence of Sir H. Owen and the Staff of the Local Government Board, even these eminent statesmen might be taught to administer the duties of their office indifferently, with a single eye to justice, and a complete disregard of electioneering tactics.

This last expectation, I must confess, appears, to the sober judgment of the more thoughtful members of our party, visionary and millennial. It is right, however, that I should mention it: as it shows to what heights of enthusiastic aspiration the authors of this plan have allowed their imaginations to soar. Up to this point I have endeavoured to deal with my subject dispassionately, in the cold and critical light of reason: I trust that this momentary lapse into a vein of sentimental yearning for the reclamation of the eminent Politicians of all parties will not prejudice my proposals in the eyes of the more philosophical section of my readers. My excuse must be that without lofty aims nothing can be achieved. “Z.” has already spoken. I am confident, however, that the views which I have set out in the foregoing pages represent the opinion of the other twenty-two letters of the alphabet

much more truly than the compromising stuff which he has foisted on the public. In this firm conviction I humbly subscribe myself, the reader's very obedient servant,

Y.

A EUGÉNIE

MAIS il te faut m'être si douce !
 Car tu sais, ou tu ne sais pas,
 Que je suis faible et que mon pas
 Flageolle à la moindre secousse ;

Que mon cœur qui trône, jadis
 Fier de sa puissance amoureuse,
 Tremble et s'alarme à tels petits,
 Tout petits flirts, riens, viande creuse ;

Que mon esprit, naguère encore
 Triomphal en pleine lumière,
 Chû de son vol d'azur et d'or,
 A perdu sa gloire première ;

Qu'enfin mon âme, toute en Dieu
 Lors d'un autrefois dont les anges
 Furent participants, au lieu
 Des cieux erre ès-limbes étranges :

Oui, toi douce—et tout est fini
 Du mal languide qui m'opresse,
 Et qu'à jamais ton nom béni
 Ferme les sceaux de ma détresse !

PAUL VERLAINE.

Mars, 1895.

THE NEW *PLUTARCH*

[*Plutarch's Lives of the Noble Greeks and Romans*. Englished by Sir Thomas North. With an Introduction by George Wyndham. *Tudor Translations Series*: Edited by William Ernest Henley. London: Nutt.]

IT is something of a reproach to English letters that North's *Plutarch* should have lain in forgetfulness for close upon two hundred and twenty years. Between 1676 and this present year of grace no new edition has come to remind the world of one of the world's masterpieces. But masterpieces are imperishable, and at last a worthy atonement is made for this infamous neglect; at last the *Lives of the Noble Greeks and Romans* have been dignified with all the bravery and magnificence which they deserve. The newest edition is also the most handsome; and whether you consider the admirable shapeliness of the page and the perfect disposition of the type, or rejoice in the scholarship and intelligence of Mr. Wyndham's introduction, you cannot but be grateful (to quote the dedication to Mr. Arthur Balfour) for a splendid "transfiguration of an immortal book."

It is one of the unpierced mysteries of literary history that, while Elizabethan verse resumed its clutch upon the poets after a brief interlude of contempt, Elizabethan prose had but a trivial influence to surrender. There is never a month without its travesty of Shakespeare; but flat and nerveless periods of prose are daily fashioned by the thousand, as though North and Holland had never played the scholar, as though the Bible had never been appointed to be read in all the Churches. And the accident is the more lamentable since, while the Five Act Tragedy is the stubbornest of conventions, the Tudor prose possesses all those qualities of colour, substance, and variety which are despised in this golden age of the popular novel. True, the eighteenth century condemned the Tudor ruggedness, forthwith dismissing it from a cultured consideration; true, also, the fetter of Addisonian elegance lay easily upon the few who, in a later age, chose to regard the writing of prose as an art. But the decline of North's influence, if unintelligible, is also certain, and for the most of men English Prose

begins with the ancient *Spectator*, and lives only in its present namesake. The "barbarity" of the Elizabethan Style is the common stumbling-block. That a writer should not always select the most obvious method of expression is deemed an infamy by those who fashion their sentences, as the carpenter planes his timber, flat. The critic, who ingenuously delights in the avoidance of a false concord, is wont to charge with affectation all styles that are not wooden as his own. As though affectation were not the very essence of art! As though a lettered simplicity were not the remotest of artifices! It is no more natural to employ words for the reasoned expression of thought than it is to arrange lines and colours upon canvas; and it is the failure to understand these commonplaces of criticism which has procured the complete oblivion of such masters of prose as Thomas North and Philemon Holland. Not long since a painter laid it down for an axiom that, while his own art was sheltered from opinion, any man had the right to criticise books, because the child who asked for milk was already guilty of literature. He did not realise that the child was merely thirsty, nor would he admit his own colleague the ragamuffin who kicked a bucket of paint into the gutter. He merely echoed the fallacy of the muddy-pated critic who cannot away with "affectation." Thus the baldest statement is mistaken for literature, if only it be accurately spelt. Thus the splendour of North is eclipsed by the lucid obscurity of the Langhornes.

But not only were the Elizabethans barbarians, in prose. Not one of them, says the pedant, understood the art of translation. Assuredly not one of them understood it after the pedant's own fashion, and he who demands a word for word translation had better betake himself to Dr. Giles. There are, however, several methods of rendering the symbols of one language by the symbols of another. It was Robert Browning's opinion that "a translation should be literal at every cost save that of absolute violence to our language"; and Robert Browning's own achievement in the *Agamemnon* should be enough to refute the opinion. For in that version not only is violence continually done to our language, but there is scarce a page intelligible without the Greek. A literal translation generally resembles a photograph: seemingly true to its original, it is essentially and inherently false. A reckless importance is given to trivial details, and while the outline of the object is still recognisable, its beauty and character are offered a sacrifice to a mistaken theory of accuracy. No doubt the Perfect Translator, being complete master of two languages, would echo in his own the rhythm

and cadence of a strange tongue. But the Perfect Translator has never been, and were he born into this imperfect world, he would treat his author not word for word, nor line by line, but phrase by phrase, with a larger generosity. Transplant a verb or a substantive from one language to another, and it may lose all savour and significance: changing its place in a sentence, it cannot but change its effect. To an ear trained in the loose-knit license of English, the austerer syntax of Greek may appear somewhat hard and constrained; but to render Lucian (for instance) by a rigid phrase would be to misrepresent his aim and his meaning. In fact, the most accomplished translators have treated their originals with the utmost freedom, assuring themselves of fidelity by far subtler methods than the paltry correspondence of balanced words. Not seldom the shortest cut to an accurate version is an elaborate detour; not seldom is it necessary to recede as far as possible from the original to ensure a harmonising or a corresponding effect. There is no better illustration of the argument than the impossibility of rendering verse by verse. Yet not a few translators have captured in prose the sound and rhythm of poetry. If Poe's lyrics lilt in your ear, you cannot but recognise the force and the beauty of M. Mallarmé's prose. But Mr. Gladstone suggests no phrase, no sentiment of Horace, and what poetaster ever found a key wherewith to unlock Heine's enchanted hoard?

Now, though the Elizabethan translators were neither erudite nor subtle enough to pursue their art for its own sake, none the less they avoided the grosser follies of literal translation. If North did not give you a perfect *Plutarch* he gave you a perfect book, and conferred a far greater benefit upon the world than (say) the late Professor Conington. Doubtless he fell short of the ideal, because he commanded but one language, and knew not the delicacies of Greek; but he was a master of the picturesque, and he was without a rival in stately narrative. He moves your tears, as he stirs your blood, not because he was a scholar, but because he took English prose for the noble instrument it is; and, content to follow Amyot whom he understood, he left Plutarch to the Langhorns and those other ushers that came after him. As Mr. Wyndham puts it with excellent force and brevity: "he offers Plutarch neither to philosophers nor to grammarians, but to all those who would understand life and human nature." But when Mr. Wyndham proceeds to imply that Plutarch loses nothing in North, agreement is impossible. Plutarch loses all, but he gains—

how much more? The historian and the critic must still rely on the Greek text; for these North has no word of guidance. He has composed a new work upon the theme of Plutarch. If the tune be similar, the tone is always different, and it is only necessary to compare the Elizabethan version with the far-off original to recognise how unimportant is the theme, even of a history. Still, the blame as well as the praise North must share with Amyot; and with all his limitations he will remain the prince of English translators, until the arrival of that impossible hero who shall join to the scholarship of Professor Jebb the energy and grandeur of Elizabethan prose.

But when you desert the translator for the writer there is no further question of North's supremacy. For all his ignorance of Greek, he played upon English prose as upon an organ whose every stop he controlled with an easy confidence. He had a perfect sense of the weight and the colour of words; pathos and gaiety, familiarity and grandeur resound in his magnificently cadenced periods. It was his good fortune to handle a language still fired with the various energy of youth, and he could contrive effects of sound and sense which had been neither condemned nor worn out by the thoughtful pedant. Take as a single example of many, the prelude to the immortal oration of Coriolanus: "It was even twy light when he entered the cittie of Antium, and many people met him in the streets, but no man knew him. So he went directly to Tullus Aufidius house, and when he came thither, he got him up straight to the chimney harthe, and sat him downe, and spake not a word to any man, his face all muffled over. They of the house spying him, wondered what he should be, and yet they durst not bid him rise. For, ill-favoredly muffled and disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certain majestie in his countenance, and in his silence; whereupon they went to Tullus, who was at supper, to tell him of the strange disguising of this man." To disengage and explain the beauty of this passage is not easy, since its dignity and rhythm elude you by their very simplicity. The Greek which North knew not has its own admirable directness, but it is not for an instant comparable to the English. Thus run the last four lines: *οἱ δε κατὰ τήν οἰκίαν θαυμάσαντες ἀναστήσαι μὲν οὐκ ἐτολμησαν (ἦν γαρ τι καὶ περὶ αὐτὸν ἀξιωμα καὶ τοῦ σχήματος καὶ τῆς σιωπῆς), ἔφρασαν δέ τῳ Τύλλῳ περὶ δείπνου ὄντι τήν ἀτοπίαν τοῦ πράγματος.* Now, it is impossible not to recognise that North has added to the passage an element of emotion wholly lacking in the original. How clumsy shows the parenthesis of

Plutarch when you set it side by side with the excellently balanced English! And τὴν ἀτοπίαν τοῦ πράγματος—is not this essentially common phrase honoured in North's careless breach of exactitude: "the strange disguising of this man"? On every page you will find such master-strokes of inaccuracy, and once you know North you will banish the Greek Plutarch to the topmost corner of your bookcase. To go no further than this same *Coriolanus*: is not the hero's speech to Tullus Aufidius the perfection of emotional prose? Shakespeare knew its worth when he lifted it without hesitation or shame, merely clipping the prose into such lengths as would befit his own more stately medium. So too, each after its kind, the *Antonius*, the *Pericles*, the *Alcibiades*, are miracles of narrative and reflection. If Plutarch gave the theme, and Amyot found the inspiration, the phrase and colour are North's own, and it is to him, and to Shakespeare, beyond all men, that we owe our knowledge and appreciation of Greece and Rome's splendour, and of the austere dignity that was Rome's.

Now, although the Langhornes long ago ousted their splendid forerunner, North's version is England's inheritance: since North's version has become, maybe without knowledge, a part of English life and of English literature. Books there are which we rather absorb than read, and once Shakespeare had laid a transforming hand upon North, it was idle for others to translate Plutarch. Cribes they might fashion by the score, but cribes perish in the schoolroom, and no man who reads the English tongue can drive from his memory the sounding phrase of North. Plutarch, indeed, has been fortunate in his interpreters. For Jaques Amyot, whom North most loyally followed, was something more than a translator. He created afresh such works as he encountered; and his *Daphnis and Chloe*, like his incomparable *Lives*, is a separate and original achievement. Never was statelier half-way house set up between Greek and English than Amyot's generous and noble French, and the debt which most honourably unites France and England cannot be settled until a proper credit is given to the influence exerted upon English prose by "James Amyot, Abbot of Bellozane, Bishop of Auxerre, one of the King's Privy Counsel, and Great Amner of France." But, apart from the distinguished services of his two interpreters, it was inevitable that Plutarch should have proved a writer for all time. His voice is as fresh to-day as when it first found utterance. In a sense he revealed the ancient world to modern readers, and whether or no his authority be impeached by the critics, his was that deathless picture

of antiquity upon which Shakespeare gazed. Above all, his books remain, like Burton's *Anatomy*, companions for the arm-chair. Both his *Morals*, which is reflection tempered by anecdote, and his *Lives*, which is anecdote tempered by reflection, delight by their very discursiveness. Those who love them best dip (maybe) rather than feast continuously; and, in the case of his masterpiece, it is now for the first time possible to replace the bulky folio of the *Lives* with an edition as light to handle as it is elegant to behold.

In truth, if the journey from Plutarch to Shakespeare be long, it is strangely direct, and the milestones which mark its progress are everlasting monuments. For those who have an interest in literary development there is no instance of greater curiosity than the growth of *Coriolanus* or *Antony and Cleopatra* from an ancient history which the dramatist only knew at third hand. Shakespeare's honour is beyond and above question. Depredation is the privilege of the great, and the greatest of poets may only be condemned for thieving when Napoleon is set down as a common robber. He laid hands upon literature as he laid hands upon life, forcing it to do him service. And thus he transformed or resumed the knowledge and intelligence of all time. But if the moral question be easily answered, the predestined privilege of Plutarch will be ever memorable. There came out of Chæronea in the first century after Christ a scholar and lecturer, whose good fortune it was to contribute some fifteen hundred years later to the fashioning of a set of incomparable masterpieces. Thus was Bœotia avenged of her slanderers; thus did a star of intelligence shine over despised Thebes. With the happiness that never deserted him, Plutarch fell at his proper season into the hands of Amyot, to whom also Shakespeare owes an indirect tribute. Now, Amyot enjoyed that rarest of talents: scholarship touched by a sense of style, and if his version falls below the standard of pedantry it is a miracle of prose. The coldness, the rigidity of the Greek disappear at once. The French, more lavish, more decorative than the original, gives to the ancient history the blood of a new life. No *Coriolanus* could have proceeded from the untempered Greek. But the accomplished Amyot brought us a step nearer Shakespeare, since he not only translated Plutarch, but invented North. For North pushed Amyot's liberal interpretation to a higher point. He embroidered with an even freer hand; he proved an even keener delight in superfluous synonyms; he carried the work even further from the field of classical austerity into

the champion country (as he might say) of romance. Thus was the material shaped by destiny for Shakespeare's hand ; and it is no idle sentiment that exaggerates the grandeur of the Chæronean scholar, who all unconsciously toiled for the glory of English poetry. In spite of those whose ingenuity would make a science of literary history, it is seldom that you may see influences at work. Yet here no link is lacking, and you read Plutarch, Amyot, North with a fresher zest, because you recognise that each had his share in the making of Shakespeare.

Mr. Wyndham's introduction is sound and scholarly work. Written with admirable ease and variety, it conceals within its hundred pages a vast amount of erudition and research. Yet there is no idle parade of learning, and when you reach the end you marvel that so much knowledge should have been thus surreptitiously set forth. Mr. Wyndham knows his North and his Amyot like his pocket, and his criticism of their interdependence is just even unto finality. He unravels the tangled skein of bibliography with as light a hand as he plays with politics ; nor is there any aspect from which he has not regarded North and North's *Plutarch* both. By a happy thought, he looks upon the *Plutarch* less as a translation from the Greek (or the French) into the Elizabethan English than as a fresh and independent work. In brief, he tackles it as though it were a new book hot from Mudie's, and there results a certain ingenuousness of view which is as pleasant as it is original. Now and again this simplicity is carried too far : as when, for instance, he classifies the services rendered by Plutarch's heroes. " Their life-work consisted," he says, " (1) in founding States ; (2) in defending them from foreign invasion ; (3) in extending their dominion ; or, (4) in leading political parties within their confines." Either these distinctions are platitudinous, or they suggest for Plutarch an outlook which no historian ever could admit. And in either case they recall the false elaboration of German scholarship. At times, also, Mr. Wyndham is tempted to confuse Plutarch with his heroes : to put in the mouth of the writer such views and theories of life as only belong to the characters he creates. Which is the more reprehensible, since none better understands than Mr. Wyndham Plutarch's pre-eminent skill in portraiture. From a similar *naïveté* proceeds his discussion of the Plutarchian World and of its resemblance to our own. After all, is the Plutarchian World a possible abstraction ? Plutarch pictured Theseus as he pictured Antony from such documents and traditions as were at his hand, and it is a needless ingenuity to bring within the compass

of one imagined World warriors and statesmen who are separated from each other, not only by nationality but by centuries of culture. No more than a common humanity is implied in the resemblance of their manners to our own, and Mr. Wyndham might wisely have abandoned the consideration of omens, customs, and festivals to the professional student of history and folk-lore.

But with these reservations there is nothing but praise for this most ingenious and spirited Introduction. There you have Plutarch's opinion of politics and warfare criticised most intelligently and most freshly by a man who has enjoyed an intimate experience of warfare and politics. The habit and theory of ancient times and modern are admirably contrasted, nor has Mr. Wyndham ever scrupled to leave his Plutarch, when his Plutarch set him upon an irrelevant line of argument. Against his literary criticism not a word can be uttered in reproach. One knows not which is the better, the analysis of Amyot or the analysis of North; and surely none will be found to dispute the writer's sane and sound judgment. Moreover, Shakespeare's debt to North is reckoned with excellent point and brevity, and, in one instance at least, the close comparison is of service in restoring a defective passage. And as Mr. Wyndham displays a vivid understanding of North's style and splendour, so he proves himself properly sensitive to North's finest passages. Truly, there is no statelier emotion in English than the Elizabethan master's Death of Cleopatra: "Her death was very sodaine. For those whom Cæsar sent unto her ran thither in all hast possible, and found the souldiers standing at the gate, mistrusting nothing, nor understanding of her death. But when they opened the doores, they found Cleopatra starke dead, layed upon a bed of gold, attired and araid in her royall robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iras, dead at her fecte; and her other woman called Charmion halfe dead, and trembling, trimming the Diademe which Cleopatra ware upon her head. One of the souldiers seeing her, angrily sayd unto her: 'Is that well done, Charmion?' 'Verie well,' sayd she againe, 'and meet for a Princes discended from the race of so many noble kings.' She sayd no more, but fell doune dead hard by the bed."

With which purple patch I am content to leave North's masterpiece, echoing Mr. Wyndham's conclusion: here is a piece of prose which is "worthy to stand with Malory's *Morte Darthur* on either side the English Bible."

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

MACAIRE

A MELODRAMATIC FARCE IN THREE ACTS

BY

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY AND
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ROBERT MACAIRE.
BERTRAND.
DUMONT, Landlord of the *Auberge des Adrets*.
CHARLES, a Gendarme, Dumont's supposed son.
GORIOT.
THE MARQUIS, Charles's Father.
THE BRIGADIER of Gendarmerie.
THE CURATE.
THE NOTARY.
A WAITER.
ERNESTINE, Goriot's Daughter.
ALINE.
MAIDS, PEASANTS (*Male and Female*), GENDARMES.

The Scene is laid in the Courtyard of the Auberge des Adrets, on the frontier of France and Savoy. The Time 1820. The Action occupies an interval of from twelve to fourteen hours: from four in the afternoon till about five in the morning.

NOTE.—*The time between the Acts should be as brief as possible, and the piece played, where it is merely comic, in a vein of patter.*

ACT I.

The Stage represents the courtyard of the Auberge des Adrets. It is surrounded by the buildings of the inn, with a gallery on the first story, approached C., by a straight flight of stairs. L. C., the entrance doorway. A little in front of this, a small grated office, containing a business table, brass-bound cabinet, and portable cash-box. In front, R. and L., tables and benches: one, L., partially laid for a considerable party.

SCENE I.

ALINE and MAIDS; to whom FIDDLERS; afterwards DUMONT and CHARLES. *As the curtain rises, the sound of the violins is heard approaching. ALINE and the inn servants, who are discovered laying the table, dance up to door L. C., to meet the FIDDLERS, who enter likewise dancing to their own music. AIR: "Haste to the Wedding." The FIDDLERS exeunt playing into house, R. U. E. ALINE and MAIDS dance back to table, which they proceed to arrange.*

ALINE. Well, give me fiddles : fiddles and a wedding feast. It tickles your heart till your heels make a runaway match of it. I don't mind extra work, I don't, so long as there's fun about it. Hand me up that pile of plates. The quinces there, before the bride. Stick a pink in the Notary's glass : that's the girl he's courting.

DUMONT (*entering; with CHARLES*). Good girls, good girls! Charles, in ten minutes from now what happy faces will smile around that board!

CHARLES. Sir, my good fortune is complete ; and most of all in this, that my happiness has made my father happy.

DUMONT. Your father? Ah, well, upon that point we shall have more to say.

CHARLES. What more remains that has not been said already? For surely, sir, there are few sons more fortunate in their father : and, since you approve of this marriage, may I not conceive you to be in that sense fortunate in your son?

DUMONT. Dear boy, there is always a variety of considerations. But the moment is ill chosen for dispute ; to-night, at least, let our felicity be unalloyed. (*Looking off L. C.*) Our guests arrive : here is our good Curate, and here our cheerful Notary.

CHARLES. His old infirmity, I fear.

DUMONT. But Charles—dear boy!—at your wedding feast! I should have taken it unneighbourly had he come strictly sober.

SCENE II.

To these, by the door L. C., the CURATE and the NOTARY, arm in arm; the latter owl-like and titubant.

CURATE. Peace be on this house!

NOTARY (*singing*). "Prove an excuse for the glass."

DUMONT. Welcome, excellent neighbours! The Church and the Law.

CURATE. And you, Charles, let me hope your feelings are in solemn congruence with this momentous step.

NOTARY (*digging CHARLES in the ribs*). Married? Lovely bride? Prove an excuse!

DUMONT (*to CURATE*). I fear our friend? perhaps? as usual? eh?

CURATE. Possibly : I had not yet observed it.

DUMONT. Well, well, his heart is good.

CURATE. He doubtless meant it kindly.

NOTARY. Where's Aline?

ALINE. Coming, sir! (*NOTARY makes for her.*)

CURATE (*capturing him*). You will infallibly expose yourself to misconstruction. (*To CHARLES.*) Where is your commanding officer?

CHARLES. Why, sir, we have quite an alert. Information has been received from Lyons that the notorious malefactor, Robert Macaire, has broken prison, and the Brigadier is now scouring the country in his pursuit. I myself am instructed to watch the visitors to our house.

DUMONT. That will do, Charles : you may go. (*Exit CHARLES.*) You have considered the case I laid before you?

NOTARY. Considered a case?

DUMONT. Yes, yes. Charles, you know, Charles. Can he marry? under these untoward and peculiar circumstances, can he marry?

NOTARY. Now lemme tell you : marriage is a contract to which there are two contracting parties. That being clear, I am prepared to argue categorically that your son Charles— who, it appears, is not your son Charles—I am prepared to argue

that one party to a contract being null and void, the other party to a contract cannot by law oblige or constrain the first party to contract or bind himself to any contract, except the other party be able to see his way clearly to contract himself with him. I donno if I make myself clear?

DUMONT. No.

NOTARY. Now, lemme tell you : by applying justice of peace might possibly afford relief.

DUMONT. But how?

NOTARY. Ay, there's the rub.

DUMONT. But what am I to do? He's not my son, I tell you : Charles is not my son.

NOTARY. I know.

DUMONT. Perhaps a glass of wine would clear him?

NOTARY. That's what I want. (*They go out, L. U. E.*)

ALINE. And now, if you've done deranging my table, to the celiar for the wine, the whole pack of you. (*Manet sola, considering table.*) There : it's like a garden. If I had as sweet a table for my wedding, I would marry the Notary.

SCENE III.

The Stage remains vacant. Enter, by door L. C., MACAIRE, followed by

BERTRAND with the bundle ; in the traditional costume.

MACAIRE. Good! No police.

BERTRAND (*looking off, L. C.*). Sold again!

MACAIRE. This is a favoured spot, Bertrand : ten minutes from the frontier : ten minutes from escape. Blessings on that frontier line! The criminal hops across, and lo! the reputable man. (*Reading*) "*Auberge des Adrets*, by John Paul Dumont." A table set for company ; this is fate : Bertrand, are we the first arrivals? An office ; a cabinet ; a cash-box—aha! and a cash-box, golden within. A money-box is like a Quaker beauty : demure without, but what a figure of a woman! Outside gallery : an architectural feature I approve ; I count it a convenience both for love and war : the troubadour—twang-twang ; the craftsman—(*Makes as if turning key.*) The kitchen window : humming with cookery ; truffles, before Jove! I was born for truffles. Cock your hat : meat, wine, rest, and occupation ; men to gull, women to fool, and still the door open, the great unbolted door of the frontier!

BERTRAND. Macaire, I'm hungry.

MACAIRE. Bertrand, excuse me, you are a sensualist. I should have left you in the stone-yard at Lyons, and written no passport but my own. Your soul is incorporate with your stomach. Am I not hungry, too? My body, thanks to immortal Jupiter, is but the boy that holds the kite-string ; my aspirations and designs swim like the kite sky-high, and overlook an empire.

BERTRAND. If I could get a full meal and a pound in my pocket I would hold my tongue.

MACAIRE. Dreams, dreams! We are what we are ; and what are we? Who are you? who cares? Who am I? myself. What do we come from? an accident. What's a mother? an old woman. A father? the gentleman who beats her. What is crime? discovery. Virtue? opportunity. Politics? a pretext. Affection? an affectation. Morality? an affair of latitude. Punishment? this side the frontier. Reward? the other. Property? plunder. Business? other people's money—not mine, by God! and the end of life to live till we are hanged.

BERTRAND. Macaire, I came into this place with my tail between my legs

already, and hungry besides ; and then you get to flourishing, and it depresses me worse than the chaplain in the jail.

MACAIRE. What is a chaplain? A man they pay to say what you don't want to hear.

BERTRAND. And who are you after all? and what right have you to talk like that? By what I can hear, you've been the best part of your life in quod ; and as for me, since I've followed you, what sort of luck have I had? Sold again! A boose, a blue fright, and two years' hard labour, and the police hot foot after us even now.

MACAIRE. What is life? A boose and the police.

BERTRAND. Of course, I know you're clever ; I admire you down to the ground, and I'll starve without you. But I can't stand it, and I'm off. Good bye : good luck to you, old man ; and if you want the bundle——

MACAIRE. I am a gentleman of a mild disposition, and, I thank my Maker, elegant manners ; but rather than be betrayed by such a thing as you are, with the courage of a hare, and the manners, by the Lord Harry, of a jumping-jack——— (*He shows his knife.*)

BERTRAND. Put it up, put it up : I'll do what you want.

MACAIRE. What is obedience? fear. So march straight, or look for mischief. It's not *bon ton*, I know, and far from friendly. But what is friendship? convenience. But we lose time in this amiable dalliance. Come, now, an effort of deportment : the head thrown back, a jaunty carriage of the leg ; crook gracefully the elbow. Thus. Tis better. (*Calling.*) House, house here !

BERTRAND. Are you mad? We haven't a brass farthing.

MACAIRE. Now !—But before we leave !

SCENE IV.

To these, DUMONT.

DUMONT. Gentlemen, what can a plain man do for your service ?

MACAIRE. My good man, in a roadside inn one cannot look for the impossible. Give one what small wine and what country fare you can produce.

DUMONT. Gentlemen, you come here upon a most auspicious day, a red-letter day for me and my poor house, when all are welcome. Suffer me, with all delicacy, to inquire if you are not in somewhat narrow circumstances ?

MACAIRE. My good creature, you are strangely in error ; one is rolling in gold.

BERTRAND. And very hungry.

DUMONT. Dear me, and on this happy occasion I had registered a vow that every poor traveller should have his keep for nothing, and a pound in his pocket to help him on his journey.

MACAIRE. A pound in his pocket ?

BERTRAND. Keep for nothing ?

MACAIRE. Bitten !

BERTRAND. Sold again !

DUMONT. I will send you what we have : poor fare, perhaps, for gentlemen like you.

SCENE V.

MACAIRE, BERTRAND ; *afterwards* CHARLES, *who appears on the gallery, and comes down.*

BERTRAND. I told you so. Why will you fly so high ?

MACAIRE. Bertrand, don't crush me. A pound : a fortune ! With a pound to

start upon—two pounds, for I'd have borrowed yours—three months from now I might have been driving in my barouche, with you behind it, Bertrand, in a tasteful livery.

BERTRAND (*seeing CHARLES*). Lord, a policeman !

MACAIRE. Steady ! What is a policeman ? Justice's blind eye. (*To CHARLES.*) I think, sir, you are in the force ?

CHARLES. I am, sir, and it was in that character—

MACAIRE. Ah, sir, a fine service !

CHARLES. It is, sir, and if your papers—

MACAIRE. You become your uniform. Have you a mother ? Ah, well, well !

CHARLES. My duty, sir—

MACAIRE. They tell me one Macaire—is not that his name, Bertrand?—has broken jail at Lyons ?

CHARLES. He has, sir, and it is precisely for that reason—

MACAIRE. Well, good-bye. (*Shaking CHARLES by the hand, and leading him towards the door, L. U. E.*) Sweet spot, sweet spot. The scenery is . . . (*kisses his finger-tips. Exit CHARLES.*) And now, what is a policeman ?

BERTRAND. A bobby.

SCENE VI.

MACAIRE, BERTRAND ; *to whom ALINE with tray; and afterwards* MAIDS.

ALINE (*entering with tray, and proceeding to lay table, L.*) My men, you are in better luck than usual. It isn't every day you go shares in a wedding feast.

MACAIRE. A wedding ? Ah, and you're the bride.

ALINE. What makes you fancy that ?

MACAIRE. Heavens, am I blind ?

ALINE. Well, then, I wish I was.

MACAIRE. I take you at the word : have me.

ALINE. You will never be hanged for modesty.

MACAIRE. Modesty is for the poor : when one is rich and nobly born, 'tis but a clog. I love you. What is your name ?

ALINE. Guess again, and you'll guess wrong. (*Enter the other servants with wine baskets.*) Here, set the wine down. No, that is the old burgundy for the wedding party. These gentlemen must put up with a different bin. (*Setting wine before MACAIRE and BERTRAND, who are at table, L.*)

MACAIRE (*drinking*). Vinegar, by the supreme Jove !

BERTRAND. Sold again !

MACAIRE. Now; Bertrand, mark me. (*Before the servants he exchanges the bottle for the one in front of DUMONT'S place at the head of the other table.*) Was it well done ?

BERTRAND. Immense.

MACAIRE (*emptying his glass into BERTRAND'S*). There, Bertrand, you may finish that. Ha ! music ?

SCENE VII.

To these, from the inn, L. U. E., DUMONT, CHARLES, the CURATE, the NOTARY jiggng : from the inn, R. U. E., FIDDLERS playing and dancing; and through door L. C., GORIOT, ERNESTINE, PEASANTS, dancing likewise. AIR : "Haste to the Wedding." As the parties meet, the music ceases.

DUMONT. Welcome, neighbours ! welcome, friends ! Ernestine, here is my Charles, no longer mine. A thousand welcomes. O the gay day ! O the auspicious wedding !

(CHARLES, ERNESTINE, DUMONT, GORIOT, CURATE, and NOTARY sit to the wedding feast; PEASANTS, FIDDLERS, and MAIDS grouped at back, drinking from the barrel.)
O, I must have all happy around me.

GORIOT. Then help the soup.

DUMONT. Give me leave : I must have all happy. Shall these poor gentlemen upon a day like this drink ordinary wine ? Not so : I shall drink it. (To MACAIRE, who is just about to fill his glass.) Don't touch it, sir ! Aline, give me that gentleman's bottle and take him mine : with old Dumont's compliments.

MACAIRE. What ?

BERTRAND. Change the bottle ?

MACAIRE. Bitten !

BERTRAND. Sold again. } *Aside.*

DUMONT. Yes, all shall be happy.

GORIOT. I tell 'ee, help the soup !

DUMONT (*begins to help soup. Then, dropping ladle*). One word : a matter of detail : Charles is not my son. (*All exclaim.*) O no, he is not my son. Perhaps, I should have mentioned it before.

CHARLES. I am not your son, sir ?

DUMONT. O no, far from it.

GORIOT. Then who the devil's son be he ?

DUMONT. O, I don't know. It's an odd tale, a romantic tale : it may amuse you. It was twenty years ago, when I kept the *Golden Head* at Lyons : Charles was left upon my doorstep in a covered basket, with sufficient money to support the child till he should come of age. There was no mark upon the linen, nor any clue but one : an unsigned letter from the father of the child, which he strictly charged me to preserve. It was to prove his identity : he, of course, would know the contents, and he only ; so I keep it safe in the third compartment of my cash-box, with the ten thousand francs I've saved for his dowry. Here is the key ; it's a patent key. To-day the poor boy is twenty-one, to-morrow to be married. I did perhaps hope the father would appear : there was a Marquis coming ; he wrote me for a room ; I gave him the best, Number Thirteen, which you have all heard of : I did hope it might be he, for a Marquis, you know, is always genteel. But no, you see. As for me, I take you all to witness I'm as innocent of him as the babe unborn.

MACAIRE. Ahem ! I think you said the linen bore an M ?

DUMONT. Pardon me : the markings were cut off.

MACAIRE. True. The basket white, I think ?

DUMONT. Brown, brown.

MACAIRE. Ah ! brown—a whitey-brown. •

GORIOT. I tell 'ee what, Dumont, this is all very well ; but, in that case, I'll be danged if he gets my daater. (*General consternation.*)

DUMONT. O Goriot, let's have happy faces !

GORIOT. Happy faces be danged ! I want to marry my daater ; I want your son. But who be this ? I don't know, and you don't know, and he don't know. He may be anybody ; by Jarge, he may be nobody ! (*Exclamations.*)

CURATE. The situation is crepuscular.

ERNESTINE. Father, and Mr. Dumont (and you too, Charles), I wish to say one word. You gave us leave to fall in love ; we fell in love ; and as for me, my father, I will either marry Charles, or die a maid.

CHARLES. And you, sir, would you rob me in one day of both a father and a wife ?

DUMONT (*weeping*). Happy faces, happy faces !

GORIOT. I know nothing about robbery ; but she cannot marry without my consent, and that she cannot get.

DUMONT. O dear, O dear !

ALINE. What, spoil the wedding ?

ERNESTINE. O father !

CHARLES. Sir, sir, you would not—

} *Together.*

GORIOT (*exasperated*). I wun't, and what's more I shan't.

NOTARY. I donno if I make myself clear ?

DUMONT. Goriot, do let's have happy faces !

GORIOT. Fudge ! Fudge !! Fudge !!!

CURATE. Possibly on application to this conscientious jurist, light might be obtained.

ALL. The Notary ; yes, yes ; the Notary !

DUMONT. Now, how about this marriage ?

NOTARY. Marriage is a contract, to which there are two contracting parties, John Doe and Richard Roe. I donno if I make myself clear ?

ALINE. Poor lamb !

CURATE. Silence, my friend ; you will expose yourself to misconstruction.

MACAIRE (*taking the stage*). As an entire stranger in this painful scene, will you permit a gentleman and a traveller to interject one word ? There sits the young man, full, I am sure, of pleasing qualities ; here the young maiden, by her own confession bashfully consenting to the match ; there sits that dear old gentleman, a lover of bright faces like myself, his own now dimmed with sorrow ; and here—(may I be allowed to add ?)—here sits this noble Roman, a father like myself, and like myself the slave of duty. Last you have me—Baron Henri-Frédéric de Latour de Mair de la Tonnerre de Brest, the man of the world and the man of delicacy. I find you all—permit me the expression—gravelled. A marriage and an obstacle. Now, what is marriage ? The union of two souls, and, what is possibly more romantic, the fusion of two dowries. What is an obstacle ? the devil. And this obstacle ? to me, as a man of family, the obstacle seems grave ; but to me, as a man and a brother, what is it but a word. O my friend (*to GORIOT*), you whom I single out as the victim of the same noble failings with myself—of pride of birth, of pride of honesty—O my friend, reflect. Go now apart with your dishevelled daughter, your tearful son-in-law, and let their complaints constrain you. Believe me, when you come to die, you will recall with pride this amiable weakness.

GORIOT. I shan't, and what's more I wun't. (*CHARLES and ERNESTINE lead him up stage, protesting. All rise, except NOTARY.*)

DUMONT (*front R., shaking hands with MACAIRE*). Sir, you have a noble nature. (*MACAIRE picks his pocket.*) Dear me, dear me, and you are rich.

MACAIRE. I own, sir, I deceived you : I feared some wounding offer, and my pride replied. But to be quite frank with you, you behold me here, the Baron Henri-Frédéric de Latour de Main de la Tonnerre de Brest, and between my simple manhood and the infinite these rags are all.

DUMONT. Dear me, and with this noble pride, my gratitude is useless. For I, too, have delicacy : I understand you could not stoop to take a gift.

MACAIRE. A gift ? a small one ? never !

DUMONT. And I will never wound you by the offer.

MACAIRE. Bitten.

BERTRAND. Sold again. } *Aside*

GORIOT (*taking the stage*). But, look'ee here, he can't marry.

MACAIRE. Hey?

DUMONT. Ah!

ALINE. Heyday!

CURATE. Wherefore?

ERNESTINE. Oh!

CHARLES. Ah!

} *Together.*

GORIOT. Not without his veyther's consent! And he hasn't got it; and what's more, he can't get it; and what's more, he hasn't got a veyther to get it from. It's the law of France.

ALINE. Then the law of France ought to be ashamed of itself.

ERNESTINE. O, couldn't we ask the Notary again?

CURATE. Indubitably you may ask him.

MACAIRE. Can't they marry?

DUMONT. Can't he marry?

ALINE. Can't she marry?

ERNESTINE. Can't we marry?

CHARLES. Can't I marry?

GORIOT. Bain't I right?

NOTARY. Constracting parties.

CURATE. Possibly to-morrow at an early hour he may be more perspicuous.

GORIOT. Ay, before he've time to get at it.

NOTARY. Unoffending jurisconsult overtaken by sorrow. Possibly by applying justice of peace might afford relief.

MACAIRE. Bravo!

DUMONT. Excellent!

CHARLES. Let's go at once!

ALINE. The very thing!

ERNESTINE. Yes, this minute!

} *Together.*

GORIOT. I'll go. I don't mind getting advice, but I wun't take it.

MACAIRE. My friends, one word: I perceive by your downcast looks that you have not recognised the true nature of your responsibility as citizens of time. What is care? impiety. Joy? the whole duty of man. Here is an opportunity of duty if were sinful to forego. With a word, I could lighten your hearts; but I prefer to quicken your heels, and send you forth on your ingenuous errand with happy faces and smiling thoughts, the physicians of your own recovery. Fiddlers, to your catgut. Up, Bertrand, and show them how one foots it in society; forward, girls, and choose me every one the lad she loves; Dumont, benign old man, lead forth our blushing curate; and you, O bride, embrace the uniform of your beloved, and help us dance in your wedding-day. (*Dance, in the course of which MACAIRE picks DUMONT'S pocket of his keys, selects the key of the cash-box, and returns the others to his pocket. In the end, all dance out; the wedding-party, headed by FIDDLERS, L. C.; the MAIDS and ALINE into the inn, R. U. E. Manent BERTRAND and MACAIRE.*)

SCENE VIII.

MACAIRE, BERTRAND, *who instantly takes a bottle from the wedding-table, and sits with it, L.*

MACAIRE. Bertrand, there's a devil of a want of a father here

BERTRAND. Ay, if we only knew where to find him.

MACAIRE. Bertrand, look at me : I am Macaire ; I am that father.

BERTRAND. You, Macaire ? you a father ?

MACAIRE. Not yet : but in five minutes. I am capable of anything. (*Producing key.*) What think you of this ?

BERTRAND. That ? Is it a key ?

MACAIRE. Ay, boy, and what besides ? my diploma of respectability, my patent of fatherhood. I prigged it—in the ardour of the dance I prigged it ; I change it beyond recognition, thus (*twists the handle of the key*) ; and now . . . ? Where is my long-lost child ? produce my young policeman, show me my gallant boy.

BERTRAND. I don't understand.

MACAIRE. Dear innocence, how should you ? Your brains are in your fists. Go and keep watch. (*He goes into the office and returns with the cash-box.*) Keep watch, I say.

BERTRAND. Where ?

MACAIRE. Everywhere. (*He opens box.*)

BERTRAND. Gold.

MACAIRE. Hands off ! Keep watch. (*BERTRAND at back of stage.*) Beat slower, my paternal heart ! The third compartment ; let me see.

BERTRAND. S't ! (*MACAIRE shuts box.*) No : false alarm.

MACAIRE. The third compartment. Ay, here it—

BERTRAND. S't ! (*Same business.*) No : fire away.

MACAIRE. The third compartment : it must be this.

BERTRAND. S't ! (*MACAIRE keeps box open, watching BERTRAND.*) All serene : it's the wind.

MACAIRE. Now, see here ! (*He darts his knife into the stage.*) I will either be backed as a man should be, or from this minute out I'll work alone. Do you understand ? I said alone.

BERTRAND. For the Lord's sake, Macaire !—

MACAIRE. Ay, here it is. (*Reading letter.*) " Preserve this letter secretly ; its terms are known only to you and me : hence, when the time comes, I shall repeat them, and my son will recognise his father." Signed : " Your Unknown Benefactor." (*He hums it over twice and replaces it. Then, fingering the gold.*) Gold ! The yellow enchantress, happiness ready-made and laughing in my face ! Gold : what is gold ? The world ; the term of ills ; the empery of all ; the multitudinous babble of the change, the sailing from all ports of freighted argosies ; music, wine, a palace ; the doors of the bright theatre, the key of consciences, and love—love's whistle ! All this below my itching fingers ; and to set this by, turn a deaf ear upon the siren present, and condescend once more, naked into the ring with fortune—Macaire, how few would do it ! But you, Macaire, you are compacted of more subtle clay. No cheap immediate pilfering : no retail trade of petty larceny ; but swoop at the heart of the position, and clutch all !

BERTRAND (*at his shoulder*). Halves !

MACAIRE. Halves ? (*He locks the box.*) Bertrand, I am a father. (*Replaces box in office.*)

BERTRAND (*looking after him*). Well, I—am—damned !

DROP.

ACT II.

When the curtain rises, the night has come. A hanging cluster of lighted lamps over each table, R. and L. MACAIRE, R., smoking a cigarette; BERTRAND, L., with a churchwarden: each with bottle and glass

SCENE I.

MACAIRE, BERTRAND.

MACAIRE. Bertrand, I am content : a child might play with me. Does your pipe draw well ?

BERTRAND. Like a factory chimney. This is my notion of life : liquor, a chair, a table to put my feet on, a fine clean pipe, and no police.

MACAIRE. Bertrand, do you see these changing exhalations ? do you see these blue rings and spirals, weaving their dance, like a round of fairies, on the footless air ?

BERTRAND. I see 'em right enough.

MACAIRE. Man of little vision, expound me these meteors ? what do they signify, O wooden-head ? Clod, of what do they consist ?

BERTRAND. Damned bad tobacco.

MACAIRE. I will give you a little course of science. Everything, Bertrand (much as it may surprise you) has three states : a vapour, a liquid, a solid. These are fortune in the vapour : these are ideas. What are ideas ? the protoplasm of wealth. To your head—which, by the way, is a solid, Bertrand—what are they but foul air ? To mine, to my prehensile and constructive intellects, see, as I grasp and work them, to what lineaments of the future they transform themselves : a palace, a barouche, a pair of luminous footmen, plate, wine, respect, and to be honest !

BERTRAND. But what's the sense in honesty ?

MACAIRE. The sense ? You see me : Macaire : elegant, immoral, invincible in cunning ; well, Bertrand, much as it may surprise you, I am simply damned by my dishonesty.

BERTRAND. No !

MACAIRE. The honest man, Bertrand, that God's noblest work. He carries the bag, my boy. Would you have me define honesty ? the strategic point for theft. Bertrand, if I'd three hundred a year, I'd be honest to-morrow.

BERTRAND. Ah ! Don't you wish you may get it !

MACAIRE. Bertrand, I will bet you my head against your own—the longest odds I can imagine—that with honesty for my spring-board, I leap through history like a paper hoop, and come out among posterity heroic and immortal.

SCENE II.

To these all the former characters, less the NOTARY. The fiddles are heard without, playing dolefully. AIR : "O dear, what can the matter be?" in time to which the procession enters.

MACAIRE. Well, friends, what cheer ?

ALINE. No wedding, no wedding !

GORIOT. I told 'ee he can't, and he can't !

DUMONT. Dear, dear me !

ERNESTINE. They won't let us marry.

CHARLES. No wife, no father, no nothing !

} *Together.*

CURATE. The facts have justified the worst anticipations of our absent friend, the Notary.

MACAIRE. I perceive I must reveal myself.

DUMONT. God bless me, no !

MACAIRE. My friends, I had meant to preserve a strict incognito, for I was ashamed (I own it !) of this poor accoutrement ; but when I see a face that I can render happy, say, my old Dumont, should I hesitate to work the change ? Hear me, then, and you (*to the others*) prepare a smiling countenance. (*Repeating.*) " Preserve this letter secretly ; its terms are only known to you and me ; hence when the time comes, I shall repeat them, and my son will recognise his father.—Your Unknown Benefactor."

DUMONT. The words ! the letter ! Charles, alas ! it is your father !

CHARLES. Good Lord ! (*General consternation.*)

BERTRAND (*aside : smiting his brow*). I see it now ; sublime !

CURATE. A highly singular eventuality.

GORIOT. Him ? O well, then, I wun't. (*Goes up.*)

MACAIRE. Charles, to my arms ! (*Business.*) Ernestine, your second father waits to welcome you. (*Business.*) Goriot, noble old man, I grasp your hand. (*He doesn't.*) And you, Dumont, how shall your unknown benefactor thank you for your kindness to his boy ? (*A dead pause.*) Charles, to my arms !

CHARLES. My father, you are still something of a stranger. I hope—er—in the course of time—I hope that may be somewhat mended. But I confess that I have so long regarded Mr. Dumont—

MACAIRE. Love him still, dear boy, love him still. I have not returned to be a burden on your heart, nor much, comparatively, on your pocket. A place by the fire, dear boy, a crust for my friend Bertrand. (*A dead pause.*) Ah, well, this is a different home-coming from that I fancied when I left the letter : I dreamed to grow rich. Charles, you remind me of your sainted mother.

CHARLES. I trust, sir, you do not think yourself less welcome for your poverty.

MACAIRE. Nay, nay—more welcome, more welcome. O, I know your—(*business*) backs ! Besides, my poverty is noble. Political . . . Dumont, what are your politics ?

DUMONT. A plain old republican, my lord.

MACAIRE. And yours, my good Goriot ?

GORIOT. I be a royalist, I be, and so be my daater.

MACAIRE. How strange is the coincidence ! The party that I sought to found combined the peculiarities of both : a patriotic enterprise in which I fell. This humble fellow . . . have I introduced him ? You behold in us the embodiment of aristocracy and democracy. Bertrand, shake hands with my family. (*BERTRAND is rebuffed by one and the other in dead silence.*)

BERTRAND. Sold again !

MACAIRE. Charles, to my arms ! (*Business.*)

ERNESTINE. Well, but now that he has a father of some kind, cannot the marriage go on ?

MACAIRE. Angel, this very night : I burn to take my grandchild on my knees.

GORIOT. Be you that young man's veyther ?

MACAIRE. Ay, and what a father !

GORIOT. Then all I've got to say is, I shan't and I wun't.

MACAIRE. Ah, friends, friends, what a satisfaction it is, what a sight is virtue ! came among you in this poor attire to test you ; how nobly have you borne the test ! But my disguise begins to irk me : who will lend me a good suit ? (*Business.*)

SCENE III.

To these, the MARQUIS, L. C.

MARQUIS. Is this the house of John Paul Dumont, once of Lyons?

DUMONT. It is, sir, and I am he, at your disposal.

MARQUIS. I am the Marquis Villers-Cotterêts de la Cherté de Médoc. (*Sensation.*)

MACAIRE. Marquis, delighted, I am sure.

MARQUIS (*to DUMONT*). I come, as you perceive, unfollowed; my errand, therefore, is discreet. I come (*producing notes from breast pocket*) equipped with thirty thousand francs; my errand, therefore, must be generous. Can you not guess?

DUMONT. Not I, my lord.

MARQUIS (*repeating*). "Preserve this letter," etc.

MACAIRE. Bitten.

BERTRAND. Sold again (*aside*). (*A pause.*)

ALINE. Well, I never did!

DUMONT. Two fathers!

MARQUIS. Two? Impossible

DUMONT. Not at all. This is the other.

MARQUIS. This man?

MACAIRE. This is the man, my lord; here stands the father: Charles, to my arms! (*CHARLES backs.*)

DUMONT. He knew the letter.

MARQUIS. Well, but so did I.

CURATE. The judgment of Solomon.

GORIOT. What did I tell 'ee? he can't marry.

ERNESTINE. Couldn't they both consent?

MARQUIS. But he's my living image.

MACAIRE. Mine, Marquis, mine.

MARQUIS. My figure, I think?

MACAIRE. Ah, Charles, Charles!

CURATE. We used to think his physiognomy resembled Dumont's.

DUMONT. Come to look at him, he's really like Goriot.

ERNESTINE. O papa, I hope he's not my brother.

GORIOT. What be talking of? I tell 'ee, he's like our Curate.

CHARLES. Gentlemen, my head aches.

MARQUIS. I have it: the involuntary voice of nature. Look at me, my son.

MACAIRE. Nay, Charles, but look at me.

CHARLES. Gentlemen, I am unconscious of the smallest natural inclination for either.

MARQUIS. Another thought: what was his mother's name?

MACAIRE. What was the name of his mother by you?

MARQUIS. Sir, you are silenced.

MACAIRE. Silenced by honour. I had rather lose my boy than compromise his sainted mother.

MARQUIS. A thought: twins might explain it: had you not two foundlings?

DUMONT. Nay, sir, one only; and judging by the miseries of this evening, I should say, thank God!

MACAIRE. My friends, leave me alone with the Marquis. It is only a father that can understand a father's heart. Bertrand, follow the members of my family. (*They troop out, L. U. E. and R. U. E., the fiddlers playing.* AIR: "O dear, what can the matter be?")

SCENE IV

MACAIRE, MARQUIS.

MARQUIS. Well, sir?

MACAIRE. My lord, I feel for you. (*Business. They sit, R.*)

MARQUIS. And now, sir?

MACAIRE. The bond that joins us is remarkable and touching.

MARQUIS. Well, sir?

MACAIRE (*touching him on the breast*). You have there thirty thousand francs.

MARQUIS. Well, sir?

MACAIRE. I was but thinking of the inequalities of life, my lord : that I who, for all you know, may be the father of your son, should have nothing ; and that you who, for all I know, may be the father of mine, should be literally bulging with bank notes. . . . Where do you keep them at night ?

MARQUIS. Under my pillow. I think it rather ingenious.

MACAIRE. Admirably so ! I applaud the device.

MARQUIS. Well, sir ?

MACAIRE. Do you snuff, my lord ?

MARQUIS. No, sir, I do not.

MACAIRE. My lord, I am a poor man.

MARQUIS. Well, sir ? and what of that.

MACAIRE. The affections, my lord, are priceless. Money will not buy them ; or at least, it takes a great deal.

MARQUIS. Sir, your sentiments do you honour.

MACAIRE. My lord, you are rich.

MARQUIS. Well, sir ?

MACAIRE. Now follow me, I beseech you. Here am I, my lord ; and there, if I may so express myself, are you. Each has the father's heart, and there we are equal ; each claims you interesting lad, and there again we are on a par. But, my lord—and here we come to the inequality, and what I consider the unfairness of the thing—you have thirty thousand francs, and I, my lord, have not a rap. You mark me ? not a rap, my lord ! My lord, put yourself in my position : consider what must be my feelings, my desires ; and—hey ?

MARQUIS. I fail to grasp. . . .

MACAIRE (*with irritation*). My dear man, there is the door of the house ; here am I ; there (*touching MARQUIS on the breast*) are thirty thousand francs. Well, now ?

MARQUIS. I give you my word of honour, sir, I gather nothing ; my mind is quite unused to such prolonged exertion. If the boy be yours, he is not mine ; if he be mine, he is not yours ; and if he is neither of ours, or both of ours . . . in short, my mind. . . .

MACAIRE. My lord, will you lay those thirty thousand francs upon the table ?

MARQUIS. I fail to grasp . . . but if it will in any way oblige you. . . . (*Does so.*)

MACAIRE. Now, my lord, follow me : I take them up ; you see ? I put them in my pocket ; you follow me ? This is my hat ; here is my stick ; and here is my—my friend's bundle.

MARQUIS. But that is my cloak.

MACAIRE. Precisely. Now, my lord, one more effort of your lordship's mind. If I were to go out of that door, with the full intention—follow me close—the full intention of never being heard of more, what would you do ?

MARQUIS. I !—send for the police.

MACAIRE. Take your money ! (*Dashing down the notes.*) Man, if I met you in a lane ! (*He drops his head upon the table.*)

MARQUIS. The poor soul is insane. The other man, whom I suppose to be his keeper, is very much to blame.

MACAIRE (*raising his head*). I have a light ! (*To MARQUIS.*) With invincible owliness, my lord, I cannot struggle. I pass you by ; I leave you gaping by the wayside ; I blush to have a share in the progeny of such an owl. Off, off, and send the tapster !

MARQUIS. Poor fellow !

SCENE V.

MACAIRE, *to whom* BERTRAND. *Afterwards* DUMONT.

BERTRAND. Well ?

MACAIRE. Bitten.

BERTRAND. Sold again.

MACAIRE. Had he the wit of a lucifer match ! But what can gods or men against stupidity ? Still, I have a trick. Where is that damned old man ?

DUMONT (*entering*). I hear you want me.

MACAIRE. Ah, my good old Dumont, this is very sad.

DUMONT. Dear me, what is wrong ?

MACAIRE. Dumont, you had a dowry for my son ?

DUMONT. I had ; I have : ten thousand francs.

MACAIRE. It's a poor thing, but it must do. Dumont, I bury my old hopes, my old paternal tenderness.

DUMONT. What ? is he not your son ?

MACAIRE. Pardon me, my friend. The Marquis claims my boy. I will not seek to deny that he attempted to corrupt me, or that I spurned his gold. It was thirty thousand.

DUMONT. Noble soul !

MACAIRE. One has a heart . . . He spoke, Dumont, that proud noble spoke, of the advantages to our beloved Charles ; and in my father's heart a voice arose, louder than thunder. Dumont, was I unselfish ? The voice said no ; the voice, Dumont, up and told me to begone.

DUMONT. To begone ? to go ?

MACAIRE. To begone, Dumont, and to go. Both, Dumont. To leave my son to marry, and be rich and happy as the son of another ; to creep forth myself, old, penniless, broken-hearted, exposed to the inclemencies of heaven and the rebuffs of the police.

DUMONT. This was what I had looked for at your hands. Noble, noble man !

MACAIRE. One has a heart . . . And yet, Dumont, it can hardly have escaped your penetration that if I were to shift from this hostelry without a farthing, and leave my offspring to wallow—literally—among millions, I should play the part of little better than an ass.

DUMONT. But I had thought . . . I had fancied . . .

MACAIRE. No, Dumont, you had not ; do not seek to impose upon my simplicity. What you did think was this, Dumont : for the sake of this noble father, for the sake of this son whom he denies for his own interest—I mean, for his interest—no, I mean, for his own—well, anyway, in order to keep up the general atmosphere of sacrifice and nobility, I must hand over this dowry to the Baron Henri-Frédéric de Latour de Main de la Tonnerre de Brest.

DUMONT. Noble, O noble!

BERTRAND. Beautiful, O beautiful!

} Together: each shaking him by a hand.

DUMONT. Now Charles is rich he needs it not. For whom could it more fittingly be set aside than for his noble father? I will give it you at once.

BERTRAND. At once, at once!

MACAIRE (*aside to BERTRAND*). Hang on. (*Aloud.*) Charles, Charles, my lost boy! (*He falls weeping at L. table. DUMONT enters the office, and brings down cash-box to table, R. He feels in all his pockets: BERTRAND, from behind him, making signs to MACAIRE, which the latter does not see.*)

DUMONT. That's strange. I can't find the key. It's a patent key.

BERTRAND (*behind DUMONT, making signs to MACAIRE*). The key, he can't find the key.

MACAIRE. O yes, I remember. I heard it drop. (*Drops key.*) And here it is before my eyes.

DUMONT. That? That's yours. I saw it drop.

MACAIRE. I give you my word of honour I heard it fall five minutes back.

DUMONT. But I saw it.

MACAIRE. Impossible. It must be yours.

DUMONT. It is like mine, indeed. How came it in your pocket?

MACAIRE. Bitten. (*Aside.*)

BERTRAND. Sold again (*aside*). . . . You forget, Baron, it's the key of my valise; I gave it you to keep in consequence of the hole in my pocket.

MACAIRE. True, true; and that explains.

DUMONT. O, that explains. Now, all we have to do is to find mine. It's a patent key. You heard it drop?

MACAIRE. Distinctly.

BERTRAND. So did I: distinctly.

DUMONT. Here, Aline, Babette, Goriot, Curate, Charles, everybody, come here and look for my key!

SCENE VI.

To these, with candles, all the former characters, except FIDDLERS, PEASANTS, and

NOTARY. *They hunt for the key.*

DUMONT. It's bound to be here. We all heard it drop.

MARQUIS (*with BERTRAND'S bundle*). Is this it?

ALL (*with fury*). No.

BERTRAND. Hands off, that's my luggage. (*Hunt resumed.*)

DUMONT. I heard it drop, as plain as ever I heard anything.

MARQUIS. By the way (*all start up*), what are we looking for?

ALL (*with fury*). O!!

DUMONT. Will you have the kindness to find my key? (*Hunt resumed.*)

CURATE. What description of a key—

DUMONT. A patent, patent, patent, patent key!

MACAIRE. I have it. Here it is.

ALL (*with relief*). Ah!!

DUMONT. That? What do you mean? That's yours.

MACAIRE. Pardon me.

DUMONT. It is.

MACAIRE. It isn't.

DUMONT. I tell you, it is: look at that twisted handle

MACAIRE. It can't be mine, and so it must be yours.

DUMONT. It is NOT. Feel in your pockets. (*To the others.*) Will you have the kindness to find my patent key?

ALL. Oh!! (*Hunt resumed.*)

MACAIRE. Ah, well, you're right. (*He slips key into DUMONT'S pocket.*) An idea: suppose you felt in your pocket?

ALL (*rising*). Yes! Suppose you did!

DUMONT. I will not feel in my pockets. How could it be there? It's a patent key. This is more than any man can bear. First, Charles is one man's son, and then he's another's, and then he's nobody's, and be damned to him! And then there's my key lost; and then there's your key! What is your key? Where is your key? Where isn't it? And why is it like mine, only mine's a patent? The long and short of it is this: that I'm going to bed, and that you're all going to bed, and that I refuse to hear another word upon that subject or upon any subject. There!

MACAIRE. Bitten.

BERTRAND. Sold again. } *Aside.*

(*ALINE and MAIDS extinguish hanging lamps over tables, R. and L. Stage lighted only by guests' candles.*)

CHARLES. But, sir, I cannot decently retire to rest till I embrace my honoured parent. Which is it to be?

MACAIRE. Charles, to my—

DUMONT. Embrace neither of them; embrace nobody; there has been too much of this sickening folly. To bed!!! (*Exit violently R. U. E. All the characters troop slowly upstairs, talking in dumb show. BERTRAND and MACAIRE remain in front, C., watching them go.*)

BERTRAND. Sold again, captain?

MACAIRE. Ay, they will have it.

BERTRAND. It? What?

MACAIRE. The worst, Bertrand. What is man?—a beast of prey. An hour ago, and I'd have taken a crust, and gone in peace. But no: they would trick and juggle, curse them; they would wriggle and cheat! Well, I accept the challenge: war to the knife.

BERTRAND. Murder?

MACAIRE. What is murder? A legal term for a man dying. Call it Fate, and that's philosophy; call me Providence, and you talk religion. Die? Why, that is what man is made for; we are full of mortal parts; we are all as good as dead already, we hang so close upon the brink: touch but a button, and the strongest falls in dissolution. Now, see how easy: I take you—(*grappling him*).

BERTRAND. Macaire—O no!

MACAIRE. Fool! would I harm a fly, when I had nothing to gain? As the butcher with the sheep, I kill to live; and where is the difference between man and mutton? pride and a tailor's bill. Murder? I know who made that name—a man crouching from the knife! Selfishness made it—the aggregated egotism called society; but I meet that with a selfishness as great. Has he money? Have I none—great powers, none? Well, then, I fatten and manure my life with his.

BERTRAND. You frighten me. Who is it?

MACAIRE. Mark well. (*The MARQUIS opens the door of Number Thirteen, and the rest, clustering round, bid him good-night. As they begin to disperse along the gallery he enters, and shuts the door.*) Out, out, brief candle! That man is doomed.

DROP.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

MACAIRE, BERTRAND.

(*As the curtain rises, the stage is dark and empty. Enter MACAIRE, L. U. E., with lantern. He looks about.*)

MACAIRE (*calling off*). S't !

BERTRAND (*entering L. U. E.*). It's creeping dark.

MACAIRE. Blinding dark ; and a good job.

BERTRAND. Macaire, I'm cold : my very hair's cold.

MACAIRE. Work, work will warm you : to your keys.

BERTRAND. No, Macaire, it's a horror. You'll not kill him ; let's have no bloodshed,

MACAIRE. None : it spoils your clothes. Now, see : you have keys, and you have experience : up that stair, and pick me the lock of that man's door. Pick me the lock of that man's door.

BERTRAND. May I take the light ?

MACAIRE. You may not. Go. (BERTRAND *mounts the stairs, and is seen picking the lock of Number Thirteen.*) The earth spins eastward, and the day is at the door. Yet half an hour of covert, and the sun will be afoot, the discoverer, the great policeman. Yet half-an-hour of night, the good, hiding, practicable night ; and lo ! at a touch the gas-jet of the universe turned on ; and up with the sun gets the providence of honest people, puts off his night-cap, throws up his window, stares out of house—and the rogue must skulk again till dusk. Yet half-an-hour and, Macaire, you shall be safe and rich ? If yon fool—my fool—would but miscarry, if the dolt within would hear and leap upon him, I could intervene, kill both, by heaven—both !—cry murder with the best, and at one stroke reap honour and gold. For, Bertrand dead—

BERTRAND (*from above*). S't, Macaire !

MACAIRE. Is it done, dear boy ? Come down. (BERTRAND *descends.*) Sit down beside this light : this is your ring of safety, budge not beyond—the night is crowded with hobgoblins. See ghosts and tremble like a jelly if you must ; but remember men are my concern ; and at the creak of a man's foot, hist ! (*Sharpening his knife upon his sleeve.*) What is a knife ? A plain man's sword.

BERTRAND. Not the knife, Macaire ; O, not the knife !

MACAIRE. My name is Self-Defence. (*He goes upstairs and enters Number Thirteen.*)

BERTRAND. He's in. I hear a board creak. What a night, what a night ! Will he hear him ! O Lord, my poor Macaire ! I hear nothing, nothing. The night's as empty as a dream : he must hear him ; he cannot help but hear him ; and then—O Macaire, Macaire, come back to me. It's death, and it's death, and it's death. Red, red : a corpse. Macaire to kill, Macaire to die ? I'd rather starve, I'd rather perish, than either : I'm not fit, I'm not fit, for either ! Why, how's this ? I want to cry. (*A stroke, and a groan, from above.*) God Almighty, one of them's gone ! (*He falls, with his head on table, R. MACAIRE appears at the top of the stairs, descends, comes airily forward, and touches him on the shoulder. BERTRAND, with a cry, turns and falls upon his neck.*) O, O, and I thought I had lost him ! (*Day breaking.*)

MACAIRE. The contrary, dear boy. (*He produces notes.*)

BERTRAND. What was it like ?

MACAIRE. Like ? Nothing. A little blood, a dead man

BERTRAND. Blood ! . . . Dead ! (*He falls at table sobbing. MACAIRE divides the notes into two parts ; on the smaller he wipes the bloody knife, and folding the stains inward, thrusts the notes into BERTRAND'S face.*)

MACAIRE. What is life without the pleasures of the table !

BERTRAND (*taking and pocketing notes*). Macaire, I can't get over it.

MACAIRE. My mark is the frontier, and at top speed. Don't hang your jaw at me. Up, up, at the double ; pick me that cash-box ; and let's get the damned house fairly cleared.

BERTRAND. I can't. Did he bleed much ?

MACAIRE. Bleed ? Must I bleed you ? To work, or I'm dangerous.

BERTRAND. It's all right, Macaire ; I'm going.

MACAIRE. Better so : an old friend is nearly sacred. (*Full daylight : lights up. MACAIRE blows out lantern.*)

BERTRAND. Where's the key ?

MACAIRE. Key ? I tell you to pick it.

BERTRAND (*with the box*). But it's a patent lock. Where is the key ? You had it.

MACAIRE. Will you pick that lock ?

BERTRAND. I can't : it's a patent. Where's the key ?

MACAIRE. If you will have it, I put it back in that old ass's pocket.

BERTRAND. Bitten, I think. (*MACAIRE dancing mad.*)

SCENE II.

To these, DUMONT.

‡

DUMONT. Ah, friends, up so early ? Catching the worm, catching the worm

MACAIRE. Good morning, good morning ! } *Both sitting on the table and dis-*
 BERTRAND. Early birds, early birds. } *sembling box.*

DUMONT. By the way, very remarkable thing : I found that key.

MACAIRE. No ?

BERTRAND. O !

DUMONT. Perhaps a still more remarkable thing : it was my key that had the twisted handle.

MACAIRE. I told you so.

DUMONT. Now, what we have to do is to get the cash-box. Hallo ! what's that you're sitting on ?

BERTRAND. Nothing.

MACAIRE. The table ! I beg your pardon.

DUMONT. Why, it's my cash-box !

MACAIRE. Why, so it is !

DUMONT. It's very singular.

MACAIRE. Diabolishly singular.

BERTRAND. Early worms, early worms.

DUMONT (*blowing in key*). Well, I suppose you are still willing to begone ?

MACAIRE. More than willing, my dear soul : pressed, I may say, for time ; for though it had quite escaped my memory, I have an appointment in Turin with a lady of title.

DUMONT (*at box*). It's very odd. (*Blows in key.*) It's a singular thing (*blowing*), key won't turn. It's a patent key. Some one must have tampered with the lock (*blowing*). It's strangely singular, it's singularly singular ! I've shown this key to

commercial gentlemen all the way from Paris : they never saw a better key ! (*more business*). Well (*giving it up, and looking reproachfully on key*), that's pretty singular.

MACAIRE. Let me try. (*He tries, and flings down the key with a curse*)
Bitten.

BERTRAND. Sold again.

DUMONT (*picking up key*). It's a patent key.

MACAIRE (*to BERTRAND*). The game's up : we must save the swag. (*To DUMONT*.) Sir, since your key, on which I invoke the blight of Egypt, has once more defaulted, my feelings are unequal to a repetition of yesterday's distress, and I shall simply pad the hoof. From Turin you shall receive the address of my banker, and may prosperity attend your ventures. (*To BERTRAND*.) Now, boy ! (*To DUMONT*.) Embrace my fatherless child : farewell ! (*MACAIRE and BERTRAND turn to go off, and are met in the door by the GENDARMES.*)

SCENE III.

To these, the BRIGADIER and GENDARMES.

BRIGADIER. Let no man leave the house.

MACAIRE. Bitten.

BERTRAND. Sold again. } *Aside.*

DUMONT. Welcome, old friend !

BRIGADIER. It is not the friend that comes ; it is the Brigadier. Summon your guests : I must investigate their passports. I am in pursuit of a notorious malefactor, Robert Macaire.

DUMONT. But I was led to believe that both Macaire and his accomplice had been arrested and condemned.

BRIGADIER. They were, but they have once more escaped for the moment, and justice is indefatigable. (*He sits at table, R.*) Dumont, a bottle of white wine.

MACAIRE (*to DUMONT*). My excellent friend, I will discharge your commission, and return with all speed. (*Going.*)

BRIGADIER. Halt !

MACAIRE (*returning : as if he saw BRIGADIER for the first time*). Ha ? a member of the force ? Charmed, I'm sure. But you misconceive me : I return at once, and my friend remains behind to answer for me.

BRIGADIER. Justice is insensible to friendship. I shall deal with you in due time. Dumont, that bottle.

MACAIRE. Sir, my friend and I, who are students of character, would grasp the opportunity to share and—may one add ?—to pay the bottle. Dumont, three !

BERTRAND. For God's sake ! (*Enter ALINE and MAIDS.*)

MACAIRE. My friend is an author : so, in a humbler way, am I. Your knowledge of the criminal classes naturally tempts one to pursue so interesting an acquaintance.

BRIGADIER. Justice is impartial. Gentlemen, your health.

MACAIRE. Will not these brave fellows join us ?

BRIGADIER. They are on duty ; but what matters ?

MACAIRE. My dear sir, what is duty ? duty is my eye.

BRIGADIER (*solemnly*). And Betty Martin. (*GENDARMES sit at table.*)

MACAIRE (*to BERTRAND*). Dear friend, sit down.

BERTRAND (*sitting down*). O Lord!

BRIGADIER (*to MACAIRE*). You seem to be a gentleman of considerable intelligence.

MACAIRE. I fear, sir, you flatter. One has lived, one has loved, and one remembers : that is all. One's *Lives of Celebrated Criminals* have met with a certain success, and one is ever in quest of fresh material.

DUMONT. By the way, a singular thing about my patent key.

BRIGADIER. This gentleman is speaking.

MACAIRE. Excellent Dumont! he means no harm. This Macaire is not personally known to you?

BRIGADIER. Are you connected with justice?

MACAIRE. Ah, sir, justice is a point above a poor author.

BRIGADIER (*with glass*). Justice is the very devil.

MACAIRE. My dear sir, my friend and I, I regret to say, have an appointment in Lyons, or I could spend my life in this society. Charge your glasses : one hour to madness and to joy! What is to-morrow? the enemy of to-day? Wine? the bath of life. One moment : I find I have forgotten my watch. (*He makes for the door.*)

BRIGADIER. Halt!

MACAIRE. Sir, what is this jest?

BRIGADIER. Sentry at the door. Your passports.

MACAIRE. My good man, with all the pleasure in life. (*Gives papers. The BRIGADIER puts on spectacles, and examines them.*)

BERTRAND (*rising, and passing round to MACAIRE'S other side*). It's life and death : they must soon find it.

MACAIRE (*aside*). Don't I know? My heart's like fire in my body.

BRIGADIER. Your name is?

MACAIRE. It is ; one's name is not unknown.

BRIGADIER. Justice exacts your name.

MACAIRE. Henri-Frédéric de Latour de Main de la Tonnerre de Brest

BRIGADIER. Your profession?

MACAIRE. Gentleman.

BRIGADIER. No, but what is your trade?

MACAIRE. I am an analytical chymist.

BRIGADIER. Justice is inscrutable. Your papers are in order. (*To BERTRAND*). Now, sir, and yours?

BERTRAND. I feel kind of ill.

MACAIRE. Bertrand, this gentleman addresses you. He is not one of us : in other scenes, in the gay and giddy world of fashion, one is his superior. But to-day he represents the majesty of law ; and as a citizen it is one's pride to do him honour.

BRIGADIER. Those are my sentiments.

BERTRAND. I beg your pardon, I — (*Gives papers*).

BRIGADIER. Your name?

BERTRAND. Napoleon.

BRIGADIER. What? In your passport it is written Bertrand.

BERTRAND. It's this way : I was born Bertrand, and then I took the name of Napoleon, and I mostly always call myself either Napoleon or Bertrand.

BRIGADIER. The truth is always best. Your profession?

BERTRAND. I am an orphan

BRIGADIER. What the devil! (*To MACAIRE.*) Is your friend an idiot?

MACAIRE. Pardon me, he is a poet.

BRIGADIER. Poetry is a great hindrance to the ends of justice. Well, take your papers.

MACAIRE. Then we may go?

SCENE IV.

To these, CHARLES, who is seen on the gallery, going to the door of Number Thirteen. Afterwards all the characters but the NOTARY and the MARQUIS.

BRIGADIER One glass more. (*BERTRAND touches MACAIRE, and points to CHARLES, who enters Number Thirteen.*)

MACAIRE. No more, no more, no more.

BRIGADIER (*rising and taking MACAIRE by the arm.*) I stipulate!

MACAIRE. Engagement in Turin!

BRIGADIER. Turin?

MACAIRE. Lyons, Lyons!

BERTRAND. For God's sake. . . .

BRIGADIER. Well, good-bye!

MACAIRE. Good-bye, good—

CHARLES (*from within*). Murder! Help! (*Appearing.*) Help here! The Marquis is murdered.

BRIGADIER. Stand to the door. A man up there. (*A GENDARME hurries up staircase into Number Thirteen, CHARLES following him. Enter on both sides of gallery the remaining characters of the piece, except the NOTARY and the MARQUIS.*)

MACAIRE. Bitten, by God! } *Aside.*

BERTRAND. Lost!

BRIGADIER (*to DUMONT*). John Paul Dumont, I arrest you.

DUMONT. Do your duty, officer. I can answer for myself and my own people.

BRIGADIER. Yes, but these strangers?

DUMONT. They are strangers to me.

MACAIRE. I am an honest man: I stand upon my rights: search me; or search this person, of whom I know too little. (*Smiling his brow.*) By heaven, I see it all. This morning— (*To BERTRAND*). How, sir, did you dare to flaunt your booty in my very face? (*To BRIGADIER*). He showed me notes; he was up ere day; search him, and you'll find. There stands the murderer.

BERTRAND. O Macaire! (*He is seized and searched, and the notes are found.*)

BRIGADIER. There is blood upon the notes. Handcuffs. (*MACAIRE edging towards the door.*)

BERTRAND. Macaire, you may as well take the bundle. (*MACAIRE is stopped by sentry, and comes front, R.*)

CHARLES (*re-appearing*). Stop, I know the truth. (*He comes down.*) Brigadier, my father is not dead, he is not even dangerously hurt. He has spoken. There is the would-be assassin.

MACAIRE. Hell! (*He darts across to the staircase, and turns on the second step, flushing out the knife.* Back, hounds! (*He springs up the stair, and confronts them from the top.*) Fools, I am Robert Macaire! (*As MACAIRE turns to flee, he is met by the gendarme coming out of Number Thirteen; he stands an instant checked, is shot from the stage, and falls headlong backward down the stair.* BERTRAND, *with a cry, breaks from the gendarmes, kneels at his side, and raises his head.*)

BERTRAND. Macaire, Macaire, forgive me. I didn't blab; you know I didn't blab.

MACAIRE. Sold again, old boy. Sold for the last time; at least, the last time this side death. Death, what is death? (*He dies.*)

CURTAIN.

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